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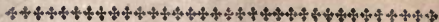
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ANCIENT SCOTTISH POEMS.

Published from the MS. of

GEORGE BANNATYNE,

M D L X V I I I.





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P O E M S.

Published from the MS. of

GEORGE BANNATYNE,

M D L X V I I I.

OF POEON AYON OAEITAI.

THEOCR.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed by A. MURRAY and J. COCHRAN.

For JOHN BALFOUR.

M D C C L X X.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following poems are selected from a voluminous miscellany compiled by one Ballantine in 1568, and now belonging to the Earl of Hyndford.

This is the MS. which the editor of the *Evergreen* used: but he has omitted some stanzas, and added others; has modernized the versification, and varied the ancient manner of spelling. Hence, they who look in the *Evergreen* for the state of language and poetry among us during the sixteenth century, will be misled, or disappointed.

The many and obvious inaccuracies of the *Evergreen*, suggested the idea of this new collection. In it the MS. has been fairly copied; no liberties in amending or interpolating have been taken: The reader will find the language, versification, and spelling, in the same state as they were in 1568.

It may be proper to observe, that the letter which the MS. expresses by the character Z, is here expressed by the character Y. Indeed this is not so much an innovation in spelling, as a correction of a general error into which printers have fallen, by using Z instead of the Y of the Anglo-Saxons. This error, trivial as it

may seem, is apt to imbarrafs common readers, and to convey a false notion of the pronunciation of our ancestors.

In other respects also this collection differs from the former. *The Evergreen* contains many indecent pieces, which ought not to be explained, and many obscure, which cannot. Of the first sort are the *Glaith Merchant*, *The Flemyng Bark*, *The wooing of the King at Dunfermline*; of the second, *The Flyting between Dunbar and Kennedy*.

Some pieces inserted in *the Evergreen* were composed in the last age, others in the present. Thus, *The Comparison*, and *The Solsequium*, are the work of the Earl of Stirling, secretary to Charles I.; *The Vision*, and *The Eagle and Redbreast*, are obviously modern. *Hardiknute* is probably modern; certainly of no great antiquity.

*Jock's Advice to his Dad*, is the composition of Heywood, the English epigrammatist: *The Answer* is modern.

Some of the pieces in *the Evergreen* were printed in the age of the authors; as, *Virtue and Vice*, *The Cherry and the Slae*, *Haytrix*, and those on *the Mess and Purgatory*. Others are popular poems, universally known; as, *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, *The Battle of Harlaw*,

*law, Johnie Armstrang, and The Ballat of the Reid Squair.*

The editor of this collection has excluded the indecent, and omitted the unintelligible poems. He has not swelled the volume by a republication of what is universally known, or of what is obviously or probably modern.

He has added about *forty* poems which were never before published; and, in general, he has studied to make such a selection as might illustrate the manners and history, as well as the state of the language and poetry of Scotland during the sixteenth century.

The glossary subjoined to *the Evergreen* is redundant, erroneous, and imperfect. It frequently explains common English words; it mistakes the sense of many common Scottish words; and it generally omits or misinterprets whatever is uncouth or difficult.—The following specimens will justify the truth of this observation.

Common English words explained.—*Adoun, aghast, aureat, bern, to brace, bun, to carp, to claw, clerk*, used for a man of letters.

Common Scottish words misunderstood.—*Aver, a horse*. It is a *beast*, and particularly any *beast of burden*.—*Bannocks, bread*. This does  
not

not exprefs *thick cakes of unleavened bread*.—*Bent, the field*. It is a *lea on which there grows coarse grafs*.—*Blether, to speak nonsense*. It is *to flammer*.—*Bok, to vomit*. It is *to retch*.—*Boun, ready to go*. It is *arrayed, prepared*; without respect to motion.

Uncouth words misinterpreted.—*Attercap, a wasp*. It is Anglo-Saxon for a *spider*; and means, by metonymy, a *little active venomous creature*.—*Gardevyance, a case of instruments*. It is from the French, *garde de viandes, a press*, for keeping victuals; and hence a *cabinet*.

The number of words which are left unexplained, is incredible. Of this any one will be sensible who takes the trouble of comparing Dunbar's *General Satyre* with the Glossary.

The editor of *the Evergreen* was a person of singular native genius. They who attempt to depreciate his fame, by insinuating, that his friends and patrons composed the works which pass under his name, ought first of all to prove, that his friends and patrons were capable of composing *the Gentle Shepherd*.

But while I make this just acknowledgement to his merit, I must be allowed to observe, that he was not skilled in the ancient Scottish dialect. His skill indeed scarcely extended beyond



yond the vulgar language spoken in the Lothians at this day.

In compiling his glossary, he does not seem ever to have consulted the glossary to Douglas's Virgil; and yet they who have not consulted it, cannot acquire a competent knowledge of the ancient Scottish dialect, unless by infinite and ungrateful labour. This elogium is the least I can bestow on the learning and accuracy of Mr Thomas Ruddiman. His modesty was still more remarkable than his learning; for he suffered his glossary to go forth into the world without the name of its author.

—— Sine pondere terram,  
Spirantesque crocos, et in urna perpetuum ver,

is the *classical* wish of one who has profited by the labours of this studious, intelligent, and modest man.

For explaining the collection now offered to the public, a Glossary and Notes have been compiled. In this work several gentlemen, studious of Scottish antiquities, engaged, and it is hoped that their endeavours will be received with indulgence. In one particular they have ventured to deviate from the ordinary course of commentators. They have confessed their ignorance when they were ignorant,

norant, and there accordingly subjoined tables of words and passages not understood.

Had the editor been at liberty to follow his own inclinations, the Glossary would have been more copious, and would have contained the etymologies of words, and their import, as well primative as secundary. But the present age has no curiosity for such minute philological researches.

In the Notes a wider range has been taken. They contain a variety of little circumstances relative to the manners and history of the sixteenth century, and may contribute to the amusement of a vacant hour.

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# ANCIENT SCOTTISH POEMS.

## *The Thistle and the Rose.*

### I.

**Q**Uhen Merche wes with variand windis past,  
And Appryll had with hir silver shouris  
Tane leif at nature, with ane orient blast,  
And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,  
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris  
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,  
Quhois harmony to heir it wes delyt:

### II.

In bed at morrow, fleiping as I lay,  
Methocht Aurora, with her cristall ene,  
In at the window lukit by the day,  
And halfit me, with visage paile and grene;  
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,  
Awalk luvaris out of your flemering,  
Se how the lusty morrow dois upspring.

### III.

Methocht fresche May befor my bed upstude,  
In weid depaynt of mony diverse hew,  
Sober, benyng, and full of manfuctude,  
In bright attair of flouris forgit new,  
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, brown, and blew,  
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys;  
Quhyl all the house illumynit of her lemys.

### A

### IV.

## IV.

Slugart, scho said, awalk annone for schame,  
 And in my honor sumthing thow go wryt ;  
 The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,  
 To rais up luvaris with comfort and delyt ;  
 Yet nocht increfs thy curage to indyt,  
 Quhois hairt sumtyme hes glaid and blifsfull bene,  
 Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

## V.

Quhairto, quoth I, fall I upryse at morrow,  
 For in this May few birdis herd I sing ;  
 Thay haif moir cause to weip and plane their sorrow ;  
 Thy air it is nocht holsom nor benyng ;  
 Lord Eolus dois in thy sessone ring ;  
 So busteous ar the blastis of his horne,  
 Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.

## VI.

With that this lady sobirly did smyll,  
 And said, Uprise, and do thy observance,  
 Thou did promyt, in Mayis lusty quhyle,  
 For to discryve the Rose of most plesance.  
 Go se the birdis how thay sing and dance,  
 Illumynit our with orient skyis brycht,  
 Anamyllit richely with new asur lycht.

## VII.

Quhen this wes said, departit scho this quene,  
 And enterit in a lusty garding gent ;  
 And than methocht full hestely besene,  
 In ferk and mantill after her I went  
 Into this garth most dulce and redolent,  
 Of herb and flour, and tendir plantis sweit,  
 And grene levis doing of dew down fleit.

## VIII.

## VIII.

The purpoure sone, with tendir bemys reid,  
 In orient bricht as angell did appeir,  
 Throw goldin skyis putting up his heid,  
 Quhois gilt tressis schone so wondir cleir,  
 That all the world tuke comfort, fer and neir,  
 To luke upone his fresche and blisfull face,  
 Doing all fable fro the Hevynis chace.

## IX.

And as the blisfull sonene of cherarchy  
 The fowlis sung throw comfort of the licht;  
 The burdis did with oppin vocis cry,  
 O luvaris so away thow dully nicht,  
 And welcum day that comfortis every wicht;  
 Hail May, hail Flora, hail Aurora schene,  
 Hail Princes Nature, hail Venus, Luvis quene.

## X.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair  
 To fers Neptunus, and Eolus the bauld,  
 Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,  
 And that no schouris nor blastis cawld  
 Effray fuld flouris nor fowlis on the fauld:  
 Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the sky,  
 That scho the hevin fuld keip amene and dry.

## XI.

Scho ordaind eik that every bird and beist  
 Befoir her Hienes fuld annone compeir,  
 And every flour of vertew, most and leist,  
 And every herb be seild fer and neir,  
 As they had wont in May fro yeir to yeir,  
 To hir thair makar to mak obediens,  
 Full law inclynand with all due reverens,



## XII.

With that annone scho fend the swiift ro  
 To bring in beistis of all condition;  
 The restles swallow commandit scho also  
 To fetch all foull of small and greit renown,  
 And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun;  
 Full craftely conjurit scho the Yarrow,  
 Quhilk did forth swirk as swift as ony arrow.

## XIII.

All present wer in twynkling of ane ee,  
 Baith beist, and bird, and flour, befoir the Quene.  
 And first the Lyone, gretast of degré,  
 Was callit thair, and he most fair to sene,  
 With a full hardy countenance and kene,  
 Befoir Dame Nature come, and did inclyne,  
 With visage bauld, and courage leonyne.

## XIV.

This awfull beist full terrible wes of cheir,  
 Persing of luke, and stout of countenance,  
 Ryght strong of corpes, of fassoun fair, but feir,  
 Lusty of shaip, lycht of deliverance,  
 Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance,  
 In feild of gold he stude full mychtely,  
 With floure-de-Lycis sirculit lustely.

## XV.

This lady listit up his cluvis cleir,  
 And leit him listly lene upone hir kné,  
 And crownit him with dyademe full deir,  
 Of raydous stonis, most ryall for to sé;  
 Saying, The King of Beistis mak I thé,  
 And the cheif protector in wodds and schawis,  
 Onto thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis.

## XVI.



## XVI.

Exerce justice with mercy and consciens,  
 And lat no small beist suffir skaith na scornis  
 Of greit beistis that bene of moir pufience :  
 Do law alyk to aipis and unicornis,  
 And lat no bowgle with his busteous hornis  
 The meik pluch-ox opprefs, for all his pryd,  
 Bot in the yok go peciable him besyd.

## XVII.

Quhen this was said, with noyis and foun of joy  
 All kynd of beistis into thair degré  
 At onis cryit, laud, *Vive le Roy*,  
 And till his feit fell with humilité ;  
 And all thay maid him homege and sewté ;  
 And he did thame ressaif with princely laitis,  
 Quhois noble yre is *Protein Prostratis*.

## XVIII.

Syne crownit scho the Egle King of Fowlis,  
 And as steill dertis scherpit scho his pennis,  
 And bad him be als just to awppis and owlis,  
 As unto pakokkis, papingais, or crenis,  
 And mak a law for wicht fowlis and for wrennis,  
 And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay,  
 Nor birdis devoir bot his awin pray.

## XIX.

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild,  
 Discryving all thair fassious and effeirs ;  
 Upon the awfull THRISSILL scho beheld,  
 And saw him keipit with a busche of speiris ;  
 Considering him so able for the weiris,  
 A radius crown of rubies scho him gaif,  
 And said, In feild go furth, and fend the laif.

## XX.

And sen thou art a King, thou be discreit,  
 Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of sic pryce  
 As herb of vertew and of odor sweit ;  
 And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,  
 Hir fallow to the gudly flour-de-lyce ;  
 Nor lat no wyld weid full of churlishness  
 Compar her till the lilleis nobilness.

## XXI.

Nor hald no udir flour in sic denty  
 As the fresche Rose, of cullor reid and quhyt :  
 For gif thou dois, hurt is thyne honesty ;  
 Considdering that no flour is so perfyte,  
 So full of vertew, plesans, and delyt,  
 So full of blisfull angelik bewty,  
 Imperial birth, honour, and dignité.

## XXII.

Thane to the Rose scho turnit hir visage,  
 And said, O lusty dochtir most benyng,  
 Aboif the lilly, illustrare of lynage,  
 Fro the stok ryell ryfing fresche and ying,  
 But ony spot or macull doing spring,  
 Cum bloume of joy with jemmis to be cround,  
 For our the laif thy bewty is renound.

## XXIII.

A costly crown, with clarefeid stonis bricht,  
 This cumly Quene did on hir heid inclose,  
 Quhyll all the land illumynit of the lycht ;  
 Quhalrfoir methocht the flouris did reiose,  
 Crying, attanis, Haill be thou richest Rose,  
 Haill hairbis Empryce, haill freschest Quene of flouris,  
 To thé be glory and honour at all houris.

## XXIV.

## XXIV.

Thane all the birdis song with voce on hicht,  
 Quhois mirthfull soun wes marvellus to heir ;  
 The mavys sang, Haill Rose most riche and richt,  
 That dois upflureis under Phebus speir !  
 Haill plant of youth, haill Princes dochtir deir,  
 Haill blofome breking out of the blud royall,  
 Quhois pretius vertew is imperial.

## XXV.

The merle scho sang, Haill Rose of most delyt,  
 Haill of all fluris quene and foverane.  
 The lark scho sang, Haill Rose both reid and quhyt;  
 Most pleasand flour, of mighty coullors twane.  
 The nichtingaill song, Haill Naturis suffragene  
 In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilnes,  
 In riche array, renown, and gentilnes.

## XXVI.

The common voce upraise of burdis small  
 Upone this wys, O blisfit be the hour  
 That thou wes chosin to be our principall;  
 Welcome to be our Princes of honour,  
 Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour,  
 Our peace, our play, our plane felicité;  
*Chryst* thé conserf frome all adversité.

## XXVII.

Than all the burdis song with sic a schout  
 That I anone awoilk quhair that I lay,  
 And with a braid I turnit me about  
 To se this court ; bot all wer went away :  
 Then up I leinyt, halflinges in affrey,  
 Callt to my Muse, and for my subject chois  
 To sing the Ryel Thriffill and the Rose.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*The*

*The Goldin Terge.*

## I.

**R**icht as the sterne of day began to schyne,  
 Quhen gone to bed was Vesper and Lucyne,  
 I raise, and by a roseir did me rest;  
 Upsprang the goldin candill matutine,  
 With cleir depurit bemys christallyne,  
 Glading the mirry fowlis in thair nest,  
 Or Phœbus wes in purpour kaip revest;  
 Upsprang the lark, the hevenis menstral syne  
 In May intill a morrow mirthfullest.

## II.

Full angelyk thir birdis sang thair houris  
 Within thair courtingis grene, within thair bouris,  
 Apperrellit with quhaite and reid, with blumys sweit;  
 Ennamelit wes the feild with all cullouris,  
 The perlit droppis schuke as in silver schouris;  
 Quhyle all in balme did branche and levis fleit  
 Depairt fra Phœbus, did Aurora greit;  
 Hir cristall teiris I saw hing on the flouris,  
 Quhilk he for lufe all drank up with his heit.

## III.

For mirth of May, with skippis and with hoppis,  
 The birdis sang upon the tendir croppis,  
 With curious nottis, as Venus chapell-clarks.  
 The rosis reid, now spreiding of their knoppis,  
 Were powderit bricht with hevinly berial droppis,  
 Throw bemis reid, lemying as ruby sparks;  
 The skyis rang with schouting of the larks,  
 The purpour hevin owreskalit in silver *sloppis*,  
 Owregilt the treis, branchis, levis, and barks.

## IV.

## IV.

Doun the thruch ryfs ane revir ran with stremis  
 So lustely upoun the lykand lemis,  
 That all the laik as lamp did leme of licht,  
 Quhilk shaddowit all about with twynkline glemis;  
 The bewis baithit war in secound bemis  
 Throw the reflex of Phœbus visage bricht,  
 On every fyde the ege raise on hicht:  
 The bank wes grene, the son wes full of bemis,  
 The streimeris cleir as sternis in frosty nicht.

## V.

The crystall air, the sapheir firmament,  
 The ruby skyis of the reid orient,  
 Kest berial bemis on emerant bewis grene,  
 The rosy garth depaynt and redolent,  
 With purpoure, asure, gold, and gowlis gent,  
 Arrayit wes be Dame Flora the Quene  
 Sa nobilly, that joy wes for to fene,  
 The roche agane the rever resplendent  
 As low illuminate all the levis schene.

## VI.

Quhat throw the mirry fowlis armony,  
 And throw the reviris found that ran me by,  
 On Florayis mantill I sleipit quhair I lay,  
 Quhair sone unto my dremis fantesie  
 I saw approche agane the orient sky,  
 An sail, as blossom upon the spray,  
 With mast of gold, bricht as the sterne of day,  
 Queilk tendit to the land full lustely,  
 [With swiftest motion throu a crystal bay].

## VII.

## VII.

And hard on burd into the blemit meids,  
 Amangis the grene rispis and the reids,  
 Arryvit scho, quhair, fro anon thair lands,  
 Ane hundreth ladeis lustie intill weids,  
 Als fresche as flours that in the May upspreids,  
 In kirtills grene, withoutin kell or bands  
 Thair bricht hair hang glitterand on the strand  
 In trefis cleir, wypit with goldin threidis,  
 With pawpis qhyt, and middills small as wands.

## VIII.

Discryve I wald, but quha cowth weill indyte  
 How all the flouris, with the lilleis quhyte,  
 Depaint wes bricht, quhilk to the hevin did gleit:  
 Nocht thou, Homeir, als fair as thou cowth wryte,  
 For all thy ornat style most perfyte;  
 Nor yet thou, Tullius, quhais lippis sweit  
 In rettorik did intill termis fleit;  
 Your aureat tungen baith bene all to lyte,  
 For to compyle that paradyse compleit.

## IX.

Thair saw I *Nature*, and als Dame *Venus Quene*,  
 The fresche *Aurora*, and Lady *Flora* schene,  
*Juno*, *Latona*, and *Proserpina*,  
*Dian* the goddes of cheft and woudis grene,  
 My Lady *Clio*, that help of *Makaris* bene,  
*Thetes*, *Pallas*, and prudent *Minerva*,  
 Fair faynit *Fortoun*, and lemand *Lucina*,  
 Thir mighty *Quenis* with crownis mycht be sene  
 With bemis bricht, blyth as *Lucifera*.

## X.



## X.

Thair saw I *May*, of mirthfull monethis *Quene*,  
 Betwixt *Apryle* and *June*, his sisteris schene,  
 Within the gardene walkand up and down  
 Quhom of the fowlis gladith all bedene;  
 Scho was full tendir intill her yeiris grene.  
 Thair saw I *Nature* present till her a gown,  
 Riche to behald, and noble of renoun,  
 Of every hew that undir the hevin hes bene  
 Depainit, and braid be gud proportioun.

## XI.

Full lustely thir ladeis all in feir  
 Enterit within this park of maist pleseir,  
 Quhair that I lay heilit with levis rank;  
 The mirry fowlis, blisfullest of cheir,  
 Salust *Nature*, methocht, in thair maneir,  
 And every blome on brenche, and eik on bank,  
 Opnit and spred thair balmy levis dank,  
 Full law inclyneand to thair *Quene* full cleir,  
 Quhome for thair noble nurissing thay thank.

## XII.

Syne to Dame *Flora*, on the samyn wyis,  
 They salust, and thay thank a thousand syis;  
 And to Dame *Venus*, Luvis mighty quene,  
 They sang ballatis of luv, as was the gyis,  
 With amorous nottis most lusty to devyis,  
 As that thay had luv in thair hairtis grene  
 Thair hony throttis openit fro the splene,  
 With warbills sweit did pers the hevinly skies,  
 Quhyll loud resounit the firmament ferene.

## XIII.

## XIII.

Ane uthir court thair saw I subseqent,  
*Cupeid* the King, a bow in hand ay bent,  
 And dreadful arrowis groundin scherp and squhair.  
 Thair saw I *Mars*, the god armipotent,  
 Awfull and sterne, strong and corpulent.  
 Thair saw I crabit *Saturne*, auld and hair,  
 His luk wes lyk for to perturb the air.  
 Thair wes *Mercurius*, wise and eloquent,  
 Of rethorik that fand the flouris fair.

## XIV.

Thair wes the god of gardynis, *Priapus*,  
 Thair wes the god of wildernes, *Phanus*,  
 And *Janus*, god of encres dilectable ;  
 Thair was the god of fludis, *Neptunus* ;  
 Thair was the god of windis, *Eolus*,  
 With variant winds, like till ane lord unstable ;  
 Thair was *Bachus*, the glader of the table ;  
 Thair was *Pluto*, that elrick *incubus*,  
 In cloke of grene, his court usit unsable.

## XV.

And every one of thir in grene arrayit,  
 One herp and lute full mirrely thay playit,  
 And sang ballatis with mighty nottis cleir :  
 Ladeis to daunse full sobirly assayit,  
 Endlang the lusty rever so thay mayit :  
 Thair observance rycht hevinly wes to heir ;  
 Then crap I throw the levis, and drew neir,  
 Quhair that I was richt suddenly affrayit,  
 All throw a luke that I haif coft full deir.

## XVI.



## XVI.

And schortly for to speik, of Luvis Quene  
 I was espyit, scho bad hir archeris kene  
 Go me areist; and thay no tyme delayit;  
 Than ladeis fair lute fall thair mantils grene,  
 With bowis big in tressit hairis schene,  
 Rycht suddenly thay had a feild arrayit;  
 And yit rycht gritly was I nocht affrayit;  
 The pairty was to plesand for to sene,  
 A woundir lusty bikar me assayit.

## XVII.

And first of all, with bow in hand ay bent,  
 Come Dame *Bewty*, richt as scho wald me schent;  
 Syne followit all her damofalls in feir,  
 With mony divers awfull instrument,  
 Into the preiss, *fair Having* with hir went;  
 Syne *Portrator*, *Plesance*, and lusty *Cheir*.  
 Than come *Reffoun*, with Scheild of Gold so cleir,  
 In plait of maill, as *Mars* armipotent,  
 Defendit me that noble chevelleir.

## XVIII.

Syne tender *Youth* come with hir virgeins ying,  
 Grene *Innocence*, and shame-full *Abasing*,  
 And quaking *Dreid*, with humyll *Obedience*;  
 The Golden Terge [in] armit thame nothing;  
 Curage in thame wes nocht begun to spring:  
 Full soire thay dreid to do a violence.  
 Sweit *Womanheid* I saw cum in presence,  
 Of *Arclenyé* a world scho did inbring,  
 [And] servit ladeis full of reverence.

## XIX.

Scho led with hir *Nurtour* and *Lawlines*,  
*Continuance*, *Pacience*, *Gudsame*, and *Steidfastnes*,  
*Discretioun*, *Gentilines*, *Considerans*,  
*Lefull Cumpany*, and *Honest Besines*,  
*Benigne Luke*, *Myld Cheir*, and *Sobirnes*.  
 All thir bur genyeis to do me grievance ;  
 Bot *Reffoun* bure the Terge with sic constance,  
 Thair scherp assay might do me no deirance,  
 For all thair preifs and awfull ordinance.

## XX.

Unto the preifs pursewit *Hé Degré*,  
 Hir followit ay *Eftait* and *Dignitie*,  
*Compārisoun*, *Honor*, and *Nobill Arrey*,  
*Will*, *Wantones*, *Renown*, and *Libertie*,  
*Riches*, *Fredome*, and *⁹eik Nobilitie* ;  
 Wit ye thay did thair baner hé display,  
 A clud of arrowis as haill-schot lowfit thay,  
 And schott, quhill waitit wes thair artelyé,  
 Syne went abak rebutit of the pray.

## XXI.

Quhen *Venus* persavit had this rebute,  
*Dissemblance* scho bad go mak persute,  
 At all power to pers the Goldin Terge ;  
 And scho that was of doubilnes the rute,  
 Askit her chois of archeiris in refute.  
*Venus* the best bad her to waill at lerge,  
 Scho tuke *Presens* plicht anker of the berge,  
 And *Fair calling*, that weill a flane can schute,  
 And *Cherriffing* for to compleit hir chaerge.

## XXII.

## XXII.

Dame *Hamelines* scho tuke in cumpany,  
 That hardy was, and heynd in archery,  
 And brocht in *Bewty* to the feild agane ;  
 With all the choise of Venus chevelty  
 They come, and bickerit unabasitly ;  
 The shour of arrowis rippit on a raine,  
 Perrelus *Presens*, that mony fyre hes slaine,  
 The battell brocht on bordour hard me by,  
 The falt was all the fairar futh to fane.

## XXIII.

Thik was the schott of grindin arrowis kene ;  
 Bot *Ressoun*, with the Scheild of Gold so schene,  
 Weirly defendit quhosevir assayit :  
 The awfull schour he manly did sustene,  
 Quhill *Presens* kest ane powdir in his ene,  
 And than as drunkin man he all forwayit ;  
 Quhen he was drukin the fule with him thay playit,  
 And beneist him amangis the bewis grene ;  
 That fair sight me suddanly effrayit.

## XXIV.

Than was I woundit till the deth full neir,  
 And holdin as ane wofull presoneir  
 To Lady *Bewty*, in a moment space  
 Methocht scho semit lustyar of cheir,  
 After that *Ressoun* had tynt his ene cleir,  
 Than of befoir, and lovarly of face :  
 Quhy was thou blindit, *Ressoun* ? quhy, allace &  
 And gart ane hell my paradyce appeir,  
 And mercy seme quhair that I fand no grace.

## XXV.

*Dissemblance* was biffie me to fyle,  
 And *Fair Calling* did oft upon me fmyle,  
 And *Chirriffing* me fed with wordis fair;  
*New Acquittance* embrasit me a quhyle,  
 And favort me quhill men nicht ga ane myle,  
 Syne tuk her leif, I faw hir nevir mair:  
 Than faw I *Dengir* towart me repair,  
 I cowth efchew hir prefens be no wyle,  
 On fyde fcho lukit with ane fremit fare.

## XXVI.

And at the laft deperting couth hir drefs,  
 And me deliverit unto *Havynes*  
 For to remane, and fcho in cure me tuke;  
 Be this the lord of winds, with fell widnefs  
 God *Eolus* his bowgill blew I gefs;  
 That with the blaft the levis all to fchuke,  
 And fuddanly in the fpace of ane luke  
 All wes hyne went, thair wes bot wildirnefs,  
 Thair wes no moir bot birdis bonk and bruke.

## XXVII.

In twynckling of ane ee to fchíp thay went,  
 And fwift up faill unto the top thay ftent,  
 And with fwift courfe attour the flude thay frak;  
 Thay fyrit gunnis with powder violent,  
 Till that the reik raife to the firmament,  
 The rockis all refoundit with the rak,  
 For reird it femit that the rane-bow brak;  
 With fpreit affrayit upoun my feit I fprent  
 Amangis the clewis, fa cairfull wes the crak.

## XXVIII.

## XXVIII.

And as I did awalk of this fwowning,  
 The joyfull fowlis mirrily did sing  
 For mirth of Phebus tendir bemis schene;  
 Sweit wes the vapouris, and soft the morrowing,  
 Hailsum the vaill, depaynit with flours ying,  
 The air intemperit sobir and amene;  
 In quhyt and reid was all the erd besene,  
 Throw Naturis nobill fresch ennameling,  
 In mirthfull May, of every moneth Quene.

## XXIX.

O Reverend *Chausser*, rose of Rethouris all,  
 As in oure tounge ane flour imperial,  
 That raise in Brittain evir, quha reidis richt,  
 Thou beiris of makars the triumphs royall,  
 The fresche ennamallit termes celestially;  
 This mater couth haif illuminit full bricht;  
 Was thou nocht of our Inglis all the licht,  
 Surmounting every tounge terrestriall,  
 As far as Mayis morrow dois midnycht.

## XXX.

O morale *Gouveir*, and *Lidgait* laureat,  
 Your suggarat tounge, and lippis aureat,  
 Bene till our ciris cause of grit delyte:  
 Your angelic mouth most mellifluat,  
 Our rude language hes cleir illumynat,  
 And hes ourgilt our speiche, that imperfyte  
 Stude, or your goldin pennis schup to wryt  
 This yle beroir wes bair, and dissolat  
 Of rethorik, or lusty fresche indyte.

## XXXI.

Thou litill quair be evir obedient,  
 Humyll, subject, and semple of intent,  
 Befoir the face of every cunning wicht,  
 I know quhat thou of rethoric hes spent,  
 Of hir lusty roisis redolent,  
 Is nane into thy garland sett on hicht;  
 O schame thairfoir, and draw thé out of sicht:  
 Rude is thy weid, destitute, bair, and rent,  
 Weill aucht thou be affeirit of the licht.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*The Fenyet Frier of Tungland.*

I.

**A**S young Aurora with chryftall haile,  
In orient fchew her visage paille,  
A fwenyng fwyth did me affaile  
Of fonis of Sathanis feid ;  
Methocht a Turk of Tartary  
Come throw the boundis of Barbary,  
And lay forloppin in Lombardy,  
Full long in wachman's weid.

II.

Era baptasing for to efchew,  
Thair a religious man he flew,  
And cled him in his abeit new,  
For he cowth wryte and reid!  
Quhen kend was his diffimulance,  
And all his curfit governance,  
For feir he fled, and come in France,  
With litill of Lumbard leid.

III.

To be a leiche he fenyt him thair ;  
Quhilk mony a man might rew evirmair ;  
For he left nowthir fick nor fair  
Unflane, or he hyne yeid.  
Vane-organis he full clenely carvit ;  
Quhen of his ftraik fae mony ftarvit,  
Dreid he had gottin quhat he defarvit,  
He fled away gude speid.

IV.

In Scotland than, the narrest way,  
He come, his cunning till affay,  
To fum man thair it was no play  
The preving of his fciens.  
In pottingry he wrocht grit pyne,  
He murdreift mony in medecyne;  
The Jow was of a grit engyne,  
And generit was of gyans.



## V.

In leichecraft he was homecyd,  
 He wald haif for a nycht to byd  
 A haiknay and the hurtman's hyd,  
     So meikle he was of myance.  
 His yrins was rude as ony rawchtir,  
 Quhaire he leit blude it was no lawchtir,  
 Full mony instrument for slawchtir  
     Was in his gardevyance.

## VI.

He cowth gif cure for laxative,  
 To gar a wicht horse want his lyve;  
 Quha evir assay wald man or wyve,  
     Thair hippis yied hiddy-giddy.  
 His practikis never war put to preif,  
 But suddane deid or grit mischief,  
 He had purgatioun to mak a theif  
     To die without a widdy.

## VII.

Unto no mess preffit this prelat,  
 For found of sacring bell nor skellat,  
 As blacksmyth brinkit was his pallatt  
     For battring at the study.  
 Thocht he come hame a new maid channoun,  
 He had dispensit with Matynis cannoun,  
 On him come nowthir stole nor fannoun  
     For smuking of the smydy.

## VIII.

Methocht feir fassonis he assailyeit  
 To mak the quintessance and failyeit;  
 And quhen he saw *that* nocht availyeit,  
     A fedrem on he tuke:  
 And schupe in Turkey for to flie;  
 And quhen that he did mont on hie,  
 All fowill ferleit quhat he fowld be,  
     That evir did on him luke.



## IX.

Sum held he had bene *Dedalus*,  
 Sum the Menatair marvelous,  
 And sum *Martis* smyth *Vulcanus*,  
 And sum *Saturnus* kuke.  
 And evir the cuschettis at him tuggit,  
 The rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit,  
 The hudit-crawis his hair furth ruggit,  
 The hevin he nicht not bruke.

## X.

Then Myttaine and Saint Martynis fowle  
 Wend he had bene the hornit howle,  
 Thay set upon him with a yowle,  
 And gaif him dynt for dynt.  
 The golk, the gormaw, and the gled,  
 Best him with buffets quhill he bled;  
 The spar-halk to the spring him sped  
 Als fers as fyre of flynt.

## XI.

The tarfall gaif him tug for tug,  
 A stanchell hang in ilka lug,  
 The pyot furth his pennis did rug,  
 The stork straik ay but stint;  
 The bissart bissy but rebuik,  
 Scho was so cleverus of her cluik,  
 His [lugs] he nicht not langer bruke,  
 Scho held thame at ane hint.

## XII.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis,  
 Of marley onis, mittanis, and of mawis,  
 That bikkrit at his berd with blawis,  
 In battell him abowt.  
 Thay nybbillit him with noyis and cry,  
 The rerd of thame raise to the sky,  
 And evir he cryit on Fortoun, Fy,  
 His lyfe was into dowl.

## XIII.

## XIII.

The ja him skrippit with a skryke,  
 And skornit him as it was lyk;  
 The egill strong at him did sryke,  
     And raucht him mony a rout:  
 For feir uncunnandly he cawkit,  
 Quhill all his pennis war drownd and drawkit,  
 He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit,  
     Beneath him with a spowt.

## XIV.

He scheure his feddereme that was schene,  
 And slippit out of it full clene,  
 And in a myre, up to the ene,  
     Amang the glar did glyd.  
 The fowlis all at the fedrem dang  
 As at a monster thame amang,  
 Quhyl all the pennis of it owtsprang  
     Intill the air full wyde.

## XV.

And he lay at the plunge evir mair  
 Sa lang as any ravin did rair;  
 The crawis him socht with cryis of cair  
     In every schaw besyde.  
 Had he reveild bene to the ruikis,  
 Thay had him revin with thair cluikis.  
 Thre dayis in dub amang the dukis  
     He did with dirt him hyde.

## XVI.

The air was dirkit with the fowlis  
 That come with yawmeris, and with yowlis,  
 With skryking, skryming, and with scowlis,  
     To tak him in the tyde.  
 I walknit with noyis and schowte,  
 So hiddowis beir was me abowte.  
 Senfyne I curst that cankirit rowte  
     Quhair evir I go or ryde.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.  
 D R E A M.

## D R E A M.

## I.

**L**Ucina schynnyng in silence of the nicht,  
 The hevin being all full of sternis bricht,  
 To bed I went ; bot thair I tuke no rest,  
 With havy thocht I wes so soir opprest,  
 That fair I langit eftir dayis licht ;  
 Of Fortoun I compleinit hevely,  
 That scho to me stude so contrarously ;  
 And at the last quhen I had turnyt oft  
 For werines, on me an slummer soft  
 Come, with ane dreming, and a fantesfy.

## II.

Methocht Deme Fortoun, with ane fremit cheir,  
 Stude me beforne, and said on this maneir.  
 Thow suffir me to work gif thow do weill,  
 And preiss thé nocht to stryfe aganis my quheill,  
 Quhilk every wardly thing dois turne and steir.  
 Fall mony ane man I turne into the hicht,  
 And maks als mony full law to doun licht.  
 Up on my staigis or that thow ascend,  
 Treist weill thy trouble neir is at ane end,  
 Seing thir taiknis, quhairfoir thow mark them richt.

## III.

Thy trublit gaisf fall neir moir be degest,  
 Nor thow into no benefice beis posselt,  
 Quhill that ane abbot him cleith in ernis pennis,  
 And flé up in the air amangis the crennis,  
 And als ane falcone fair fro eist to west.

## IV.

## IV.

He fall ascend as ane horreble grephoun,  
 Him meit fall in the air ane scho dragoun;  
 Thir terrible monstheris fall togidder thrift,  
 And in the cludis gett the Antechrist,  
 Quhill all the air infeck of their pufoun.

## V.

Undir Saturnus fyrie regioun  
 Symone Magus fall meit him and Mahoun,  
 And Merlyne at the mone fall hym be bydand,  
 And Jonet the widow on ane bessome rydand,  
 Of wichis with an windir garefoun;  
 And syne thay fall discend with reik and fyre,  
 And preiche in erth the Antechryst's impyre.  
 Be than it fall be neir this world's end,  
 With that this lady sone fra me did wend.

## VI.

Quhen I awoke my dreame it wes so nyce,  
 Fra every wicht I hid it as a vyce;  
 Quhill I hard tell be mony suthfast wy  
 Fle wald an abbot up into the sky,  
 And all his fetherine maid wes at devyce.

## VII.

Within my hairt confort I tuke full sone,  
 Adew, quoth I, my drery dayis are done.  
 Full weill I wist to me wald nevir cum thrift,  
 Quhill that twa monis wer sene up in the list,  
 Or quhill an abbot flew aboif the mone.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*How Dunbar wes desyred to be ane Frier.*

## I.

**T**His nycht befor the dawing cleir  
 Methocht Sanct Francis did to me appeir,  
 With ane religious abbeir in his hand,  
 And said, In this go cleith thé my servand,  
 Refuse the warld, for thow mon be a freir.

## II.

With him and with his abbeir bayth I skarrit,  
 Like to ane man that with a gairt wes marrit:  
 Methocht on bed he layid it me abone;  
 Bot on the flure delyverly and sone  
 I lap thairfra, and nevir wald cum nar it.

## III.

Quoth he, quhy skarris thow with this holy weid?  
 Cloith thé tharin, for weir it thow most neid;  
 Thow that hes lang done Venus lawis teiche,  
 Sall now be freir, and in this abbeir preiche:  
 Delay it nocht, it mon be done but dreid.

## IV.

Quoth I, Sanct Francis, loving be thé till,  
 And thankit mot thow be of thy gude will  
 To me, that of thy clayis ar so kynd;  
 Bot thame to weir it nevir come in my mynd:  
 Sweet confessor, thow tak it nocht in ill.

## V.

In haly legendis have I hard allevin,  
 Ma sanctis of bischoppis, nor freiris, be sic sevin;  
 Of full few freiris that has bene sanctis I reid;  
 Quhairfoir ga bring to me ane bischopis weid,  
 Gife evir thow wald my faule gaid unto hevin.

## VI.

My brethir oft hes maid thé supplicatiouns,  
 Be epistillis, sermonis, and relatiounis,  
 To tak the abyte; bot thow did postpone;  
 But ony process cum on; thairfoir anone  
 All circumstance put by and excusationis.

## VII.

Gif evir my fortoun wes to be a freir,  
 The dait thairof is past full mony a yeir;  
 For into every lusty toun and place,  
 Off all Yngland, from Berwick to Calice,  
 I haif into thy habeit maid gud cheir.

## VIII.

In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit,  
 In it haif I in pulpet gone and preichit  
 In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canterbury;  
 In it I past at Dover our the ferry,  
 Throw Piccardy, and thair the peple teichit.

## IX.

Als lang as I did beir the freiris style,  
 In me, God wait, wes mony wrink and wyle;  
 In me wes falsset with every wicht to flatter,  
 Quilk mycht be flemit with na haly watter;  
 I wes ay reddy all men to begyle.

## X.

This freir that did Sanct Francis thair appeir,  
 Ane sieind he wes in liknes of ane freir;  
 He vaneist away with stynk and fyrrie smowk;  
 With him methocht all the hause end he towk,  
 And I awoik as wy that wes in weir.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

## The D A U N C E.

## I.

**O**F Februar the fiftene nycht, *england.*  
 Richt lang befor the dayis lycht,  
 I lay intill a trance;  
 And than I saw baith hevin and hell;  
 Methocht amangis the feyndis fell,  
 Mahoun gart cry ane dance,  
 Of shrewis that wer never schrevin,  
 Against the feist of Fasternis evin,  
 To mak thair observance;  
 He bad gallands ga graith a gyis,  
 And cast up gamountis in the skyis,  
 The last came out of France.

## II.

Lat se, quoth he, now quha beginis:  
 With that the fowll sevin deidly finis  
 Begowth to leip atanis.  
 And first of all in dance wes *Pryd*,  
 With hair wyld bak, bonet on syd,  
 Lyk to mak vaistie wanis;  
 And round about him as a quheill,  
 Hang all in rumpillis to the heill,  
 His kethat for the nanis.  
 Mony proud trumpour with him trippit, *tromper*  
 Throw skaldan fyre ay as they skippit, *tromper*  
 They girnd with hyddous granis.

## III.

Heilie Harlottis in hawtane wyis  
 Come in with mony findrie gyis,  
 Bot yet luche nevir Mahoun,  
 Quhill preistis cum with bair schevin nekks,  
 Than all the feyns lewche, and maid gekks,  
*Black-belly and Bawfy-Brown.*



## IV.

Than *Yre* come in with sturt and stryfe ;  
 His hand wes ay upoun his knyfe,  
     He brandeist lyk a beir ;  
 Bostaris, braggaris, and barganeris,  
 Eftir him passit into pairis,  
     All bodin in feir of weir.  
 In *Jakkis*, *stryppis*, and *bonnettis* of steill,  
 Thair leggis wer cheniet to the heill,  
     Frawart wes thair affeir ;  
 Sum upoun uder with brands best,  
 Sum jagit utheris to the heft,  
     With knyvis that scherp coud scheir.

## V.

Next in the dance followit *Invy*,  
 Fild full of feid and felony,  
     Hid malice and dispyte.  
 For pryvie haterit that tratour trymlit,  
 Him followit mony freik dissymlit,  
     With fenyteit wordis quhyte.  
 And flattereris into menis facis,  
 And back-byttaris of fundry racis,  
     To ley that had delyte,  
 With rownaris of fals lesingis ;  
 Allace ! that courtis of noble kingis,  
     Of thame can nevir be quyte.

## VI.

Next him in dans come *Cuvatyce*,  
 Rute of all evill, and grund of vyce,  
     That nevir coud be content ;  
 Catyvis, wrechis, and Ockeraris,  
 Hud-pykis, hurdars, and gadderaris,  
     All with that *Warlo* went :

Out of thair throttis they shot on udder  
 Hett molkin gold, methocht, a fudder  
     As fyre-flaucht maist fervent;  
 Ay as thay tumit thame of schot,  
 Feynds fild thame well up to the thrott,  
     With gold of all kynd prent.

## VII.

Syne *Sweirnes*, at the secound bidding,  
 Com lyk a fow out of a midding,  
     Full slepy wes his grunye.  
 Mony sweir bumbard belly-huddroun,  
 Mony flute daw, and slepy duddroun,  
     Him servit ay with founye.  
 He drew thame furth intill a chenye,  
 And Belliall, with a brydill renye,  
     Evir lascht thame on the lunye.  
 In dance thay war so flaw of feit,  
 They gaif thame in the fyre a heit,  
     And maid them quicker of counye.

## VIII.

Than *Lichery*, that lathly corfs,  
 Berand lyk a bagit horfs,  
     And *Idilnes* did him leid;  
 Thair wes with him an ugly fort,  
 And mony stinkand fowll tramort,  
     That had in syn bene deid:  
 Quhen thay wer enterit in the daunce,  
 Thay wer full strenge of countenance,  
     Lyk turkas burnand reid;

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

It mycht be na remeid.

## IX.

Than the fowll monstir *Gluttony*,  
 Of wame unsatiabable and gredy,  
     To dance syn did him drefs;  
 Him followet mony foull drunckhart,  
 With can and collep, cop and quart,  
     In surffet and excess.  
 Full mony a waistlefs wally-drag,  
 With waimis unweildable, did furth wag,  
     In creische that did increfs.  
 Drynk, ay thay cryit, with mony a gaip,  
 The feynds gave them hait leid to laip,  
     Thair lovery wes na less.

## X.

Na menstralls playit to thame but dowl,  
 For glé-men thair wer haldin out,  
     Be day, and eik by nycht;  
 Except a menstrall that slew a man;  
 Sa till his heretage he wan,  
     And entirt be breif of richt.

## XI.

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand Padyane;  
 Syn ran a feynd to fetch Makfadyane,  
     Far northwart in a nuke;  
 Be he the Correnoth had done schout,  
 Ersche men so gadderit him about,  
     In hell grit rume thay tuke:  
 Thae tarmegantis, with tag and tatter,  
 Full loud in Ersche begowt to clatter,  
     And rowp lyk revin and ruke.  
 The devill sa devit wes with thair yell,  
 That in the depest pot of hell  
     He smorit thame with smuke.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*The Sweirers and the Devill.*

## I.

**T**His nycht in fleip I was agast,  
 Methocht the devill wes tempand fast  
 The people with aithis of crewaltie,  
 Sayand, as throw the merkat he past,  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

## II.

Methocht as he went throw the way,  
 Ane preist sweirit braid, be God verey,  
 Quhilk at the alter ressavit he;  
 Thow art my clerk, the devill can say,  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

## III.

Than swoir a courtyour mekle of pryd  
 Be Chrystis woundis bludy and wyd,  
 And be his harmes wes rent on tré.  
 Than spak the devill, hard him besyd,  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

## IV.

Ane merchand, his geir as he did sell,  
 Renuncit his part of hevin and hell;  
 The devill said, Welcum mot thow be,  
 Thou fall be merchand for my sell,  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

## V.

Ane goldsmith said, The golds sa fyne  
 That all the warkmanschip I tyne;  
 The feind ressaif me gif I lie;  
 Think on, quoth the devill, that thow art mine,  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

## VI.

## VI.

Ane tailyor said, In all this toun,  
 Be thair ane better weil maid gown,  
 I gif me to the feynd all fré;  
 Gramercy, tailyor, said Mahoun,  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

## VII.

Ane sountar said, In gud effek,  
 Nor I be hangit be the nek,  
 Gife bettir butis of ledder ma be;  
 Fy, quoth the feynd, thou sawris of blek,  
 Ga clenge thé clene, and cum to me.

## VIII.

Ane baxstar sayd, I forsaik God,  
 And all his werkis, evin and od,  
 Gif fairar stuf neidis to be;  
 The devill luche, and on him couth nod,  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

## IX.

The fleshour swoir be the sacrament,  
 And be Chryst's blud maist innocent,  
 Nevir fatter flesch saw man with ee;  
 The devill said, hald on thy intent,  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

## X.

The maltman sayis, I God forsaik,  
 And that the devill of hell me taik,  
 Gif ony bettir malt may be,  
 And of this kill I haif inlaik;  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

## XI.

## XI.

Ane browstar swore the malt wes ill,  
 Baith reid and reikit on the kill,  
 That it will be na aill for me,  
 Ane boll will not sex gallonis fill;  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

## XII.

The smith swoir be rude and raip,  
 Intill a gallowis mot I gaip,  
 Gif I ten dayis wan pennies thré,  
 For with that craft I can nocht thraip;  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

## XIII.

Ane menstrall said, The feind me ryfe,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 The devill said, hardly mot it be,  
 Exerce that craft in all thy lyfe,  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

## XIV.

Ane dysfour said, with words of stryfe,  
 The devill mot stik him with a knyfe,  
 But he kest up fair fyffis thré;  
 The devil said, Endit is thy life,  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

## XV.

Ane theif said, Ill that evir I chaip,  
 Nor ane stark widdy gar me gaip,  
 But I in hell for geir wald be;  
 The devill said, Welcum in a raip,  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

## XVI.

## XVI. -

The fische-wyffis flet, and swoir with grainis,  
 And to the feind fauld flescche and banis;  
 Thay gaif thame with ane schout on hie;  
 The devill said, Welcum all at ainis,  
 Renunce your God, and cum to me.

## XVII.

Methocht the devills als black as pik,  
 Soliffand wer, as beis thik,  
 Ay tempand folk with wayis flie;  
 Rounand to *Robene* and to *Dik*,  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.



*The Testament of Mr Andro Kennedy.*

## I.

**I** Master Andro Kennedy,  
*A [matre] quando sum vocatus,*  
 Begotten with sum incuby,  
 Or with sum freir *infatuatus* ;  
 In faith I can nocht tell redely,  
*Unde aut ubi fui natus,*  
 Bot in truth I trow trewly,  
*Quod sum diabolus incarnatus.*

## II.

*Cum nihil sit certius morte,*  
 We man all dé quhen we haif done ;  
*Nescimus quando, vel qua sorte,*  
 Nor blynd allane wait of the mone.  
*Ego patior in pectore,*  
 Throw nicht I mycht nocht sleip a wink ;  
*Licet æger in corpore,*  
 Yet wald my mouth be watt with drink.

## III.

*Nunc condo testamentum meum,*  
 I leif my saule for evirmair,  
*Per omnipotentem Deum,*  
 Into my lordis wyne-cellar ;  
*Semper ibi ad remanendum*  
 Till domesday cum without dissiver,  
*Bonum vinum ad bibendum*  
 With sweit Cuthbert that lufit me nevir.

## IV.

*Ipse est dulcis ad amandum,*  
 He wuld oft ban me in his breth,  
*Det mihi modo ad potandum,*  
 And I forgaif him laith and wreth.

*Quia* in cellar *cum cervisia*,  
 I had lever ly baith air and lait,  
*Nudus solus in camisia*,  
 Than in my lordis bed of stait.

## V.

Ane barrel being ay at my bosum,  
 Of warldly gude I bad na mair ;  
*Et corpus meum ebriosum*,  
 I leif unto the town of Air ;  
 In ane draff midding for evir and ay,  
*Ut ibi sepeliri queam*,  
 Quhair drink and draff may ilka day  
 Be castin *super faciem meam*.

## VI.

I leif my hairt that nevir wes sicker,  
*Sed semper variabile*,  
 That evermair wald flow and flicker,  
*Consorti meo Jacobo Wylie* :  
 Thoch I wald bind it with a wicker,  
*Verum Deum renui* ;  
 Bot and I hecht to tume a bicker,  
*Hoc pactum semper tenui*.

## VII.

Syne leif I the best aucht I bocht,  
*Quod est Latinum propter cape*,  
 To the heid of my kin ; but waite I nocht,  
*Quis est ille*, than schro my skape.  
 I tald my Lord my heid, but hiddill,  
*Sed nulli alii hoc sciverunt*,  
 We wer als sib as seif and riddill,  
*In una silva quæ creverunt*.

## VIII.

## VIII.

*Quia mea solatia*

They wer bot lesingis all and ane,

*Cum omni fraude et fallacia.*

I leive the maister of Sanct Anthane,

William Gray, *sine gratia*,

My ain deir cufine, as I wene,

*Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,*

But quhen the Holene tree growis grene.

## IX.

My fenyeing, and my fals winning,

*Relinquo falsis fratribus;*

For that is Gods awin bidding,

*Disparsit, dedit pauperibus.*

For mens faulis they say and sing,

*Mentientes pro muneribus;*

Now God give thaime ane evill ending,

*Pro suis pravis operibus.*

## X.

To Jok the fule, my fely fré

*Lego post corpus sepultum;*

In faith I am mair fule than he,

*Licet ostendo bonum vultum.*

Of corne and cattell, gold and fie,

*Ipse habet valdè multum,*

And yit he bleiris my lordis ee,

*Fingendo eum fore stultum.*

## XI.

To Maister Johney Clerk syne,

*Do et lego intimè*

Gods braid malesone, and myne;

*Nam ipse est causa mortis meæ.*

D

Wer

Wer I a doig and he a fwyne,  
*Multi mirantur super me,*  
 Bot I fould gar that lurdoun quhryne,  
*Scribendo dentes sine D.*

## XII.

*Residuum omnium bonorum*  
 For to dispone my lord fal haif,  
*Cum tutela puerorum,*  
 Baith Adie, Kittie, and all the laif.  
 In faith I will na langer raif,  
*Pro sepultura ordino*  
 On the new gyse, sa God me faif,  
*Non sicut more solito.*

## XIII.

*In die meæ sepulturæ,*  
 I will have nane but our awin gang,  
*Et duos rusticos de rure*  
 Berand ane barrell on a stang,  
 Drinkand and playand cap-out; even  
*Sicut egomet solebam,*  
 Singand and greitand with the stevin,  
*Potum meum cum fletu miscebam.*

## XIV.

I will no preistis for me sing,  
*Dies ille, dies iræ;*  
 Nor yet na bellis for me ring,  
*Sicut semper solet fieri;*  
 But a bag-pyp to play a spring,  
*Et unum ale-wisp ante me;*  
 Insteid of torchis, for to bring  
*Quatuor lagenas cervisia,*

Within

Within the graif to fett, fit thing,  
*In modum crucis juxta me,*  
 To flé the feyndis, than hardly sing  
*De terra plasmasi me.*

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

D 2

Tydings

*Tydings fra the Sessioun.*

## I.

**A** NE murelandis man of uplandis mak,  
 At hame thus to his nychbour spak,  
 Quhat tidings, gossep? peax or weir?  
 The tother rounit in his eir,  
 I tell yow this under confessioun,  
 But laitly lichtit of my meir,  
 I come of Edinburgh fra the sessioun.

## II.

Quhat tydingis hard ye thair, I pray yow?  
 The tother answerit, I fall say yow;  
 Keip this all secreit, gentill brother,  
 Is na man thair that trestis ane uther:  
 Ane common doer of transgressioun,  
 Of innocent folkis prevenis a futher:  
 Sic tydings hard I at the sessioun.

## III.

Sum with his fallow rownis him to pleis  
 That wald for envy byt aff his neis.  
 His fa him by the oxtar leidis;  
 Sum patteris with his mowth on beids,  
 That hes his mynd all on oppressioun;  
 Sum beakis full law, and schawis bair heidis,  
 Wald luke full heich war not the sessioun.

## IV.

Sum bidand the law, layis land in wed;  
 Sum superexpendit gois to his bed;  
 Sum speidis, for he in court hes meins;  
 Sum of partialitie complenis,  
 How feid and favour flemis discretioun;  
 Sum speikis full fair, and falsly fenis:  
 Sic thingis hard I at the sessioun.

## V.

Sum casts fummondis, and fum exceptis ;  
 Sum stand besyd and skaild law keppis ;  
 Sum is concludit, fum wins, fum tynes ;  
 Sum makis him mirry at the wynis ;  
 Sum is put out of his possessioun ;  
 Sum herreit, and on credens dynis :  
 Sic tydings hard I at the fessioun.

## VI.

Sum sweiris, and forsaikis God ;  
 Sum in ane lamb-skin is ane tod ;  
 Sum in his tung his kyndness turfis ;  
 Sum cuttis throattis, and fum pykis pursis ;  
 Sum gois to gallows with processioun ;  
 Sum fains the fait, and fum thame cursis :  
 Sic tydingis hard I at the fessioun.

## VII.

Religious men of divers placis  
 Cum thair to wow, and fé fair faces ;  
 Baith Carmelitis and Cordilleris  
 Cumis thair to genner and get ma freiris,  
 And ar unmindfull of thair processioun ;  
 The yunger at the eldair leiris :  
 Sic tydings hard I at the fessioun.

## VIII.

Thair cumis yung monkis of hé complexioun,  
 Of devoit mynd, luvé, and affectioun ;  
 And in the courte thair hait flesché dantis,  
 Full fader-lyk, with pechis and pantis ;  
 Thay ar so hummill of intercessioun,  
 All mercifull wemen thair errand grantis :  
 Sic tydings hard I at the fessioun.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.



*A General Satyre.*

## I.

**D**Evorit with dreim, devising in my slumber,  
 How that this realme, with nobillis out of number  
 Gydit, provydit sa many years hes bene;  
 And now sic hunger, sic cowartis, and sic cumber,  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

## II.

Sic pryd with prellattis, so few till preiche and pray,  
 Sic hant of harlottis with thame, bayth nicht and day,  
 That sowld haif ay thair God afore thair ene,  
 So nice array, so strange to thair abbay,  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

## III.

So many preistis cled up in secular weid,  
 With blasing breistis casting thair claiths on breid,  
 It is no need to tell of quhome I mene,  
 To quhome the Psalme and Testament to reid,  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

## IV.

So many maisteris, so many guckit clerkis,  
 So many westaris, to God and all his warkis,  
 So fyry sparkis, of dispyt fro the splene,  
 Sic losin farkis, so many glengour markis,  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

## V.

So many lords, so many naturall fules,  
 That bettir accordis to play thame at the trulis,  
 Nor feis the dulis that commons dois sustene,  
 New tane fra sculis; so many anis and mulis,  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

## VI.

## VI.

Sa meikle tressone, sa mony partial fawis,  
 Sa littill reffone, to help the common cawis,  
 That all the lawis ar not fet by ane bene;  
 Sic fenyet flawis, sa mony wastit wawis,  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

## VII.

Sa mony theivis and murderis weil kend,  
 Sa grit releivis of lords thame to defend,  
 Becauis they spend the pelf thame betwene,  
 Sa few till wend this mischeif, till amend,  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

## VIII.

This to correct, they schow with mony crakkis,  
 But littil effect of speir or battar ax,  
 Quhen curage lakkis the corfs that fould mak kene;  
 Sa mony jakkis, and brattis on beggaris bakkis,  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

## IX.

Sic vant of woultours with hairtis in sinful statures,  
 Sic brallaris and bosteris, degenerat fra their natures,  
 And sic regratouris, the pure men to prevene;  
 Sa mony traytouris, sa mony rubeatouris,  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

## X.

Sa mony jugeis and lords now maid of late,  
 Sa small refugeis the pure man to debait;  
 Sa mony estate, for commoun weil sa quhene,  
 Owre all the gait, sa mony thevis sa tait,  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

## XI.

## XI.

Sa mony ane sentence retreitit, for to win  
 Geir and acquentance, or kyndnefs of thair kin ;  
 Thay think no fin, quhair proffeit cumis betwene ;  
 Sa mony a gin, to haist thame to the pin,  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

## XII.

Sic knavis and crakkaris, to play at carts and dyce,  
 Sic halland-scheckaris, quhilk at *Cowkelbyis* gryce,  
 Are haldin of pryce, when lymaris do convene,  
 Sic store of vyce, fa mony wittis unwyse,  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

## XIII.

Sa mony merchandis, fa mony are menfworne,  
 Sic pure tenandis, sic cursing evin and morn,  
 Quhilk flayis the corn, and frucht that growis grene ;  
 Sic skaith and fcorne, fa mony paitlattis worne,  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

## XIV.

Sa mony rackettis, fa mony ketché-pillaris,  
 Sic ballis, sic nachettis, and sic tutivillaris,  
 And sic evil-willaris to speik of King and Quene,  
 Sic pudding-fillaris, descending doun from millaris,  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

## XV.

Sic fartingailis on flaggis als fatt as quhailis,  
 Fattit lyk fulis with hattis that littil availis ;  
 And sic fowill tailis to sweip the calsfay clene,  
 The dust upskailis, mony fillok —————  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

## XVI.

## XVI.

Sa mony ane Kittie, drest up with goldin chenyes,  
 Sa few witty, that weil can fabillis fenyie,  
 With apill renyeis ay shawand hir goldin chene,  
 Of Sathanis feinye; sure sic an unfaul menyie  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*Discretioun*

*Discretioun in Asking.*

## I.

**O**F every asking followis nocht  
 Rewaird, bot gif sum caus wer wrocht;  
 And quhair caus is, men weil ma fie;  
 And quhair nane is, it will be thocht  
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

## II.

Ane fule, thocht he haif caus or nane,  
 Cryis ay, gif me into a drene;  
 And he that dronis ay as ane bee  
 Sould haif an heirar dull as stane;  
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

## III.

Sum askis mair than he deservis,  
 Sum askis far les than he servis,  
 Sum schames to ask as braids of me,  
 And all without reward he stervis;  
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

## IV.

To ask but service hurts gud fame,  
 To ask for service is not blame;  
 To serve and leif in beggartie,  
 To man and maistir is baith schame;  
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

## V.

He that dois all his best servyis,  
 May spill it all with crakkis and cryis,  
 Be foul inoportunitie;  
 Few wordis may serve the wyis;  
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

## VI.

Nocht neidfull is men fuld be dum,  
 Nathing is gotin but wordis sum,  
 Nocht sped but diligence we fé;  
 For nathing it allane will cum;  
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

## VII.

Asking wald haif convenient place,  
 Convenient tyme, lasar, and space;  
 But haift or preis of grit menyé,  
 But hairt abasit, but tounge reckles;  
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

## VIII.

Sum nicht haif (ye) with littill cure,  
 That hes aft (nay) with grit labour,  
 All for that tyme not byde can he;  
 He tynis baith errand and honour;  
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

## IX.

Suppois the fervand be lang unquit,  
 The Lord sumtyme rewaird will it,  
 Gif he dois not, quhat remedy?  
 To fecht with fortoun is no wit;  
 In asking fould Discretioun be.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*Discretioun*

*Discretioun of Giving.*

## I.

**T**O speik of gift or almous deidis,  
 Sum gevis for mereit and for meidis;  
 Sum, wardly honour to up hie,  
 Gevis to thame that nothing neidis;  
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

## II.

Sum gevis for pryd and glory vane,  
 Sum gevis with grudgeing and with pane,  
 Sum gevis in prattik for supplé,  
 Sum gevis for twyis als gud agane;  
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

## III.

Sum gevis for thank, sum cheritie,  
 Sum gevis money, and sum gevis meit,  
 Sum gevis wordis fair and flé,  
 Giftis fra sum ma na man treit;  
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

## IV.

Sum is for gift sa lang requyred,  
 Quhill that the crevir be so tyred,  
 That or the gift deliverit be,  
 The thank is frustrat and expyred;  
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

## V.

Sum gevis so littill full wretchedly,  
 That his giftis are not fet by,  
 And for a huide-pyk haldin is he,  
 That all the warld cryis on him, fy!  
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

## VI.



## VI.

Sum in his geving is so large,  
 That all oure-laidin is his berge,  
 Throw vyce and prodigalité,  
 Thairof his honour dois dischairge;  
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

## VII.

Sum to the riche gevis geir,  
 That nicht his giftis weill forbeir;  
 And thocht the peur for falt fould dé,  
 His cry nocht enteris in his eir;  
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

## VIII.

Sum gevis to strangeris with face new,  
 That yisterday fra Flanderis flew;  
 And auld fervantis list not fé,  
 War thay nevir of sa grit vertew;  
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

## IX.

Sum gevis to thame can ask and plenyie,  
 Sum gevis to thame can flattir and fenyie;  
 Sum gevis to men of honestie,  
 And haldis all jangealaris at dirdenyie;  
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

## X.

Sum gettis giftis and riche arrayis  
 To sweir all that his maister sayis,  
 Thocht all the contrair weill knawis he;  
 Ar mony sic now in thir dayis;  
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

## XI.

Sum gevis gud men for thair gud kewis,  
 Sum gevis to trumpouris and to schrewis,  
 Sum gevis to knaw his awtoritie ;  
 But in thair office gude fundin few is ;  
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

## XII.

Sum gevis parochynis full wyd,  
 Kirkis of Sanct Barnard and Sanct Bryd,  
 To teiche, to rewill, and to ovirfie,  
 That he na wit hes thame to gyd ;  
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*Discretioun*

*Discretioun in Taking.*

## I.

**E**Ftir geving I speik of taking,  
 Bot littill of ony gud forsaiking ;  
 Sum takkis our littill autoritie,  
 And sum oure-mekle, and that is glaiking ;  
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

## II.

The clerkis takis beneficis with brawlis,  
 Sum of Sanct Peter, and sum of Sanct Paulis ;  
 Tak he the rentis, no cair hes he,  
 Suppois the divill tak all thair fawlis ;  
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

## III.

Barronis takis fra the tennentis peure,  
 All fruitt that growis on the feure,  
 In mailis and gersomes raisit our hé,  
 And garris thame beg fra dure to dure ;  
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

## IV.

Sum takis uthir mennis takkis,  
 And on the peure oppressioun makkis,  
 And never remembris that he mon die,  
 Quhyl that the gallowis gar him rax ;  
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

## V.

Sum takis be sie and be land,  
 And nevir fra taking hald thair hand,  
 Quhill he be tyit up to ane tré ;  
 And syn thay gar him understand,  
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

## VI.

Sum wald tak all his nychbouris geir;  
 Had he of man als littill feir  
 As he hes dreid that God him see,  
 To tak than fuld he nevir forbeir;  
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

## VII.

Sum wald tak all this world's breid,  
 And yet not satisfeit of thair neid,  
 Throw hairt unfatiable and gredie;  
 Sum wald tak littill, and can not speid;  
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

## VIII.

Grit men for taking and oppressioun  
 Ar fet full famous at the fessioun,  
 And peur takaris are hangit hie,  
 Schamit for evir, and thair succeffioun;  
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*Anc*

*Ane his awin Enemy.*

## I.

**H**E that hes gold and grit riches,  
 And may be into myrrinefs,  
 And dois gladnefs fra him expell,  
 And levis into wretchitnefs,  
 He wirkis sorrow to him fell.

## II.

He that may be but sturt or stryfe,  
 And leif ane lusty plesand lyfe,  
 And syne with mariege dois him mell,  
 And binds him with ane wicket wyfe,  
 He wirkis sorrow to him fell.

## III.

He that hes for his awin genyie  
 Ane plesand prop, bot mank or menyie;  
 And shuttis syne at an uncow schell,  
 And is forfainn with the fleis of Spenyie,  
 He wirkis sorrow to him fell.

## IV.

And he that with gud lyfe and trewth,  
 But variance or uder slewth,  
 Dois evir mair with ane maister dwell,  
 That nevir of him will haif no rewth,  
 He wirkis sorrow to him fell.

## V.

Now all this tyme let us be mirry,  
 And set nocht by this warld a chirry;  
 Now quhyll thair is gude wyne to sell,  
 He that dois on dry breid wirry,  
 I gif him to the devill of hell.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*No Treffour without Glaidnes.*

## I.

**B**E mirry, man, and tak nocht far in mynd,  
 The wawering of this wrechit warld of sorrow,  
 To God be humill, and to thy freynd be kynd,  
 And with thy nychtbouris glaidly len and borrow;  
 His chance to nycht it may be thyne to morrow.  
 Be blyth in hait for ony aventure;  
 For oft with wysure it hes bene said a forrow,  
 Without glaidnés awailis no tressour.

## II.

Mak thé gud cheir of it that God thé sends,  
 For warld's wrak but weilfair nocht awailis;  
 Na gude is thyne, saif only bot thow spendis,  
 Remenant all thow brukis bot with bailis.  
 Seik to solace quhen sadnes thé assailis,  
 In dolour lang thy lyfe ma nocht indure;  
 Quhairfoir of confort set up all thy saylis,  
 Without glaidnés awailis no tressour.

## III.

Follow on petie, fle truble and debait,  
 With famous folkis hald thy cumpany;  
 Be charitabill and humyll in thyne estait,  
 For wardly honour lestis bot a cry;  
 For truble in erd tak no mallancoly,  
 Be riche in patience, gif thow in guds be pure,  
 Quha levis mirry he levis michtely;  
 Without glaidnés awailis no tressour.

## IV.

Thow feis thir wrechis sett with sorrow and cair,  
 To gaddir gudis in all thair lyvis space;  
 And quhen thair baggis ar full thair felfis ar bair,  
 And of thair riches bot the keping hes;

Quhen

Quhill uthiris cum to spend it that hes grace,  
 Quilk of thy winning no labour had nor cure :  
 Tak thow example, and spend with mirrines,  
 Without glaidnés awailís no tressóur.

## V.

Thocht all the werk that evir had levand wicht  
 Wer only thyne, no moir thy pairt dois fall,  
 Bot meit, drink, clais, and of the laif a ficht,  
 Yit to the juge thow fall gif compt of all ;  
 Ane raknyng rycht cumis of ane ragment small :  
 Be just and joyius, and do to none enjure,  
 And trewth fall mak thé strang as ony wall ;  
 Without glaidnés awailís no tréssóur.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*Advice*



*Advice to spend anis awin Gades.*

## I.

**M**AN, sen thy lyfe is ay in weir,  
 And deid is evir drawand neir,  
 Thy tyme unficker and the place,  
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

## II.

Gif it be thyne, thy self it ufis,  
 Gif it be not, thé it refusis;  
 Ane uthir of thé profeit hes;  
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

## III.

Thow may to day haif gude to spend,  
 And hestely to morne fra it wend,  
 And leif ane uthir thy baggis to brais;  
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

## IV.

Quhile thou hes space, se thou dispone,  
 That for chy geir, quhen thou art gone,  
 No wicht ane uder flay or chace;  
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

## V.

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,  
 Ay gadderand geir with sorrow and pane,  
 And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Pais;  
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

## VI.

Syne cums ane uder glaid of his sorrow,  
 That for him prayit nowdir evin nor morrow,  
 And fangis it all with mirrynais;  
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

## VII.

## VII.

Sum grit gud gadderis, and ay it spairs,  
 And efter him thair cumis yung airis,  
 That his auld thrift settis on an ace ;  
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

## VIII.

It is all thyne that thou heir spends,  
 And nocht all that on thé depends,  
 Bot his to spend it that hes grace ;  
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

## IX.

Trest nocht ane uther will do thé to,  
 It that thyself wald nevir do ;  
 For gif thou dois, strenge is thy cace ;  
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

## X.

Luk how the bairne dois to the muder,  
 And tak example be nane udder,  
 That it nocht eftir be thy cace ;  
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*Best to be blyth.*

## I.

**F**ULL oft I muse, and hes in thocht,  
 How this fals warld is ay on flocht,  
 Quhair nothing ferme is nor degest ;  
 And quhen I haif my mynd all focht,  
 For to be blyth me think it best.

## II.

This warld évir dois flicht and wary,  
 Fortoun fa fast hir quheill dois cary ;  
 Na tyme but turne can tak rest,  
 For quhois false change suld none be fary ;  
 For to be blyth me think it best.

## III.

Wald man confiddir in mynd rycht weill,  
 Or fortoun on him turn her quheill,  
 That erdly honour may nocht lest,  
 His fall les panefull he suld feill ;  
 For to be blyth me think it best.

## IV.

Quha with this warld dois warfell and stryfe,  
 And dois his dayis in dolour dryfe,  
 Thocht he in lordschip be posselt,  
 He levis bot ane wrechit life ;  
 For to be blyth me think it best.

## V.

Of wardlis gud and grit riches,  
 Quhat frucht hes man but mirrines ?  
 Thocht he this warld had eist and west,  
 All wer povertie but glaidness ;  
 For to be blyth me think it best.

## VI.

Quho fuld for tynfall drown or dé,  
 For thyng that is bot vanitie ;  
 Sen to the lyfe that ever dois lest,  
 Heir is bot twynklyng of ane ee ;  
 For to be blyth me think it best.

## VII.

Had I for warld's unkyndnes  
 In hairt tane ony haviness,  
 Or fro my plesans bene opprest,  
 I had bene deid langsyne dowlless ;  
 For to be blyth me think it best.

## VIII.

How evir this warld do change and vary,  
 Lat us in hairt nevir moir be fary,  
 Bot evir be reddy and addrest,  
 To pass out of this frawfull fary ;  
 For to be blyth me think it best.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*Of Deming.*

## I.

**H**OW fowld I rewill me, or quhat wyis,  
 I wald sum wyisman wald dewyis ;  
 I cannot leif in no degre,  
 But sum will my maneris dispyis ;  
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

## II.

Gife I be galland, lusty, and blyth,  
 Than will thay say on me full swyth,  
 That out of mynd yone man is hie,  
 Or sum hes done him confort kyth ;  
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

## III.

Gife I be sorrowfull and sad,  
 Than will thay say that I am mad,  
 I do bot drowp as I wold die ;  
 Thus will thay say baith man and lad ;  
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

## IV.

Gife I be lusty in array,  
 Than lue I paramours thay say,  
 Or in my hait is prowde and hie,  
 Or ellis I haif it sum wrang way ;  
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

## V.

Gife I be nocht weill als befeme,  
 Than twa and twa sayis thame betwene,  
 That evill he gydis yone man trewlie,  
 Lo be his claithis it may be fene ;  
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

## VI.

## VI.

Gife I be sene in court ovir lang,  
 Than will thay murmur thaim amang,  
 My friendis ar not worth a flé,  
 That I sa lang but reward gang;  
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

## VII.

In court reward than purches I,  
 Than haif thay malyce and invy,  
 And secreitly thay on me lie,  
 And dois me hinder prevely;  
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

## VIII.

I wald my gyding war dewyfit;  
 Gif I spend littill I am diſpyfit,  
 Gif I be nobill, gentill, and fre,  
 A prodigall man I am so pryfit;  
 Lord God how fall I governe me.

## IX.

Now juge thay me baith guid and ill,  
 And I may no mans tung hald still;  
 To do the best my mynd fall be,  
 Latt every man say quhat he will;  
 Thé, gracious God, mot governe me.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*Of Deming.*

## I.

**M**Ufing allone this hinder nicht,  
 Of mirry day quhen gone was licht,  
 Within ane garth undir a tré,  
 I hard ane voce, that faid on hicht,  
 May na man now undemit be :

## II.

For thocht I be ane crownit king,  
 Yit fall I not efchew deming ;  
 Sum callis me guid, fum sayis I lie,  
 Sum cravis of God to end my ring,  
 So fall I not undemit me.

## III.

Be I ane Lord, and not lord-lyk,  
 Than every pelour and purs-pyk  
 Sayis, Land war bettir warit on me ;  
 Thocht he dow not to leid a tyk,  
 Yit can he not lat deming be.

## IV.

Be I ane lady frefche and fair,  
 With gentillmen makand repair,  
 Than will thay fay, baith fcho and he,  
 [I am difhonorit] lait and air ;  
 Thus fall I not undemit be.

## V.

Be I ane courtman, or ane knycht,  
 Honeftly cled that cumis me richt,  
 Ane prydfull man than call thay me :  
 Bot God fend thame a widdy wicht,  
 That cannot lat sic deming be.



## VI.

Be I bot littill of stature,  
 Thay call me catyve createure ;  
 And be I grit of quantetie,  
 Thay call me monstrowis of nature ;  
 Thus can thay not lat deming be.

## VII.

And be I ornat in my speiche,  
 Than *Towsy* sayis, I am sa streich,  
 I speik not lyk thair hous menyie ;  
 Suppois her mouth milters a leiche,  
 Yit can scho not lat deming be.

## VIII.

But wist thir folkis that uthir demis,  
 How that thair sawis to uthir semis,  
 Thair vicious wordis and vanitie,  
 Thair tratling tungis that all furth temis,  
 Sum wald lat thair deming be.

## IX.

Gude *James* the Ferd, our nobill king,  
 Quhen that he was of yeiris ying,  
 In sentens said full subillie,  
*Do weil, and sett nocht by demying,*  
*For no man fall undemit be.*

## X.

And so I fall with Goddis grace,  
 Keip his command into that cace,  
 Beseiking ay the TRINITY,  
 In hevin that I may haif ane place,  
 For thair fall no man demit be.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*To the King.*

## I.

**S**CHIR, yit remembir as of befoir,  
 How that my yowth I done forloir  
 In your service with pane and greif,  
 Gud consciens cryis, reward thairfoir ;  
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

## II.

Your clerkis ar servit all about,  
 And I do lyk ane reid halk schout,  
 To cum to lure that hes no leif,  
 Quhair my plumyis begynis to brek out ;  
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

## III.

Forfett is ay the falconis kynd ;  
 But evir the mittane is hard in mynd,  
 Of quhome the gled dois prettikis preif,  
 The gentill goishalk gois unkynd ;  
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

## IV.

The pyet with hir pretty cot,  
 Fenyis to sing the nyctingalis not ;  
 Bot scho can nevir the corchat cleif,  
 For harshnes of hir carlich throt ;  
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

## V.

Ay fareft faderis hes farrest fowlis ;  
 Suppois thay haif no fang bot youlis,  
 In silver caigis thay sit at cheif ;  
 Kynd natyve nest dois clek bot owlis ;  
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

## VI.

O gentill egill, how may this be,  
 That of all fowlis dois heest flé ;  
 Your legis quhy will ye nocht releif,  
 And chereis eftir thair degré ?  
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

## VII.

Quhen fervit is all udir man,  
 Gentill and femple of every clan,  
 Kyne of *Rauf Colyard*, and *Johne* the reif,  
 Nathing I get, na conquest than ;  
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

## VIII.

Thocht I in court be maid rufus,  
 And haif few vertewis for to rus ;  
 Yet am I cumin of Adame and Eif,  
 And fane wald leif as uderis dois ;  
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

## IX.

Or I fuld leif in sic mifchance,  
 Gif it to God war no grevance,  
 To be a pyk-thank I wald preif,  
 For thay on warld wantis no plefans ;  
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

## X.

In fum parte on my felf I plenyé,  
 Quhen udir folkis dois flattir and fenyé ;  
 Allace ! I can bot ballattis breif,  
 Sic bairnheid biddis my brydill renyé ;  
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

## XI.

I grant my service is bot licht ;  
 Thairfoir of mercy, and nocht of richt,  
 I ask you, Schir, no man to greif ;  
 Sum medecyne gife that ye nicht ;  
 Excess of thocht dois me mischief.

## XII.

May nane remeid my melady  
 Sa weill as ye, Schir, veraly ;  
 For with a benefice ye may preif,  
 And gif I mend nocht hestely ;  
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

## XIII.

I wes in yowth on nureis kné,  
 Dandely, Bischop, dandely ;  
 And quhen that ege now dois me greif,  
 Ane semple vicar I can nocht be ;  
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

## XIV.

Jok that wes wont to keip the stirkis,  
 Can now draw him ane cleik of kirkis,  
 With ane fals tant into his fleif,  
 Worth all my ballattis undir the birkis ;  
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

## XV.

Twa curis or thré hes upolandis Michell,  
 With dispensatiouns bund in a knitchell ;  
 Thocht he fra nolt had new tane leif,  
 He playis with *totum*, and I with *nichell* ;  
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

## XVI.

How fuld I leif that is nocht landit,  
 Nor yit with benefice am I blandit ;  
 I say nocht, Schir, you to repreif,  
 Bot doutles I ga rycht neir handit ;  
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

## XVII.

As fauls is heir in purgatory,  
 Leving in pane and houp of glory ;  
 Seand myfelf I haif belief,  
 In howp, Schir, of your adjutory ;  
 Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*To the King.*

## I.

**S**anct Salvatour fend silver sorrow ;  
 It grevis me both evin and morrow,  
 Chasing fra me all cheritié ;  
 It makis me all blythnes to borrow ;  
 My panefull purs so priclis me.

## II.

Quhen I wald blythlie ballattis breif,  
 Langour thairto givis me no leif ;  
 War nocht gud howp my hart uphie,  
 My verry corps for cair wald cleif ;  
 My panefull purs so priclis me.

## III.

Quhen I fett me to sing or dance,  
 Or go to plesand pastance,  
 Than pausing of penuritie  
 Revis that fra my remembrance ;  
 My panefull purs so priclis me.

## IV.

Quhen men that hes purses in tone,  
 Passes to drynk or to disjone,  
 Than mon I keip ane gravetie,  
 And say that I will fast quhill none ;  
 My panefull purs so priclis me.

## V.

My purs is maid of sic ane skin,  
 Thair will na corfes byd it within ;  
 Strait as fra the feynd thay flé,  
 Quha evir tyne, quha evir win ;  
 My panefull purs so priclis me.

## VI.

Had I ane man of ony natioun,  
 Culd mak on it ane conjuratioun,  
 To gar silver ay in it be,  
 The devill fuld haif no domination  
 With pyne to gar it prickill me.

## VII.

I haif inquiryt in mony a place,  
 For help and confort in this cace,  
 And all men sayis, my Lord, that ye  
 Can best remeid for this malice,  
 That with sic panis prickills me.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*None*



*None may assure in this World.*

## I.

**Q**Uhome to fall I complene my wo,  
And kyth my cairis on or mo ;  
I knaw nocht amang riche nor pure,  
Quha is my freind, quha is my fo ;  
For in this world may none assure.

## II.

Lord, how fall I my dayis dispone,  
For lang service rewarde is none ;  
And schort my lyfe may heir indure ;  
And lossit is my tyme bygone ;  
Into this world ma none assure.

## III.

Oft Falfett rydis with ane rout,  
Quhen Treuth gois on his fute about,  
And lak of spending dois him spur,  
Thus quhat to do I am in dout ;  
Into this world ma none assure.

## IV.

Nane heir bot richemen hes renoun,  
And bot puremen ar pluckit down ;  
And nane bot just men tholis injure,  
Sa wit is blindit and reffoun ;  
Into this world ma none assure.

## V.

Vertew the court hes done dispyis,  
Ane rebald to renoun dois ryis,  
And cairlis of nobills hes the cure,  
And bumbards bruks the benefyis ;  
Into this world ma none assure.

## VI.

## VI.

All gentrice and nobilitie  
 Ar passit out of hé degré;  
 On fredome is laid forfaltour;  
 In princis is thair no pety;  
 For in this warld ma none assure.

## VII.

Is none so armit into plait,  
 That can fra truble him debait;  
 May no man lang in welth indure,  
 For wo that evir lyis at the wait;  
 Into this warld ma none assure.

## VIII.

Flattery weiris ane furrit gown,  
 And Falsett with the lord dois roun;  
 And Treuth stands barrit at the dure,  
 And exulit is of the toun;  
 Into this warld ma none assure.

## IX.

Fra everilk mouth fair wirds proccidis,  
 In every hairt disceptioun breids;  
 Fra every all gois luke demure,  
 Bot fra the handis gois few gud deids;  
 Into this warld ma none assure.

## X.

Toungis now ar maid of quhyte quhaill bone,  
 And hairtis are maid of hard flynt ston;  
 And ene of amiable blyth asure,  
 And hands of adamant laith to dispone;  
 Into this warld ma none assure.

## XI.

## XI.

Yit hairt, with hand and body, all  
 Mon anſwer deth quhen he dois call,  
 To compt befoir the juge future;  
 Sen all ar deid, or than dé fall,  
 Quha fuld into this world affure?

## XII.

Nothing bot deth this ſchortly cravis,  
 Quhair fortoun evir us ſo diſſavis,  
 With freyndly ſmylinge of ane hure,  
 Quhais fals behechtis as wind hym wavis;  
 Into this world ma none affure.

## XIII.

O quha fall weild the wrang poſſeſſioun,  
 Or the gold gatherit with oppreſſioun,  
 Quhen the angell blawis his bugill ſture!  
 Quilk unreſtorit helpis no confeſſioun;  
 Into this world ma none affure.

## XIV.

Quhat help is thair in lordſchippis ſevin,  
 Quhen na hous is bot hell and hevin,  
 Palice of licht, or pitt obſcure,  
 Quhair youlis are hard with horreble ſtevin;  
 Into this world ma none affure.

## XV.

*Ubi ardentes animæ,  
 Semper dicentes, Ve! Ve! Ve!*  
 Sall cry, Allace that women thame bure!  
*O quanta ſunt iſtæ tenebræ!*  
 Into this world ma none affure.

## XVI.

## XVI.

Than quho fall wirk for warld's wrak,  
 Quhen flude and fyre fall our it frak,  
 And frely frustir feild and fure,  
 With tempest kene and hiddous crak ;  
 Into this warld ma none assure.

## XVII.

Lord, sen in tyme so sone to cum,  
*De terra surrecturus sum,*  
 Reward me with none erdly cure,  
*Tu regum da imperium ;*  
 Into this warld ma none assure.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

G

Lament

*Lament for the Deth of the Makkaris.*

## I.

**I** That in heill wes and glaidnes,  
 Am trublit now with grit seiknes,  
 And feblit with infirmitie;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## II.

Our plesans heir is all vane glory,  
 This false world is bot transitory,  
 The flesche is bruckle, the feynd is flé;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## III.

The stait of man dois chainge and vary,  
 Now found, now seik, now blyth, now fary,  
 Now danfand mirry, now lyk to die;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## IV.

No stait in erd heir standis sicker;  
 As with the wind wavis the wicker,  
 So waivis this warlds vanitie;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## V.

Unto the deth gois all estaitis,  
 Princis, prelattis, and potestaitis,  
 Bayth riche and puire of all degré;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## VI.

He taikis the knychtis into the feild,  
 Enarmit undir helme and scheild,  
 Victor he is at all mellie;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## VII.

That strang unvynfable tirrand  
 Taks on the muderis breift fowkand  
 The bab, full of benignitie;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## VIII.

He taikis the campioun in the flour,  
 The captane clofit in the tour,  
 The lady in bour full of bewtie;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## IX.

He fpairis no lord for his pufiens,  
 Nor clerk for his intelligens;  
 His awfull straik may no man flé;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## X.

Art magicianis and astrologis,  
 Rethoris, logitianis, theologis,  
 Thame helpis no conclufionis flé;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XI.

In madecyne the moft praëtitionis,  
 Leichis, furrigianis, and phefitianis,  
 Thame felf fra deth ma not supplé;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XII.

I fee the Makkaris amangis the laif  
 Playis heir thair padyanis, fyne gois to graif,  
 Spairit is nocht thair facultie;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XIII.

He hes done petoufflie devoir,  
 The Noble Chawfer of Makars flowir,  
 The monk of Berry, and Gowyr, all thré ;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XIV.

The gude Schir Hew of Eglintoun,  
 Etrik, Heriot, and Wintoun,  
 He hes tane out of this cuntrie ;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XV.

That scorpioun fell hes done infek  
 Maister Johne Clerk, and James Afflek,  
 Fra ballat makking and tragedy ;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XVI.

Holland and Barbour he has berevit ;  
 Allace ! that he nocht with us levit  
 Sir Mungo Lockhart of the Lie ;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XVII.

Clerk of Tranent eik he hes tane,  
 That made the aventers of Sir Gawane,  
 Sir Gilbert Gray endit hes he ;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XVIII.

He hes Blind Hary and Sandy Traill  
 Slane with his schot of mortall haill,  
 Quhilk Patrick Johnstoun mycht nocht flé ;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XIX.



## XIX.

He hes rest Merfär his indyte,  
 That did in lue so lyfly wryte,  
 So schort, so quick, of sentens hie ;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XX.

He hes tane Rowll of Abirdene,  
 And gentill Rowll of Corstorphyne;  
 Twa bettir fallowis did no man sie ;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XXI.

In Dumfermling he hes tane Broun,  
 With gude Mr Robert Henryfoun,  
 Sir Johne the Ross imbraist hes he ;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XXII.

And he hes now tane, last of aw,  
 The gentill Stobo, and Quintene Schaw,  
 Of quhome all wichtis hes pitie ;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XXIII.

And Mr Walter Kennedy,  
 In poyntt of deth lyis verely,  
 Grit rewth it wer that so suld be ;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XXIV.

Sen he hes all my brethren tane,  
 He will nocht let me leif alane,  
 On fors I mon his nixt pray be ;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## XXV.

Sen for the deth remeid is non,  
 Best is that we for deth dispone,  
 Aftir our deth that leif may we ;  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

of

*Of Luve erdly and divine.*

## I.

**N**OW culit is Dame Venus brand ;  
 Trew luvis fyre is ay kindilland,  
 And I begyn to understand,  
 In feynit luv quhat folly bene ;  
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

## II.

Quhill Venus fyre be deid and cauld,  
 Trew luvis fyre nevir burnis bauld ;  
 Sa as the ta lufe vaxis auld,  
 The tothir dois increas mo<sup>t</sup> kene ;  
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

## III.

No man hes curege for to wryte,  
 Quhat plesans is in lufe perfyte,  
 That hes in fenyeit lufe delyt,  
 Thair kyndnes is so contrair clene ;  
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

## IV.

Full weill is him that may imprent,  
 Or onywayis his hairt consent,  
 To turne to trew luv his intent,  
 And still the quarrell to susteine ;  
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

## V.

I haif experience by my fell;  
 In luvis court anis did I dwell,  
 Bot quhair I of a joy cowth tell,  
 I culd of truble tell fyftene;  
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

## VI.

Befoir quhair that I wes in dreid;  
 Now haif I confort for to speid,  
 Quhair I had maugré to my meid,  
 I trest rewaird and thanks betwene;  
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

## VII.

Quhair lufe wes wont me to displeis,  
 Now find I in to lufe grit eis;  
 Quhair I had denger and diseis,  
 My breift all confort dois contene;  
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

## VIII.

Quhair I wes hurt with jelosy,  
 And wald no luv wer bot I;  
 Now quhair I lufe I wald all wy,  
 Als weil as I luvit I wene;  
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

## IX.

Befoir quhair I durst nocht for schame  
 My lufe describe, nor tell hir name;  
 Now think I wirschep wer and fame,

To all the world that it war fene ;  
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

## X.

Befoir no wicht I did complene,  
 So did her denger me derene ;  
 And now I fett nocht by a bene,  
 Hir bewty nor hir twa fair ene ;  
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

## XI.

I haif a luv farar of face,  
 Quhome in no denger may haif place,  
 Quhilk will me guerdoun gif and grace,  
 And mercy ay quhen I me mene ;  
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

## XII.

Unquyt I do no thing nor fane,  
 Nor wairis a luv is thocht in vane ;  
 I fal be als weill luvit agane,  
 Thair may no jangler me prevene ;  
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

## XIII.

So riche, so rewthfull, and discreit,  
 Ane luf so fare, so gud, so fueit,  
 And for the kynd of man so meit,  
 Nevir moir fal be, nor yit hes bene ;  
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

## XIV.

## XIV.

Is none sa trew a luvè as he,  
 That for trew luvè of us did dé;  
 He suld be luffit agane, think me,  
 That wald sa fane our luvè obtene;  
 Now cumis aigè quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luvè ryfis fro the splene.

## XV.

Is none but grace of God I wis,  
 That can in yowth confiddir this,  
 This fals dissavand warld's blis,  
 So gydis man in flouris grene;  
 Now cumis aigè quhair yowth hes bene,  
 And trew luvè ryfis fro the splene.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*Of the Nativitie of Chryste.*

## I.

**R** *Orate cæli desuper,*  
 Hevins distill your balmy schouris,  
 For now is risin the brycht day-ster,  
 Fro the Rose Mary, flour of flouris :  
 The cleir Sone, quhome no clud devouris,  
 Surmunting Phebus in the est,  
 Is cum [out] of his hevinly touris ;  
*Et nobis puer natus est.*

## II.

Archangellis, angellis, and dompnationis,  
 Tronis, potestatis, and marteiris feir,  
 And all ye hevinly operationis,  
 Ster, planeit, firmament, and speir,  
 Fyre, erd, air, and wattir cleir,  
 To him gife loving, most and lest,  
 That come into so meik maneir,  
*Et nobis puer natus est.*

## III.

Synnaris be glaid, and pennance do,  
 And thank your Makar hairtfully ;  
 For he, that ye mycht nocht cum to,  
 To yow is cumin full humily,  
 Your faulis with his blud to by,  
 And lous yow of the feindis arrest,  
 And only of his awin mercy ;  
*Pro nobis puer natus est.*

## IV.

All clergy do to him inclyne,  
 And bow unto that barne benyng,  
 And do your observance devyne,  
 To him that is of kingis King ;

Enfence



Enfence his altar reid, and sing  
 In haly kirk, with mynd degest,  
 Him honouring attour all thing,  
*Qui nobis puer natus est.*

## V.

Celestiall fowlis in the are,  
 Sing with your nottis upoun hicht ;  
 In firthis and in forrestis fair  
 Be myrthfull now, at all your mycht,  
 For passit is your dully nycht ;  
 Aurora hes the cluddis perst,  
 The son is rissin with glaidsum lycht,  
*Et nobis puer natus est.*

## VI.

Now spring up flouris fra the rute,  
 Revert yow upwart naturaly,  
 In honour of the bliffit frute,  
 That rais up fro the Rose Mary ;  
 Lay out your levis lustely,  
 Fro deid tak lyfe now at the lest,  
 In wirschip of that Prince wirthy,  
*Qui nobis puer natus est.*

## VII.

Syng hevin imperiall most of hicht,  
 Regions of air mak armony,  
 All fische in flud and foull of flicht,  
 Be myrthfull and mak melody ;  
 All *gloria in excelsis* cry,  
 Hevin, erd, sé, man, bird, and best,  
 He that is crownit abone the sky,  
*Pro nobis puer natus est.*

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*Of the Resurrection of Chryste.*

## I.

**D**One is a battell on the dragon blak,  
 Our campioun Chryst confoundit hes his force,  
 The yettis of hell ar brokin with a crak,  
 The signe triumphall rasit is of the croce;  
 The divillis trymmillis with hiddous voce,  
 The faulis ar borrowit, and to the blis can go,  
 Chryst with his blud our ransoms dois indoce;  
*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.*

## II.

Dungin is the deidly dragon Lucifer;  
 The crewall serpent with the mortall stang,  
 The auld kene tegir with his teith on char,  
 Quhilk in a wait hes lyne for us so lang,  
 Thinking to grip us in his clowis strang,  
 The mercifull Lord wald nocht that it wer so,  
 He maid him for to felyé of that fang;  
*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.*

## III.

He for our saik that sufferit to be flane,  
 And lyk a lamb in sacrifice wes dicht,  
 Is lyk a lyone rissin up agane,  
 And as [a] gyane raxit him on hicht;  
 Springin is Aurora radius and bricht,  
 On lost is gone the glorijs Appolló,  
 The blisfull day departit fro the nycht;  
*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.*

## IV.

The grit victour agane is rissin on hicht,  
 That for our querrell to the deth wes woundit;  
 The sone that vox all paill now schynis bricht,  
 And dirknes clerit, our fayth is now refoundit;

The knell of mercy fra the hevin is foundit,  
 The Cristins ar deliverit of thair wo,  
 The Jewis and thair error ar confoundit ;  
*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.*

## V.

The fo is chasit, the battell is done ceis,  
 The presone brokin, the jevellours fleit and flemit ;  
 The weir is gon, confermit is the peis,  
 The fetteris lowsit, and the dungeoun temit,  
 The ransoum maid, the presoneris redemit ;  
 The feild is won, ourcumin is the fo,  
 Dispulit of the trésure that he yemit ;  
*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.*

WILLIAM DUNEAR.

*Erdly*

*Erdly Joy returnis in Pane.*

## I.

**O**F Lenton in the first mornynge,  
 Airly as did the day up spring,  
 Thus sang ane burd with voce upplane,  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

## II.

O man ! haif mynd that thow mon pas,  
 Remember that thow art bot as,  
 And fall in as return agane ;  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

## III.

Haif mynd that eild ay followis yowth,  
 Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth,  
 Devoring fruct and flowring grane ;  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

## IV.

Welth, wardly gloir, and riche array,  
 Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,  
 Ourcowerd with flouris laid in ane trane ;  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

## V.

Come nevir yit May so fresche and grene,  
 Bot Januar come als wod and kene ;  
 Wes nevir sic drowth bot anis come rane ;  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

## VI.

Evirmair unto this warlds joy,  
 As nerrest air succedeis noy ;  
 Thairfoir quhen joy ma nocht remane,  
 His verry air succedeis pane.

## VII.

Heir helth returnis in seiknes,  
 And mirth returnis in havines,  
 Toun in desert, forrest in plane ;  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

## VIII.

Fredome returnis in wrechitnes,  
 And trewth returnis in dowbilnes,  
 With fenycit wirds to mak men fane ;  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

## IX.

Vertew returnis into vyce,  
 And honour into avaryce,  
 With cuvatyce is consciens flane ;  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

## X.

Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,  
 Wirk for the joy that leslis evir,  
 For ȳder joy is all bot vane ;  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*The*

*The twa Luves erdly and devyne.*

## I.

**I**N May as that Aurora did upspring,  
 With cristall ene chasing the cluddis fable,  
 I hard a Merle, with mirry notis, sing  
 A sang of lufe, with voce rycht comfortable,  
 Agane the orient bemis amiable,  
 Upone a blisfull brenche of lawryr grene :  
 This wes hir sentens fucit and delectable,  
 A lusty lyfe in luves service bene.

## II.

Undir this brench ran doun a revir bricht,  
 Of balmy liquour, cristallyne of hew,  
 Agane the hevinly aifur skyis licht ;  
 Quhair did, upone the tothir syd, persew  
 A Nychtingale, with suggurit notis new,  
 Quhois angell fedderis as the pacok schone :  
 This wes hir song, and of a sentens trew,  
 All luvè is lost bot upone God allone.

## III.

With notis glaid, and gloriu8 armony,  
 This joyfull Merle so salust scho the day,  
 Quhill rong the widdis of hir melody,  
 Saying, Awalk ye luvaris o this May ;  
 Lo fresch Flora hes flurest every spray,  
 As natur hes hir taucht, the noble Quene,  
 The feild bene clothit in a new array,  
 A lusty lyfe in luv8 service bene.

## IV.

Nevir fucetar noys wes hard with levand man  
 Na maid this mirry gentill Nychtingaill,  
 Hir sound went with the rever as it ran  
 Outthrew the fresche and flureist lusty vail :

O Merle, quoth scho, O fule, stynt of thy taill,  
 For in thy song gud sentens is thair none,  
 For boith is tynt, the tyme and the travaill,  
 Of every luv bot upone God allone.

## V.

Seis, quoth the Merle, thy preching, Nychtingale :  
 Sall folk thair yowth spend in to holines ?  
 Of yung sanctis growis auld feyndis but [faill] :  
 Fy, ypocreit, in yeiris tendirnes,  
 Agane the law of kynd thow gois expres,  
 That crukit aige makis on with yowth ferene,  
 Quhome natur of conditionis maid dyvers :  
 A lusty lyfe in luv service bene.

## VI.

The Nychtingall said, Fule, remember thé,  
 That both in yowth and eild, and every hour,  
 The luv of God most deir to man suld be :  
 That him, of nocht, wrocht lyk his awin figour,  
 And deit himself fro deid him to succour :  
 O quhither wes kythit thair trew luv or none ?  
 He is most trew and steidfast paramour ;  
 All luv is lost bot upone him allone.

## VII.

The Merle said, Quhy put God so grit bewté  
 In ladeis, with sic womanly having,  
 Bot gife he wald that thay suld luvit be ?  
 To luv eik natur gaif thame inclynnyng ;  
 And he of natur that wirker wes and king,  
 Wald no thing frustir put, nor lat be sene,  
 In to his creature of his awin making :  
 A lusty lyfe in luv service bene.

## VIII.



## VIII.

The Nychtingall said, Nocht to that behufe  
 Put God sic bewty in a ladeis face,  
 That scho suld haif the thank thairfoir, or lufe,  
 Bot he the wirker, that put in hir sic grace :  
 Of bewty, bontie, riches, tyme, or space,  
 And every gudnes that bene to cum or gone,  
 The thank redounds to him in every place ;  
 All luve is lost bot upone God allone.

## IX.

O Nychtingall, it wer a story nyce  
 That luve suld nocht depend on cherité :  
 And gife that vertew contrair be to vyce,  
 Than lufe mon be a vertew, as thinkis me ;  
 For ay to lufe invy mone contrair be :  
 God bad eik lufe thy nychtbour fro the splene,  
 And quho than ladeis suetar nychtbours be ?  
 A lusty lyfe in luves service bene.

## X.

The nychtingall said, Bird, quhy dois thow raif ?  
 Man may tak in his lady sic delyt,  
 Him to forget that hir sic vertew gaif,  
 And for his hevin rassaif hir cullour quhyt :  
 Hir goldin treffit hairis redomyt,  
 Lyk to Apollois bemis thocht thay schone,  
 Suld nocht him blind fro lufe that is perfynt ;  
 All lufe is lost bot upone God allone.

## XI.

The Merle said, Lufe is caus of honour ay,  
 Luve makis cowardis manheid to purchas,  
 Luve makis knychtis hardy at assey,  
 Luve makis wrechis full of lergenes,

Luve

Luve makis fueir folks full of biffines,  
 Luve makis sluggirds fresche and weill befene,  
 Luve changis vyce in vertewis nobilnes;  
 A lusty lyfe in luvess service bene.

## XII.

The Nychtingall said, Trew is the contrary;  
 Thefrustir luve it blindis men so far,  
 In to thair mynds it makis thame to vary;  
 In fals vane glory thay so drunken ar,  
 Thair wit is went, of wo they ar nocht war,  
 Quhill that all wirchip away be fro thame gone,  
 Fame, gudds, and strenght: quhairfoir weill say I dar,  
 All luve is lost bot upone God allone.

## XIII.

Than said the Merle, Myne errour I confes;  
 This frustir luve all is bot vanité;  
 Blind ignorance me gaif sic hardines,  
 To argone so agane the varité:  
 Quhairfoir I counsell every man, that he  
 With lufe nocht in the feindis net be tone,  
 Bot luve the luve that did for his lufe dé;  
 All lufe is lost bot upone God allone.

## XIV.

Than sang thay both with vocis lowd and cleir:  
 The Merle sang, Man lufe God that hes thé wrocht,  
 The Nychtingall sang, Man lufe the Lord most deir,  
 That thé and all this world maid of nocht;  
 The Merle said, Luve him that thy lufe hes socht,  
 Fra hevin to erd, and heir tuk flesche and bone;  
 The Nychtingall sang, And with his deid thé bocht:  
 All luve is lost bot upone him allone.

## XV.

## XV.

Thane flaw thir birdis our the bewis schene,  
 Singing of lufe amang the levis small ;  
 Quhois ythand pleid yit maid my thochtis grene,  
 Bothe sleping, walking, in rest, and in travall :  
 Me to reconfort most it dois awaill  
 Agane for lufe, quhen lufe I can find none,  
 To think how song this Merle and Nychtingaill,  
 All lufe is lost bot upone God allone.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*The*

*The Contemplatioun of Manis Mortalitie.*

## I.

**M***E*mento homo quod cinis es;  
 Think, man, thow art bot erd and as;  
 Lang heir to dwell na thing thow pres,  
 For as thow come, so fall thow pas,  
 Lyk as ane schaddow in ane glafs.  
 Syne glydis all thy tyme that heir is,  
 Think, thocht thy bodey ware of bras,  
*Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.*

## II.

Worthye Hector and Hercules,  
 Fortys Achill, and strong Sampfone,  
 Alexander of grit nobilnes,  
 Meik David, and fair Absolone,  
 Hes playit thair pairtis, and all are gone,  
 At will of God, that all thing steiris;  
 Think, man, exceptionun there is none,  
*Sed tu in cinerem reverteris.*

## III.

Thocht now thow be maist glaid of cheir,  
 Fairest and plesandest of port,  
 Yet may thow be, within ane yere,  
 Ane ugsum, uglye tramort;  
 And sen thow knowis thy tyme is schort,  
 And in all houre thy lyfe in weir is,  
 Think, man, amang all uthir sport,  
*Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.*

## IV.

Thy lustye bewté, and thy youth,  
 Sall feid as dois the somer flouris,  
 Syne fall thé swallow with his mouth  
 The dragone death, [that all devouris.]

No castell fall thé keip, nor touris,  
 Bot he fall seik thé with thy feiris ;  
 Thairfore remember at all houris,  
*Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.*

## V.

Thocht all this warld thow did posseid,  
 Nocht eftir death thow fall posses,  
 Nor with thé tak, but thy gud deid,  
 Quhen thow dois fro this warld thé dres :  
 So speid thé, man, and thé confes,  
 With humill hart and sobir teiris,  
 And sadlye in thy hart impres,  
*Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.*

## VI.

Thocht thow be taklit nevir so sure,  
 Thow fall in deathis port arrayve,  
 Quhare nocht for tempest may indure,  
 Bot fersle all to speiris [dryve] ;  
 Thy Ransomer, with woundis fyve,  
 Mak thy plycht-anker, and thy steiris,  
 To hald thy faule with him on lyve,  
*Cum tu in cinerem reverteris.*

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

*Rewl*

*Rewl of anis self.*

## I.

**T**O dwell in court, my freind, gif that thou list,  
 For gift of fortoun invy thou no degré,  
 Behold and heir, and lat thy tung tak rest,  
 In mekle speice is part of vanitie ;  
 And for no malyce preis thé nevir to lie,  
 Als trubill nevir thy self soir be no tyd,  
 Uthiris to rewl, that will not rewlit be ;  
 He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

## II.

Bewar quhome to thy counsale thou discure,  
 For trewth dwellis nocht ay for that trewth appeiris ;  
 Put not thyne honour into aventure,  
 Ane freind may be thy so as fortoun steiris ;  
 In cumpany chois honorable feiris,  
 And fra vylde folkis draw thé far on fyd,  
 The Psalme sayis, *Cum sancto sanctus eris* ;  
 He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

## III.

Haif patience thocht thou no lordschip posseid,  
 For hie vertew may stand in law estait ;  
 Be thou content, of mair thou hes no neid,  
 And be thou nocht desyre fall mak debait ;  
 Evirmoir till deth say to thé than chakmait,  
 Thocht all war thyne this world within so wyd,  
 Quha can resist the serpent of dispyt ?  
 He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

## IV.

Flé frome the fallowschip of sic as are defamit,  
 And fra all fals tungis fulfild with flattry,  
 As fra all schrewis, or ellis thou art eschaimit ;  
 Sic art thou callit, as is thy cumpany:

Flé perellus taillis foundit of invy,  
 With wilfull men sen argown thow no tyd,  
 Quhome no ressource may seifs nor pacify:  
 He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

## V.

And be thow not ane roundar in the nuke,  
 For gif thow be, men will hald thé suspect;  
 Be nocht in countenance ane scornar, nor by luke,  
 Bot dowl siclyk fall stryk thé in the neck:  
 Beware also to counsal or correct  
 Him that extold hes far him self in pryd,  
 Quhair parrell is but proffeit or effect;  
 He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

## VI.

And sen thow seyis mony thingis variand,  
 With all thy hart treit bissines and cure;  
 Hald God thy freind, evir stabill be him stand,  
 He will thé confort in all misaventure;  
 And be no wayis dispytfull to the peure,  
 Nor to no man to wrang at ony tyd;  
 Quho so dois, this sicker I yow assure,  
 He rewlis well, that sa weill him can gyd.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.



*Robene and Makyne.*

## I.

**R**Obene sat on gud grene hill,  
 Keipand a flok of fie,  
 Mirry Makyne said him till,  
 Robene, thow rew on me ;  
 I haif thé luvit lowd and still,  
 Thir yeiris two or thré ;  
 My dule in dern bot gif thow dill,  
 Doutless bot dreid I dé.

## II.

Robene answerit, Be the rude,  
 Na thing of lufe I knaw,  
 Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wud,  
 Lo quhair thay raik on raw.  
 Quhat hes marrit thé in thy mude,  
 Makyne, to me thow schaw ;  
 Or quhat is lufe, or to be lude ?  
 Faine wald I leir that law.

## III.

At luvis lair gife thow will leir,  
 Tak thair ane A, B, C ;  
 Be kynd, courtas, and fair of feir,  
 Wyse, hardy, and fré.  
 Sé that no denger do thé deir,  
 Quhat dule in dern thow dré ;  
 Preiss thé with pane at all poweir,  
 Be patient and previe.

## IV.

Robene answerit her agane,  
 I wait nocht quhat is lufe,  
 Bot I haif mervell incertaine,  
 Quhat makis thé this wanruse ;

The weddir is fair, and I am fane,  
 My schein gois haill aboif,  
 And we wald play us in this plane,  
 Thay wald us bayth reproif.

V.

Robene, tak tent unto my taill,  
 And wirk all as I reid,  
 And thow fall haif my hairt all haill,  
 [Als far as maid cowth yeid.]  
 Sen God sendis bute for baill,  
 And for murning remeid,  
 I dern with thé; bot gif I daill,  
 Dowbtles I am bot deid.

VI.

Makyne, to morne this ilk'a tyde,  
 And ye will meit me heir,  
 Peraventure my schein ma gang besyd,  
 Quhyll we haif liggit full neir;  
 Bot maugre haif I and I byd,  
 Fra they begin to steir;  
 Quhat lyeis on hairt I will nocht hyd;  
 Makyne, than mak gud cheir.

VII.

Robene, thou reivis me rois and rest,  
 I lue bot thé allone.  
 Makyne, adew, the sone gois west,  
 The day is neirhand gone.  
 Robene, in dule I am so drest,  
 That lufe will be my bone.  
 Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thou list,  
 For leman I lue none.

## VIII.

Robene, I stand in sic a style  
 I sicht, and that full fair.  
 Makyne, I haif bene heir this quyle,  
 At hame God gif I wair.  
 My hinny, Robene, talk ane quhyle,  
 Gif thou wilt do na mair.  
 Makyne, sum uthir man begyle,  
 For hamewart I will fair.

## IX.

Robene on his wayis went,  
 As licht as leif of tré ;  
 Makyne murnit in her intent,  
 And trowd him nevir to fé.  
 Robene brayd attour the bent ;  
 Than Makyne cryit on hie,  
 Now ma thow sing, for I am schent !  
 Quhat alis lufe with me ?

## X.

Makyne went hame withouttin fail,  
 Full werry eftir cowth weip :  
 Than Robene in a ful-fair daill  
 Assemblit all his scheip.  
 Be that sum parte of Makyne's ail  
 Out-throw his hairt coud creip ;  
 He followit hir fast thair till affaill,  
 And till her tuke gude keep.

## XI.

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,  
 A word for ony thing ;  
 For all my lufe it fall be thyne,  
 Withouttin departing.

All hail! thy harte for till haif myne,  
 Is all my cuvating ;  
 My scheip to morn, quhill houris nyne,  
 Will neid of no keping.

## XII.

Robene, thou hes hard fount and fay,  
 In gestis and storeis auld,  
*The man that will not quhen he may,*  
*Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.*  
 I pray to Jesu every day,  
 Mot eik thair cairis cauld,  
 That first preissis with thé to play,  
 Be firth, forrest, or fawld.

## XIII.

Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,  
 The wedder is warme and fair,  
 And the grene woud rycht neir us by  
 To walk attour all quhair :  
 Thair ma na janglour us espy,  
 That is to lufe contrair ;  
 Thairin, Makyne, bath ye and I,  
 Unfene we ma repair.

## XIV.

Robene, that warld is all away,  
 And quyt brocht till ane end,  
 And nevir again thereto perfay,  
 Sall it be as thou wend ;  
 For of my pane thou maide it pláy,  
 And all in vane I spend :  
 As thou hes done, sa fall I say,  
 Murne on, I think to mend.

## XV.

Makyne, the howp of all my heill,  
 My hairt on thé is sett,  
 And evir mair to thé be leill,  
 Quhile I may leif but lett;  
 Nevir to faill, as utheris faill,  
 Quhat grace that evir I gett.  
 Robene, with thé I will not deill;  
 Adew, for thus we mett.

## XVI.

Makyne went hame blyth anewche,  
 Attoure the holtis hair;  
 Robene murnit, and Makyne lewche;  
 Scho fang, he fichit fair:  
 And so left him, bayth wo and wreuch,  
 In dolour and in cair,  
 Kepand his hird under a huche,  
 Amangis the holtis hair.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

*The garment of gude Ladyis.*

## I.

**W**ald my gud lady lufe me best,  
 And wirk after my will,  
 I fuld ane garment gudliest  
 Gar mak hir body till.

## II.

Of hé honour fuld be her hud,  
 Upoun hir heid to weir,  
 Garneist with governance so gud,  
 Na demyng fuld hir deir.

## III.

Hir fark fuld be hir body nixt,  
 Of chestetie so quhyt,  
 With schame and dreid togidder mixt,  
 The fame fuld be perfyt.

## IV.

Hir kirtill fuld be of clene constance,  
 Lasit with lesum lufe,  
 The mailyeis of continwance  
 For nevir to remuse.

## V.

Her gown fuld be of gudliness,  
 Weill ribband with renowne,  
 Purfillit with plesour in ilk place,  
 Furrit with fyne fassoun.

## VI.

Hir belt fuld be of benignitie,  
 About hir middill meit ;  
 Hir mantill of humilitie,  
 To tholl bayth wind and weit.

## VII.

Hir hat fuld be of fair having,  
 And hir tepat of trewth,  
 Hir patelet of gude pansing,  
 Hir hals-ribbane of rewth.

## VIII.

Hir slevis fuld be of esperance,  
 To keip hir fra dispair;  
 Hir gluvis of the gud govirnance,  
 To hyd hir fyngearis fair.

## IX.

Hir schone fuld be of sickernes,  
 In syne that scho nocht flyd;  
 Hir hois of honestie, I ges,  
 I fuld for hir provyd.

## X.

Wald scho put on this garmond gay,  
 I durst sweir be my feill,  
 That scho woir nevir grene nor gray,  
 That set hir half so weill.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.



*The Abbay Walk.*

## I.

**A**Llone as I went up and doun  
 In ane abbay was fair to fé,  
 Thinkand quhat consolatioun  
 Was best into adverfitie;  
 On caifs I kest on fyd myne eé,  
 And saw this writtin upoun a wall,  
 Off quhat estait, man, that thow be,  
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

## II.

Thy kindome and thy grit empyre,  
 Thy ryaltie, nor riche array,  
 Sall nocht endeur at thy desire,  
 Bot, as the wind, will wend away;  
 Thy gold, and all thy gudis gay,  
 Quhen fortoun list will fra thé fall:  
 Sen thou sic sampillis seis ilk day,  
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

## III.

*Job* wes maist riche, in writ we find,  
*Thobè* maist full of cheritie;  
*Job* woux pure, and *Thobè* blynd,  
 Baith tempit with adverfitie.  
 Sen blindnes wes infirmitie,  
 And povertie wes naturall;  
 Thairfoir rycht patiently bath he and he  
 Obey, and thankit God of all.

## IV.

Thocht thow be blind, or haif ane halt,  
 Or in thy face deformit ill,  
 Sa it cum nocht throw thy defalt,  
 Na man suld thé repreif by skill.

Blame nocht thy Lord, sa is his will ;  
 Spurn nocht thy fute againis the wall ;  
 Bot with meik hairt, and prayer still,  
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

## V.

God of his justice mon correct,  
 And of his mercy petie haif ;  
 He is ane judge, to nane suspect,  
 To puneis synfull man and saif.  
 Thocht thou be lord attour the laif,  
 And estirwart maid bound and thrall,  
 Ane pure begger, with skrip and staiff,  
 Obey, and thank thy God of all.

## VI.

This changeing, and grit variance,  
 Off erdly staitis up and down,  
 Is nocht bot causfaltie and chance,  
 As sum men sayis, without reffown,  
 Bot be the grit provisioun  
 Of God aboif that rewill thé fall ;  
 Thairfoir evir thou make thé boun,  
 To obey, and thank thy God of all.

## VII.

In welth be meik, heich not thyself ;  
 Be glaid in wilfull povertie ;  
 Thy power, and thy world's pelf,  
 Is nocht bot verry vanitie.  
 Remembir him that deit on tré,  
 For thy saik taistit the bittir gall ;  
 Quha heis law hairtis, and lawis hé,  
 Qbey, and thank thy God of all.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

*The Prais of Ege.*

## I.

**W**ithin ane garth, undir a reid roseir,  
 Ane auld man, and decrepit, hard I sing;  
 Gay wes the not, sweit wes the voce and clere;  
 It wes grit joy to heir of sic a thing.  
 And, as me thocht, he said in his dyting,  
 For to be yung I wald nocht, for my wifs  
 Of all this warld to mak me lord and king;  
 The moir of ege the nerrer hevynis blifs.

## II.

Fals is this warld, and full of variance,  
 Befecht with syn and uthir slichtis mo;  
 Trewth is all tynt, gyle hes the govirnance,  
 [And] wrechitnes hes wrocht all weill to wo;  
 Fredome is tynt, and fremit the Lords fro,  
 And cuvettice is all the caufs of this:  
 I am content that yowthheid is ago;  
 The moir of ege the nerrer hevynis blifs.

## III.

The stait of yowth I reput for ne gude,  
 For in that stait sic parrell now I fé;  
 But speciall grace, the regeing of his blude  
 Can none ganestand, quhill that he aigit be:  
 Syn of the thing befoir that joyit he,  
 Nothing remanis now to be callit his;  
 For quhy, it wes bot verry vanitie;  
 The moir of ege the nerrer hevynis blifs.

## IV.

Suld no man trust this wrechit warld; for quhy,  
 Of erdly joy ay sorrow is the end;  
 The stait of it can no man certify,  
 This day a king, to morne haif not to spend.

Quhat

Quhat haif we heir bot grace us to defend ?  
 The quhilk God grant us till amend our miss,  
 That to his gloir he ma our faulis fend ;  
 The moir of ege the nerrer hevynis blifs.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

*The*

*The Dog, the Wolf, and the Scheip.*

## I.

**E** Sope a taill putis in memorie,  
 How that a Dog, becaus that he wes pure,  
 Callit a Scheip unto the consistory,  
 A certane breid of him for to recure.  
 A frawdfull [Wolf] was juge that tyme, and bure  
 Auctoritie and jurisdiction ;  
 And on the Scheip fend furth a strait summoun.

## II.

For by the use and course of commoun stile,  
 On this maner maid his sitatioun :  
 I, *per me*, Wolf, pairtles of frawd or gyle,  
 Undir the painis of suspensioun,  
 And gret cursing and maledictioun,  
 Sir Scheip I chairge ye straitly to compeir,  
 And ansueir till a Dog befoir me heir.

## III.

Sir Corby Rawin was maid a procitour,  
 Quilk pyket hes full mony schepis eé ;  
 His chairge hes tane, and on the lettir bure,  
 Summond the Scheip befoir the Wolf, that he  
 Perimptourly, within tha dayis thré,  
 Compeir undir the panis in this bill,  
 And heir quhat burry Dog wald say him tilk

## IV.

This summond maid befoir witness enew,  
 The Revin has till his office weill affeird,  
 Endorsit hes his writ, and on he flew :  
 The silly Scheip durst lay no mowth till erd,  
 Till scho befoir that awfull juge apperd,  
 Be hour of caus quhilk that court usit thane,  
 Quhen Esperus to schaw his face began.

## V.

The Fox wes clerk and notar in that caus ;  
 The Gled, the Grip up at the bar couth stand  
 As advocatis expert in to the lawis,  
 The Doigis ply togidder tuk on hand,  
 Quilk wer confiderit stret into ane band,  
 Agane the Scheip to procure the sentens ;  
 Thocht it wer fals, they haif no conscience.

## VI.

The clerk callit the Scheip, and he wes thair ;  
 The advocattis on this wys can propone :  
 A certane breid, worth fyve schillingis and mair,  
 Thow aw this Dog, [of] quilk the terme is gone.  
 Of hir awin heid, but advocat allone,  
 Awyfilly gaif answer in that cais,  
 Heir I declyne the juge, the tyme, and place.

## VII.

This is my caus and motive in effect :  
 The law sayis, it is rycht perelous  
 Till interply befoir a juge suspect ;  
 And thou, Sir Wolf, hes ay bene odius  
 To me, with thyne tuskis revenus,  
 Hes slaine full mony kynismen of myne ;  
 Thairfoir as juge suspect, I thé declyne.

## VIII.

And schortly, of this court the members all,  
 Bayth assessoris, clerke, and advocat,  
 To me, and myne, ar ennemeis immortall,  
 And ay hes bene, as mony scheiphird watt :  
 This place, as for the tyme, is feriat,  
 In quhilk no jugeis fuld sit in consistory  
 So lait at evin ; I yow accus for thy.

## IX.

## IX.

Quhen that the juge on this wyfe wes accusit,  
 He bad the parteis cheis, with one assent,  
 Twa arbitours, as in the law is usit,  
 For to diffyd and gife arbitrement,  
 Quiddir the Scheip fuld byd in jugement  
 Befoir the Wolf: and swa thay did but weir,  
 Of quhome the names eftir ye fall heir.

## X.

The Beir, the Brok, this mater tuk on hand  
 For to diffyd, gife this exceptioun  
 Wes of na strenth, or lawchtfully mycht stand:  
 And thairupoun, as jugeis, they sat down,  
 And held a lang quhyle disputatioun,  
 Seikand full mony decretals of the law,  
 And glosis als, the veritie to knaw.

## XI.

Off Civil mony volum thay rewoll,  
 The codys and degestis new and ald;  
*Prowe* and *contra* strait argument thay resoll,  
 Sum a doctryne, and some another hald;  
 For prys, nor prayer, trow ye, thay wald fald,  
 Bot held the text, and glois of the decreis,  
 As trew jugeis, I schrew thame that leis.

## XII.

Schortly to mak ane end of this debait,  
 The arbitroris summar and [de] plane,  
 The sentens gaif, and proces fulminat,  
 The Scheip fuld pas befoir the Wolf agane,  
 And end his pleid: than was he nothing fane;  
 For fra thair sentens he mycht nowayis appeill,  
 On clerkis doid, gife this sentence be leill.



## XIII.

The Scheip agane befoir the Wolf derenyit,  
 But advocat abasitly can stand.  
 Up rais the Dog, and on the Scheip thus pleyneit;  
 To thé a sowme I payit befoir hand  
 For certane breid; thairto a borch I fand,  
 That wrangusly the Scheip held fra him breid,  
 And he denyit; and so began the pleid.

## XIV.

Thus quhen the Scheip this stryfe had contestat,  
 The jugeis into the caus furth cowth proceid:  
 Laurence the actis and [the] proces wrait,  
 And sone the ply unto the end thay speid.  
 This curfit court corruptit all for meid,  
 Agane gud fayth, gud law, and conscience;  
 For this fals Dog pronuncit the sentence.

## XV.

And it to put in executioun,  
 The Wolf chargeit the Scheip, without delay,  
 Undir the pane of interdictioun,  
 The sowme of silver, or the breid, to pay.  
 Off this sentens, allais! quhat fall we say?  
 Quhilk dampnit hes the silly innocent,  
 And institut to wrangus judgement.

## XVI.

The Scheip, dreidand moir persecutioun,  
 Obeyit the sentence; and cowth tak  
 His way untill a merchand in the toun,  
 And sold his fleifs that he bur on his bak;  
 Syne bocht the breid, and to the dog can mak  
 Reddy payment, as he foirjugeit was;  
 Nakit and bair, syne to the feild cowth pas.

## M O R A L I T A S.

## XVII.

This filly Scheip may present the figure  
 Of pure commounis, that daylie ar opprest  
 Be terrane men, that settis all thair cure,  
 With fals menys, to mak a wrang conquiest,  
 In howp this present lyfe fall evir lest:  
 Bot all begyld, thay will in schort tyme end,  
 And eftir deid, to crewall panis wend.

## XVIII.

This Wolf I likin unto a scheref stout,  
 Quhilk byis a forfalt at the kingis hand,  
 And hes with him a cursit assyis about,  
 And dytis all the pure men up of land,  
 And fra the crowner lay on thame his wand;  
 Suppois he be als trew as was Sanct Johne,  
 Slane fall thay be, or with the juge compone.

## XIX.

This Revin I likin till a fals crownar,  
 Quhilk hes a porteous of the endytment,  
 And passis furth befor the justice air,  
 All misdoaris to bring till jugement:  
 But luke gife he be of a trew intent,  
 To skraip out *Johne*, and wryt in *Will of Wate*,  
 And so a bud at bayth the parteis skat.

## XX.

Of this fals Tod, becaus I spak befor,  
 And of this Gled, quhat thay mycht signify,  
 Of thair natur, as now I speik no moir:  
 Bot of the Scheip, and of his cairfull cry,  
 I fall rehers; for as I passit by  
 Quhair that he lay, on caifs he lukit down,  
 And hard him mak this lamentatioun.

## XXI.

Allace ! quoth he, this cursit confistory,  
 In middis now of wintir it is maid,  
 Quhen Boreas, with blastis bitterly,  
 With frawart frostis, the flouris down can faid;  
 On bankis bair now may I mak no baid :  
 And with that wurd intill a corf he crap,  
 Fra hair weddir, and frostis, him to hap.

## XXII.

Quakand for cald and murnyngis soir amang,  
 Kest up his ene unto the hevinis hicht,  
 And said, O Lord, quhy flypis thou so lang ?  
 Walk, and descerne my causis, groundit in right ;  
 Luk how I am, be frawd, maistry, and flycht,  
 Pelit full bair ; and so is mony one  
 Now in this world, rycht wondir wo-begone.

## XXIII.

Sé how the cursit fyn of cuvatys  
 Exylit hes bayth lufe, lawty, and law :  
 Now few or nane will execute justice ;  
 In falt of quhome the pure man is ourthraw  
 The verity, albeid the juge knaw,  
 Thay ar so blindit with affectioun,  
 But dreid, for meid, thay thoill the rycht go doun.

## XXIV.

Sé thou nocht, Lord, this warld ourturnit is,  
 As quha wald change gud gold in leid or tyn ;  
 The pure is pelit, the lord may do no miss ;  
 Now symony is haldin for no fyn :  
 Now is he blyth with okir can most wyn,  
 Gentreis is flane, and pety is ago ;  
 Allace ! Lord God, quhy tholis thou it so ?

## XXV.

Thou tholis this, bot for our grit offens,  
 Thou fendis us truble and plaigis soir,  
 As hungir, derth, wer, and [the] pestilens;  
 Bot few amendis thair lyfe : now thairfoir  
 We pure peple, as now may do no moir  
 Bot pray to thé, sen we are thus opprest  
 In to this erd, Grant us in hevin gud rest.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

*The*

*The Wolfe and the Lame.*

## I.

**A** Crewall Wolf, revanus and fell,  
 Upone a tyme past till a revere,  
 Discending doun fra a rock out of a well,  
 To slaik his thirst drank of the watter cleir :  
 Sa, upone cais, a filly Lame come neir,  
 Bot of this Wolf the Lame nothing he wist,  
 And in the streme lapit to cule his thirst.

## II.

Thus drank thay baith, bot nocht of ane intent ;  
 The Wolfis thocht wes all in wicketness :  
 The filly Lamé, meik and innocent,  
 Upone the revir, by in ane uthir place,  
 Beneth the Wolf, he drank in ane littill space,  
 Quhill him thocht gude, presoumyng thair none ill ;  
 The Wolf this saw, and carpand come him till.

## III.

With girnand teith, and angry austie luke,  
 Said to the Lamb, Thou catyve wrechit thing,  
 How durst thou be so bald to fyle this bruke,  
 Quhair I suld drink, with thy fowll flavering ?  
 It wer almous thé for till draw and hing,  
 That suld presome, with stinkand lippis will,  
 To hurt my drink, and this fair wattir spill.

## IV.

The filly Lamb, quakand for verry dreid,  
 On kneis fell, and said, Sir, with your leif,  
 Suppois I dar nocht say thairof ye leid ;  
 Bot, be my faule, I wait ye can nocht preife,  
 That I did ony thing quhilk suld yow greif:  
 Ye wait also your accusatioun  
 Felyeis fra trewth, and contrair till resfown.

## V.

## V.

Thocht I can nocht, nature will me defend,  
 And of the deid perfyt experience :  
 All hevinly thing mone of the self discend,  
 Bot gif sum thing on fers mak resistance ;  
 Thane may the streame be na wayis mak offens,  
 Na ryn bakwart : I drank beneth you far ;  
*Ergo*, for me, your drink is nevir the war.

## VI.

Also my lippis, sen that I was a lame,  
 Touchit no thing that was contagijs ;  
 Bot sowkit mylk fra pawpis of my dame,  
 Rycht naturall, sweit, and delicious.  
 Weill, quoth the Wolf, thy language outragius,  
 Cumis of kynd ; sa your fader befoir  
 Held me at bait als with bostis and schoir.

## VII.

He wexit me ; and than I cowth him warne,  
 Within a yeir, and I brukit my heid,  
 So I suld be wrokin on him, or his bairne ;  
 For his exorbitant and thrawwart pleid,  
 Thow fall doutles, for his deidis, be deid.  
 " Sir, it is wrang, that for the faderis gilt,  
 " The faikles sone fall poneist be, and spilt.

## VIII.

" Haif ye nocht hard quhat haly scriptour fais,  
 " Dytit with the mowth of God Almycht,  
 " Off his awin deid ilk man sal beir the pais,  
 " As pyne for syn, reward for werkis rycht :  
 " For my trespass quhy suld my sone haif plycht ?  
 " Quha did the miss lat thame susteine the paine."  
 Ya, quoth the Wolf, yet plyis thow agane.

## IX.

## IX.

I lat ye witt, quhen the fader offendis,  
 Will cheris none of his successioun;  
 And of his bairnis may weill be tane amendis  
 Unto the nynt degré descending doun.  
 The fadir thocht to mak a strang pusown,  
 And with his mowth into my wattir spew.  
 Sir, quoth the Lamb, tha twa ar nowys trew.

## X.

The law fayis, and ye will undirstand,  
 Thair suld no man, for wrang, no violens,  
 His adversar puneis at his awin hand,  
 Without proces of law in audiens;  
 Quhilk suld haif leif to mak lawchfull defens;  
 And thairupon summon peremptourly  
 For to propone, and contra, and reply.

## XI.

Set me a lawfull court: I fall compeir  
 Befoir the Lyon, lord and leill Justys;  
 And, be my hand, I oblis me, rycht heir,  
 That I fall byd ane unsuspect assys.  
 This is the way, this is the justest wyfs:  
 Ye suld proceed thairfoir, and summonds mak  
 Agane that day, to gif ressoun and tak.

## XII.

Ha, quoth the Wolf, wald thow intrufs ressoun,  
 Quhair wrang and reif suld dwell in proprieté?  
 That is a poynt of oppin fals tressoun,  
 For to gar rewth remane with creweltie.  
 Be Goddis wondis, fals tratour, thow fall dé  
 For thy trespas, and for thy faderis als.  
 With that annone he hint him be the hals.

## XIII.



## XIII.

The filly lame mycht do no thing bot blait;  
 Sone wes he heidit; the Walf wold do no grace:  
 Syne drank his blud, and of his flesch can eit,  
 Till he wes fow; fyne went away apace.  
 Of this murthour quhat fall I say, allace!  
 Was this no rewth? was this nocht grit peté?  
 To heir this filly lame but gilt thus dé.

## M O R A L I T A S.

## XIV.

The pure peple this Lamb may signify,  
 As male-men, merchandis, and pure laborers,  
 Off quhome the lyfe is half a purgatory,  
 To wyn with lawty leving as esseiris.  
 The Wolf betakyis fals extorteneiris,  
 And oppressouris of pure men, as we fé,  
 Be violens, be craft, or futelté.

## XV.

Thre kynd of wolffis in the warld now ringis:  
 The first ar fals pervertaris of the lawis,  
 Quhilk, undir poleit termes, falsset myngis,  
 Leitand, that all wer gossell that thay schawis:  
 Bot for a bud the trew men he ourthrawis,  
 Smorand the rycht, garrand the wrang proceed.  
 Off sic wolffis hell-fyre fall be thair meid.

## XVI.

Ane uthir kynd of wolffis revanus  
 Ar mychty men, haifand anouch plenté;  
 Quhilk ar so gredy and so cowatus,  
 Thay will nocht thoill in peax ane pure man be,  
 Suppois that he, and his houshald, suld dé  
 For falt of fude; thairof thay gif no rak,  
 Bet our his heid his maling thay will tak.

## XVII.

## XVII.

O man ! but mychty, quhat is in thy thocht ?  
 War than a wolf, and thow cowth understand ;  
 Thow hes eneuch ; the pure husband hes nocht  
 Bot cote and crufe, upone a clout of land.  
 For Goddis aw, how dar thow tak on hand,  
 And thou in berne and byre so bene and big,  
 To put him fra his tak, and gar him thig ?

## XVIII.

O man of law ! lat be thy futelté,  
 With wys jympis, and frawdys interkat,  
 And think that God, of his divinité,  
 The wrang, the rycht, of all thy workis wate ;  
 For preyer, pryce, for hé no law estait,  
 Of fals querrell se thou mak no defens ;  
 Hald with the rycht, hurt nocht thy consciens.

## XIX.

The thrid wolf is men of heretege ;  
 As lordis, that hes landis be Godis lane,  
 And settis to the maillaris a willage,  
 For prayer, pryce, and the gersum tane ;  
 Syne vexis him or half the term be gane,  
 With pykit querrells, for to mak him fane  
 To flitt, or pay the gersum new agane.

## XX.

His hors, his meir, he mone len to the laird,  
 To dring and draw, in court and cariege ;  
 His servand, or himself, may nocht be spard,  
 To swynk or sweit, withouttin meit or wage :  
 Lo, as he standis in lawbour and boundage,  
 That skantly may he purches by his maill,  
 To leif upone dry breid and wattir kaill.

## XXI.

## XXI.

Hes thow no rewth to gar thy tennent fucit  
 Into thy lawbour, full faynt with hungry wame ?  
 And syne hes littill gude to drink or eit,  
 Or his menyé at evin quhen he cumis hame :  
 Thow suld be rad for richtous Godis blame ;  
 For it cryis vengeance to the hevin so hé,  
 To gar a pure man wirk but meit or fé.

## XXII.

O thow, grit lord, that hes riches and rent,  
 Be nocht a Wolf thus to devoir the pure ;  
 Think, that no thing crewall nor violent  
 May in this warld perpetually indure.  
 This is a sentens futh, I yow assure ;  
 For till oppres thow fall haif als grit pane,  
 As thow the pure anis with thy hand had flaine.

## XXIII.

God keip the Lame, that is, the innocent,  
 Fra Wolffis byt, I mene extorteneiris ;  
 God grant that wrangus men of fals intent,  
 Be manifest, and puneist as effeiris ;  
 And God, as thow all richtous prayer heiris,  
 Mot saif our King, and gif him hairt and hand,  
 All sic wolffis to benneifs of this land.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

## M O R A L I T A S.

*Of the Moufs and the Paddock.*

## I.

**M**Y brother, gif thow will tak advertens  
 Till this fable, thow may perfaif and fé,  
 It passis far alkynd of pestilens,  
 A wicket mynd, with wirdis fair and flé :  
 Be war thairfoir, quhomè with you followis thé ;  
 For thow war better beir of stene the barrow  
 Of sueitand, ding and delffe quhill thow may dré,  
 Na be machit with a wicket marrow.

## II.

A fals intent, undir a fare pretence,  
 Hes cawfit mony innocentis to dé ;  
 Grit folly is, thairfoir, to gife credence  
 Our sone to all that speikis fair to thé.  
 A filking tong, a haint of crewelté,  
 Smytis mair soir than ony schot of arrow.  
 Brudir, gif thow be vyis, I red thé flé  
 To mache thé with a frawart fenyeit marrow.

## III.

I warne thé als, it is grit negligence,  
 To bind thé fast quhair thow was frank and fré ;  
 Fra thow be bund, thow may mak na defens  
 To saif thy lyfe, or yit in libertié.  
 This semple counsale, brudir, tak at me ;  
 And it to cun perqueir fé nocht thow tarrow ;  
 Bettir but stryfe to leif allone in lé,  
 Than to be machit with a wicket marrow.

## IV.

## IV.

This hald in mynd ; yit moir I fall thé telf,  
 Quhat by thir beistis may be figurat.  
 This Paddok, usand in this flud to dwell,  
 Is manniss body, fowmand air and lait  
 Into this warld, with cairis implicat ;  
 Now hé, now law, quhyle plungit up and doun,  
 Ay in to perell, and redy for to droun.

## V.

Now dolorus, now blyth as bird on breir ;  
 Now in fredome, now wardit in distrefs ;  
 Now haill, now found, now deid, and brocht on beir ;  
 Now pure as *Job*, now rowand in riches ;  
 Now gowinis gay, now brattis to imbrass ;  
 Now full as fysche, now hungry as a hound ;  
 Now on the quheill, now wappit to the ground.

## VI.

This littill Mous, thus knet hard be the chin,  
 The faule of man betakin may in deed,  
 Bundin, and fra the body may nocht twin,  
 Quhill crewall deid cum brek of lyfe the threid ;  
 The quilk to drown sould evir stand in dreid,  
 Of carnall lust be the suggestioun,  
 Quhilk drawis ay the faule, ay and haldis doun.

## VII.

The Waltir is the warld, ay walterand  
 With mony wayis of tribulatioun ;  
 In the quilk the faule and body ay waverand,  
 Standis difunit, and thair opinioun :  
 The spreit upwart, the body preissis doun ;  
 The natur of the faule wald our be borne  
 Out of this warld unto the hevinly trone..

## VIII.

This Gled is deid, that cummis suddanly  
 As dois the theif, and endis this battell.  
 Be vegeland thairfoir, and ay reddy ;  
 For mannis lyfe is brukle and mortall :  
 My freind, thairfoir mak thé a strang castell  
 Of gud deidis ; for deid will thé assay,  
 Thow wait nocht quhen, at evin, morne, or midday.

## IX.

Adew, my freind ; and gife that ony speiris  
 Of this fable so schortly I conclude,  
 Thow say, I left the haif unto the freiris,  
 To mak a sample or similitud.  
 Now Chryst for us that deit on the rud,  
 Of saule and lyf as thow art Saviour,  
 Grant us to pass intill a bliffit hour.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

M O.

## M O R A L I T A S.

*Of the Cok and the Pretious Stone.*

## I.

**T**His joly Jasp hes properteis fevin :  
 The first, of collours it is marvellous ;  
 Parte lyk the fyre, and parte is lyk the hevin,  
 And maks a man stark and victorius ;  
 Preservis als fra caissis perellous :  
 Quha hes this stone fall haif gud hap to speid,  
 Off fyre, nor falls, him heidis nocht to dreid.

## II.

This gentill Jasp, oft different in hew,  
 Betakinis perfyt prudens and cunning,  
 Ornat with mony deidis of vertew,  
 Moir excelland than ony erdly thing ;  
 Quhilk makis men in honour ay to ring.  
 Happy, and stark to haif the victory  
 Off all vicis, and spirituall ennemy.

## III.

Quha may be rycht hardy and gracious ?  
 Quha can ensfew perell and aventure ?  
 Quha can govern citie and burchgus  
 Without science ? None, I you ensure.  
 It is the riches that evir fall indure ;  
 Quhilk moht nor must may nocht rust nor ket ;  
 And to mannis sawll it is eternall met.



## IV.

This Cok defyryng moir the fymple corne  
 Than ony Jasp, onto the fule is peir,  
 Makand at science bot a knak and skorne,  
 Quhilk can no gud, and als littill will leir;  
 His hairt wamills gud argumentis till heir,  
 As to the fow, to quhome men, for the nons  
 In her drafe, loth wald saw the pretius stons.

## V.

Quha is ennemy to science and cunnyng,  
 Bot ignorantis that undirstandis nocht?  
 Quhilk is so noble, pretius, and ding,  
 That may nocht with no erdly thing be bocht.  
 Weill war the man of all uthir, that mocht  
 All his lyfe dayis in perfyte study wair,  
 To get science; for him nedit no mair.

## VI.

Bot now, allace! this Jasp is tynt and hid;  
 We feik it nocht, nor preiffis it to find:  
 Haif we riches, no bettir life we bid,  
 Of science thocht the faull be bair and blind.  
 Of this matter I do bot waiftis wind;  
 Thairfoir I feifs, and will no furdur fay,  
 Go feik the Jasp quha list, for thair it lay.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

## M O R A L I T A S.

*Of the Borrowwisoun Mous, and the Up-on-land Mous.*

## I.

**F**Reindis, heir may ye find, will ye tak heid,  
 In this fable a gud moralitie.  
 As fitchis myngit ar with noble feid,  
 So intermellit is adverfitie  
 With erdly joy; so that no stait is fré  
 Without truble and sum vexatioun;  
 And namely thay that clymis up most hé,  
 And nocht content of small possessioun.

## II.

Blissit be symple lyfe, withouttin dreid;  
 Blissit be sobir feist in quieté;  
 Quha hes enuche, of no moir hes he neid,  
 Thocht it be littill into quanteté.  
 Grit habowndance, and blind prosperité,  
 Oft tymis maks ane evill conclusioun;  
 The fuetest lyfe, thairfoir, in this cuntré,  
 Is of sickernes, with small possessioun.

## III.

O wantoun man! quhilk usis for to feid  
 Thy wame, and makis it a God to be,  
 Luke to thyself, I warne thé weill, on deid;  
 The cat cummis, and to the mous hewis é.  
 Quhat dois availl thy feist and reyelté,  
 With dreidfull hait and tribulation?  
 Thairfoir best thing in erd, I say, for me,  
 Is mirry hait, with small possessioun,

## IV.

## IV.

Thy awin fyre, freind, thocht it be bot a gleid,  
 It warms weill, and is worth gold to thé:  
 And Salamone sayis, and ye will reid,  
*Under the bevin I can nocht bettir sé,*  
*Then ay be blyth, and leif in honesté:*  
 Quhairfoir I may conclud be this resoun,  
 Of erdly joy it beiris moist degré,  
 Blythness in hairt, with small possessioun.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

M O-

## M O R A L I T A S.

*Of the Lyon and the Moufs.*

## I.

**A**S I suppois, this mychty gay Lyoun  
 May signify a prince or emperour,  
 A potestat, or yit a king with croun;  
 Quhilk suld be walkryfe, gyd, and govirnour,  
 Of his peple, and takis no lawbour  
 To rewill, nor steir the land, nor justice keip,  
 But lyis still in lustis, slewth, and sleip.

## II.

The fair Forrest with levis loun and lé,  
 The Fowlis song, and Flouris ferly sueit,  
 Is bot the warld, and his prosperité,  
 As fals plesandis, myngit with cair repleit:  
 Rycht, as the rose with frost and wintir weit,  
 Faidis; so dois the warld, and thame dissavis  
 Quhilk in thair lustis confidens havis.

## III.

Thir littill Myfs ar bot the commonté,  
 Wantone, unwyse, without correctioun;  
 Thir lordis and pryncis, quhen that thay sé,  
 Of justice makis non execution.  
 Thay dreid nothing to mak rebellioun,  
 And disobey; for quhy? thay stand none aw,  
 That garis thame thair soveranis to misknaw.

## IV.

## IV.

Be this fable, the lordis of prudens  
 May conciddir the vertew of peté,  
 And to remyt fumtyme a grit offéns,  
 And metigat mercy with crewelty :  
 Ofttime is sene a man of small degré,  
 Hes quyt a commoun, baith for gude and ill,  
 As lords hes done rigour, or grace him till.

## V.

Quha wait how sone a lord of greit renoun,  
 Rowand in wardly lust and vane plesans,  
 May be ourthrawin, distroyit, or put down,  
 Throw fals fortoun ; quilk of all varians  
 Is hail maistres, and leder of the dans  
 Till lusty men, and bindis thame so soir,  
 That thay no perell can provyde befoir.

## VI.

Thir crewall men, that stentit hes the nett  
 In quilk the Lyone suddanely wes tane,  
 Waitit alway amendis for till get ;  
 For hurte men wrytis in the marble-stane.  
 Moir till expone, as now, I latt allane ;  
 Bot king and lord may weill wit quhat I mene,  
 Figour heirof astymis has bene sene.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

*The reffoning betwixt Aige and Yowth.*

**Q**Uhen fair Flora, the godés of the flowris,  
 Baith firth and feildis freschely had ourfret,  
 And perly droppis of the balmy fchowris,  
 Thir widdis grene had with thair water wet;  
 Muvand allone, in mornyng myld, I wet  
 A mirry man, that all of mirth cowth mene,  
 Singand the fang that richt fweetly was fett,  
 O yowth be glaid in to thy flowris grene.

## A I G E.

I luckit furth a litill me befoir,  
 And faw a cative on ane club cumand,  
 With cheikis clene, and lyart lokis hoir:  
 His ene was how, his voce wes hers hoftand,  
 Wallowit richt wan, and waik as ony wand;  
 Ane bill he beure upoun his breift abone,  
 In letteris leill but lyis, with this legand,  
 O yowth thy flowris fedis fellone fone.

## Y O W T H.

This yungman lap upoun the land full licht,  
 And mervellit mekle of his makdome maid.  
 Waddin I am, quoth he, and woundir wicht,  
 With bran as bair, and breift burly and braid;  
 Na growine on ground my gairdone may degraid,  
 Nor of my pith may pair of wirth a prene;  
 My face is fair, my fegour will not faid;  
 O yowth be glaid into thy flowris grene.

## A I G E.

This fenyecour fang, bot with a fobir ftevin,  
 Schakand his berd, he faid, My bairne, lat be;  
 I was within thir sextie yeiris and fevin,  
 Ane freik on feld, als forfs, and als fre,

Als

Als glaid, als gay, als ying, als yaip as yie;  
 Bot now tha dayis ourdrevin ar and done;  
 Luke thow my laikly loking gif I lie;  
 O yowth thy flowris fadis fellone sone.

## Y O W T H.

Ane uthir vers yit this yung man cowth sing:  
 At luviss law a quhyle I think to leit,  
 In court to cramp clenely in my clething,  
 And luke amangis thir lusty ladeis sweit;  
 Of mariage to mell, with mowthis meit,  
 In secreit place, quhair we ma not be sene,  
 And so with birds blythly my bailis beit;  
 O yowth be glaid in to thy flowris grene.

## A I G E.

This awftrene greif answerit argirly,  
 For thy cramping thow salt baith cruke and cowre;  
 Thy fleschely lust thow salt also defy,  
 And pane thé fall put fra [thy] paramour:  
 Than will no bird be blyth of thé in boure;  
 Quhen thy manheid fall wendin as the mone,  
 Thow fall assay gif that my song be seur:  
 O yowth thy flowris fedis fellone sone.

## Y O W T H.

This mirry man of mirth yet movit moir:  
 My corps is clene, without corruption;  
 Myself is found, but feiknes or but soir;  
 My wittis fyve in dew proportioun;  
 My curage is of clene complexioun;  
 My hairt is haill, my levar, and my splene;  
 Thairfoir to reid this roll I haif no resoun:  
 O yowth be glaid in to thy flowris grene.

## A I G E.



## A I G E.

The bevar hoir said to this berly berne,  
 This breif thow fall obey, sone be thow bald;  
 Thy stait, thy strenth, thocht it be stark and sterne,  
 The feveris fell, and eild, fall gar thé fald;  
 Thy corps fall clyng, thy curage fall wax cald,  
 Thy helth fall hynk, and tak a hurt but hone,  
 Thy wittis fyve fall vaneis, thocht thow not wald;  
 O yowth thy flowris fadis fellone sone.

This gowand grathit with sic grit greif,  
 He on his wayis wiethly went, but wene;  
 This lene auld man luthe not, but tuk his leif,  
 And I abaid undir the levis grene:  
 Of the sedullis the suthe quhen I had sene,  
 Of trewth, methocht, thay triumphit in thair tone;  
 O yowth be glaid into thy flowris grene;  
 O yowth thy flowris fadis fellone sone.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

M

The

*The Reasoning betwixt Deth and Man.*

D E T H.

**O** Mortall man ! behold, tak tent to me,  
 Quhilk fowld thy mirrour be baith day and nicht;  
 All erdly thing that evir tuik lyfe mon die,  
 Paip, emperour, king, barroun, and knycht,  
 Thocht thay be in thair roiall stait and hicht,  
 May not ganestand, quhen I pleifs schute the derte;  
 Wal-townis, castellis, and towris nevir so wicht,  
 May nocht resist quhill it be at his herte.

The MAN.

Now quhat art thou that biddis me thus tak tent,  
 And mak ane mirrour day and nicht of thé,  
 Or with thy dert I sawld richt soir repent ?  
 I trest trewly off that thou fall sone lie.  
 Quhat freik on feld sa bald dar manis me,  
 Or with me fecht, owthir on fute or hors ?  
 Is non so wicht or stark in this cuntré,  
 Bot I fall gar him bow to me on fors.

D E T H.

My name, forsuth, [to say] sen that thou speiris,  
 Thay call mé *Deid*, suthly I thé declair,  
 Calland all man and woman to thair beiris,  
 Quhen evir I pleis, quhat tyme, quhat place, or quhair.  
 Is nane sa stowt, sa fresche, nor yit sa fair,  
 Sa ying, sa ald, sa riche, nor yit sa peur,  
 Quhair evir I pass, owthir lait or air,  
 Men put thame haill on fors undir my cure.

M A N.

M A N.

Sen it is so, that nature can so wirk,  
 That yung and awld, with riche and peure, mon die;  
 In my yowtheid, allace ! I wes full irk,  
 Could not tak tent to gyd and governe me  
 Ay gude to do, fra evill deids to fle,  
 Trestand ay yowthheid wold with me abyde ;  
 Fullfilland evir my sensualitie  
 In deidly syn, and specialy in pryd.

D E T H.

Thairfoir repent, and remord thy conscience ;  
 Think on thir wordis I now upon thé cry :  
 O wrechit man ! O full of ignorance !  
 All thy plesance thow fall richt deir aby ;  
 Dispone thyself, and cum with me in hy,  
 Edderis, askis, and wormis meit for to be ;  
 Cum quhen I call, thow ma me not denny,  
 Thocht thow warpaip, emperour, and king all thré.

M A N.

Sen it is swa fra thé I may not chaip,  
 This wrechit warld for me heir I defy,  
 And to the deid, to lurk under thy caip,  
 I offer me with haint richt humily ;  
 Beseiking God, the divill, myne ennemy,  
 No power haif my sawill till assay :  
 Jesus on thé, with peteous voce, I cry,  
 Mercy on me to haif on domisday.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

*Agains hesty Credence of Titlaris.*

## I.

**F**Als titlaris now growis up full rank,  
 Nocht ympit in the stok of cheretie,  
 Howping at thair lord to get grit thank;  
 Thay haif no dreid on thair nybouris to lie:  
 Than fowld ane Lord awyse him weill I sé,  
 Quhen ony taill is brocht to his presence,  
 Gif it be groundit in to veretie,  
 Or he thairto gif hestely credence.

## II.

Ane worthy lord fowld wey ane taill wyflie;  
 The tailltellar, and quhome of it is tald;  
 Gif it be said for lue, or for invy,  
 And gif the tailisman abyd at it he wald;  
 Than eftirwart the parteis fowld be cald,  
 For thair excuse to mak lawfull defence;  
 Than fowld ane lord the ballance evinly hald,  
 And gif not at the first hestie credence.

## III.

It is no wirschep for ane nobill lord,  
 For the fals tailis to put ane trew man doun,  
 And gevand credence to the first recoird,  
 He will not heir his excusatioun;  
 The tittillaris so in his eir can roun,  
 The innocent may get no awdience:  
 Ryme as it may, thair is no resoun,  
 To gif till taillis hestely credence.

## IV.

## IV.

Thir teltellaris oft tymes dois grit skaith,  
 And raissis mortall feid and discrepance,  
 And makis lordis with thair serwands wreith,  
 And baneist be without cryme perchance.  
 It is the grund of stryf and all distance,  
 Moir perellus than ony pestillence,  
 Ane lord in flattereris to haif plesance,  
 Or to gif lyaris hestely credence.

## V.

O thow wyfe lord ! quhen cumis a flatterer  
 Thé for to pleis, and hurt the innocent,  
 Will tell ane taill of thy familiar ;  
 Thow fowld the parteis call incontinent,  
 And sitt down sadly in to jùgement,  
 And serche the caus weill or thow gif sentence,  
 Or ellis heireftir, in cais thow may repent,  
 That thow to tailis gaif so grit credence.

## VI.

O wicket tung ! sawand dissentioun,  
 Of fals taillis to tell that will not tyre,  
 Moir perellus than ony fell pusoun,  
 The paine of hell thow fall haif to thy hyre.  
 Richtswa thay fall that hes joy or desyre,  
 To gife his eir to heird with patience ;  
 For of discord it kendillis mony fyre,  
 Throwch geving tailis hestely credence.

## VII.

Bakbyttaris to heir it is no bowrd,  
 For thay ar excommunicat in all place ;  
 Thré personis severall he slayis with ane wowrd,  
 Himself, the heirar, and the man saiklace.

Within an hude he has ane dowbill face,  
 Ane bludy tung, undir a fair pretence.  
 I say no moir; bot God grant lordis grace,  
 To gife to tailis nocht hestely credence.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

*The*

*The thré Deid Powis.*

## I.

**O** Sinfull man ! into this mortall fé,  
 Quhilk is the vaill of mournyng and of cair ;  
 With gaistly sicht, behold our heidis thré,  
 Oure holkit eine, oure peilit powis bair.  
 As ye ar now, into this world we wair,  
 Als fresche, als fair, als lusty to behald ;  
 Quhan thow lukis on this suth exemplair,  
 Off thy self, man, thow may be richt unbald.

## II.

For suth it is, that every man mortall  
 Mon suffer deid, and dé, that lyfe has tane ;  
 Na erdly stait aganis deid ma prevaill ;  
 The hour of deth and place is uncertane,  
 Quhilk is referrit to the hie God allane :  
 Herefoir haif mynd of deth, that thow mon dy ;  
 This fair exampill to fé quotidiane,  
 Sowld cause all men fro wicket vycis flé.

## III.

O wantone yowth ! als fresche as lusty May,  
 Farest of flowris, renewit quhyt and reid,  
 Behald our heidis, O lusty gallands gay !  
 Full laithly thus fall ly thy lusty heid,  
 Holkit and how, and wallowit as the weid,  
 Thy crampland hair, and eik thy cristall ene ;  
 Full cairfully conclud fall dulefull deid,  
 Thy example heir be us it may be sene.

## IV.



## IV.

● Iadeis quhyt in claithis corruscant,  
 Poleist with perle, and mony pretius stane;  
 With palpis quhyt, and hals elegant,  
 Sirculit with gold, and sapheris mony ane;  
 Your fingearis small, quhyt as quhailis bane,  
 Arrayit with ringis, and mony rubeis reid;  
 As we ly thus, so fall ye ly ilk ane,  
 With peilit powis, and holkit thus your heid.

## V.

O wofull pryd! the rute of all distrefs,  
 With humill hairt upoun our powis pens:  
 Man, for thy mis, ask mercy with meikness;  
 Againis deid na man may mak defens.  
 The emperor, for all his excellens,  
 King and quene, and eik all erdly stait,  
 Peure and riche, fall be but differens,  
 Turnit in as, and thus in erd translait.

## VI.

This questioun quha can obsolve lat see,  
 Quhat phisnamour, or perfyte palmeister,  
 Quha was farest, or fowlest of us thré?  
 Or quhilk of us of kin was gentillar,  
 Or maist excellent in science or in lare,  
 In art, music, or in astronomye?  
 Heir sould be your study and repair,  
 And think, as thus, all your heidis mon be.

## VII.

O febill aige! drawand neir the dait  
 Of dully deid, and hes thy dayis compleit,  
 Behald our heidis with murning and regrait;  
 Fall on thy kneis, ask grace at God greit,

With

With orifonis, and haly falmes sweit,  
 Beseikand him on thé to haif mercy,  
 Now of our faulis bydand the decreit  
 Of his Godheid, quhen he fall call and try.

## VIII.

Als we exhort, that every man mortall,  
 For his faik that maid all thingis of nocht,  
 For our sawlis to pray in generall,  
 To Jesus Chryft, of hevyn and erd the king,  
 That throuch his blude we may ay leif and ring,  
 With the hie Fader be eternitie,  
 The Sone alswa, the Haly Gaist condng,  
 Thré knit in ane be perfyt unitie.

PATRICK JOHNSTOUN.

*Sons*

*Sons exylit throw Pryd.*

## I.

**S**ons hes bene ay exilit out of sicht,  
 Sen every knaif wes cled in filkin weid;  
 Welfair and welth ar went without gud nicht,  
 And in thair rowmis remanis derth and neid:  
 Pryd is amangis us enterit, bot God speid,  
 And lerd our lordis to go less and mair  
 With filkin gownis, and sellaris tume and bair.

## II.

Now ane small barronis riche abelyement,  
 In silk, in furreingis, cheneys, and uthir geir,  
 Micht furneis fourty into jak and splent,  
 Weill bodin at his bak with bow and speir;  
 It war full meit, gif it happinis be weir,  
 That all this pryd of silk war quyt laid down,  
 And chengit in jak, knapscha, and abirgoun.

## III.

Wald all the lordis lay up thair riche arrayis,  
 And gar unfulyeit keip thame clene and fair,  
 And weir thame bot on hie triumphand dayis,  
 And quhen strangeris dois in this realme repair;  
 They neidit not for to buy filkis mair  
 Thir twenty yeir, for thame and thair successioun,  
 Gif sinfull pryd nocht blindit thair discretioun.

## IV.

Thair men also mon be bot smyt or smoit,  
 Fra his caprousy be with ribbanis lest,  
 With welwet bordour about his threid-bair coit,  
 On woman-wayis, weill tyit about his west;  
 His hat on fyd set up for ony hest;  
 For hichtines the culroin dois misken  
 His awin maister, als weill as uthir men.

## V.

Quha synnis in pryd, dois first to God grevance,  
 Quhilk out of hevin to hell gaif it ane fall;  
 Syne of himself he westis his substance  
 Sa lerge, that it ourpassis his rentall;  
 His peur tennentis he dois oppress with all:  
 His coistly gown, with taill so wyd outspred,  
 His naikit fermouris garris hungry go to bed.

*Johne*

*Jobne Up-on-lands Complaint.*

## I.

**N**OW is our king in tendir aige,  
 Chryft conferf him in his eild,  
 To do justice bath to man and pege,  
 That garris our land ly lang unteld;  
 Thocht we do dowble pay thair wege,  
 Pur commonis presently now ar peild,  
 Thay ryd about in sik a rege  
 Be frith, forrest, and feild,

With bow, bucklar, and brand :  
 Lo, quhair thay ryd intill the ry,  
 The divill mot fane your company,  
 I pray fro my heart trewly :

Thus said *Jobne Up-on-land*.

## II.

He that wes wont to beir the barrowis,  
 Betwixt the baik-hous and the brew hous,  
 On twenty shilling now he tarrowis,  
 To ryd the hé gait by the plewis :  
 But wer I a king, and haif gud fallowis,  
 In Norroway thay fuld heir of newis ;  
 I fuld him tak, and all his marrowis,  
 And hing thame hich upon yone hewis,

And thairto plichtis my hand :  
 Thir lordis and barronis grit,  
 Upown ane gallows fuld I knit,  
 That thus doun treddit has our quhit :

Thus said *Jobne Up-on-land*.

## III.

Wald the lordis the lawis that leidis,  
 To husbands do gud reshone and skill,  
 To chaftanis thir chiftanis be the heidis,  
 And hing thame heich upoun ane hill ;

Than

Than mycht husbands labour thair steids,  
 And preistis mycht pattir and pray thair fill ;  
 For husbands suld nocht haif sic pleids,  
 Baith scheip and nolt mycht ly full still,  
 And stakis still mycht stand :  
 For sen thay red amang our durris,  
 With splent on spald, and rousty spurris,  
 Thair grew no frutt intill our furris :  
 Thus said *Johne-Up-on-land*.

## IV.

Tak a pur man a scheip or two,  
 For hungir, or for salt of fude,  
 To five or sex wie bairnis, or mo,  
 They will him hing with raipis rud ;  
 Bot and he tak a flock or two,  
 A bow of ky, and lat thame blud,  
 Full falsly may he ryd or go :  
 I wait nocht gif thir lawis be gud ;  
 I schrew thame first thame fand.  
 Jesu, for thy holy passioun,  
 Thou grant him grace that weiris the crown,  
 To ding thir mony kingis down :  
 This said *Johne Up-on-land*.

*To King James V.*

## I.

**S**IR, sen of men ar divers fortis,  
 And divers pastymes and disportis,  
 According ar for ilk degré;  
 All thy trew lieges thé exortis,  
 To know thy Ryall Majestie.

## II.

And mark in thy memoriall  
 Thy predeceffours parentall;  
 Quhais fructuous fatis, and deids hé,  
 Maks thair fame perpetuall,  
 Throw potent, princely majestie.

## III.

Sen throw the erd, in lenth and breid,  
 Thow art the most illustir leid,  
 And most preclair of progenie;  
 Think thairupoun, and caus thy deid  
 Appreif thy Princely Majestie.

## IV.

And play nocht bot at honest playis,  
 As princis usit afoir thy dayis;  
 Halking, hunting, and archery,  
 Justing, and cheifs, that none gane sayis  
 Unto thy Princely Majestie.

## V.

To play with dyce nor cairts accords  
 To thé, bot with thy noble lords,  
 Or with the Quene thy moder fré;  
 To play with pure men disaccords,  
 And mars thy Ryall Majestie.



## VI.

But gif thow think quhen thow begynnis,  
 To gif agane all that thow wynniss,  
 To thame about that serwis thé;  
 To hald sic wyning schame and syn is,  
 And far fra Princely Majestie.

## VII.

Ane prudent prince eik suld be war,  
 And for no play the tyme diffar,  
 Quhen he suld Godis service fé;  
 And gif he dois, weill say I dar,  
 He hurtis his Ryall Majestie.

## VIII.

To princis eik it is ane vice,  
 Till use playing for cuvatyce;  
 To ryd or rin our rekleffie,  
 Or slyd with lads upoun the yce,  
 Accords not for thair Majestie.

## IX.

Think that thair is ane King of kingis,  
 Our heving, erd, and hell, that ringis;  
 Quilk, with the twynkling of ane é,  
 Ma do and undo all kyn thingis;  
 So mervellus is his Majestie.

## X.

Sé thow pray to that famyne King,  
 Going to bed and uprysing,  
 Thy gyd and governour ay to be;  
 Quha grant thé grace to ryfs and sing  
 With mycht and Ryall Majestie.

STEWART.

*To King James V.*

## I.

**P**Recellend Prince ! havand prerogatyve  
 As rowy royall in this regioun to ring,  
 I thé beseik aganis thy lust to stryve,  
 And loufe thy God aboif all maner of thing ;  
 And him imploir, now in thy yeiris ying,  
 To grant thé grace thy folk to defend  
 Quhilk he hes gevin thé, in governing  
 In peax and honour to thy lyvis end.

## II.

And sen thou standis in so tendir aige,  
 That natur to thé yit woldome denyis ;  
 Thairfoir submit thé to thy counsale seige,  
 And in all wayis wirk as thay devyis :  
 Bot ovir all thing keip thé fra cuvatyis ;  
 To princely honour gife thou wald pretend,  
 Be liberall ; than fall thy fame upryis,  
 And wyn thé honour to thy lyvis end.

## III.

It that thou gevis, deliver quhen thou hechtis,  
 And suffir nocht thy hand thy hecht delay ;  
 For than thy hecht and thy deliverance fechtis ;  
 Far bettir war thy hecht had biddin away.  
 He aw me nocht that sayis me schortly nay ;  
 Bot he that hechtis, and causis me attend,  
 Syne gevis me nocht, I may him repute ay  
 Ane untrew dettour to my lyvis end.

## IV.

## IV.

Bettir is gut in feit, nor cramp in handis :  
 The falt of feit with hors thow may support ;  
 Bot quhen thyn handis ar bundin in with bandis,  
 Na furrigiane may cure thame, nor confort :  
 Bot thow thame oppin payntit as a port,  
 And frely gife sic guds as God thé fend ;  
 Than may thay mend within ane sessone schort,  
 And win thé honour to thy lyvis end.

## V.

Gife every man estir his faculty,  
 And with discretioun thow dispone thy geir ;  
 Gife nocht to fulis, and cunning men ourfé,  
 Thocht fulis roun and flatter in thyne eir ;  
 Gife nocht to theme that dois thy sawis sueir ;  
 Gife to thame that ar trew and constant kend ;  
 Than our all quhair thay fall thy fame furth beir,  
 And win thé honour to thy lyvis end.

## VI.

Sen thow art heid, thy leges memberis all  
 Gevin be God [unto] thy governance,  
 Luke that thou rewl the rute originall ;  
 That in thy falt no membir mak uthyris grevance :  
 For quha can nocht himself gyd nor awance,  
 Quhy suld ane provynce do on him depend,  
 To gyd himself that hes na purveance  
 With peax and honour to thy lyvis end.

## VII.

Dreid God ; do counsale ; of thy leiges leill  
 Reward gud deid ; puneis all wrang and vice ;  
 Sé that thy saw be sicker as thy seill ;  
 Fleme frawd, and be defender of justyce ;

Honour all tyme thy noble genetryce ;  
 Obey the kirk ; gif thow dois mis, amend ;  
 Sa fall thow win ane place in paradyce,  
 And mak in erd ane honourable end.

STEWART.

*Larges,*

*Lerges, lerges, lerges hay,  
Lerges of this New-yeir Day.*

## I.

**F**irst lerges [of] the king my cheif,  
Quhilk come als quiet as a theif,  
And in my hand fled schillings tway,  
To put his lergnes to the preif,  
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

## II.

Syne lerges of my Lord Chancellor;  
Quhen I to him ane ballat bare,  
He sonyeit not, nor said me nay,  
Bot gaif me, quhill I wad had mair,  
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

## III.

Of Galloway the bischop new,  
Furth of my hand ane ballat drew,  
And me deliverit with delay  
Ane fair hacknay, but hyd or hew,  
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

## IV.

[Of Halie-rud] the abbot ying,  
I did to him ane ballat bring;  
Bot or I passit far him frae,  
I gat na les, nor deill a thing,  
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

## V.

The secretar, baith war and wyse,  
Hecht me ane kast of his office;  
And for to reid my bill alsway,  
He said for him that nicht suffyce,  
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

## VI.

The thesaurar and comptrollar,  
 They bad me cume, I wait nocht quhair,  
 And thay fuld gar, I wait not quha,  
 Gif me, I wait nocht quhat, full fair,  
 For lerges of this new-yeir day.

## VII.

Now lerges of my lordis all,  
 Bayth temporall stait, and spirituall,  
 Myself fall evir sing and say,  
 I haif thame fund so liberall  
 Of lerges on this new-yeir day.

## VIII.

Fowll fall this frost that is so fell,  
 It hes the wyt, the trewth to tell,  
 Baith hands and purs it bindis sway,  
 Thay may gife naithing bye thame fell,  
 For lerges of this new-yeir day.

## IX.

Now lerges of my Lord *Bothwell*,  
 The quilk in fredome dois excell;  
 He gaif to me a cursfour gray,  
 Worth all this fort that I wich mell,  
 For lerges of this new-yeir day.

## X.

Grit God releif *Margaret* our Quene;  
 For and scho war as scho hes bene,  
 Scho wald be lurger of luf-ray,  
 Than all the laif that I of mene,  
 For lerges of this new-yeir day.

STEWART.

Sir

*Sir Penny.*

## I.

**R**ycht fane wald I my quentans mak  
 With *Sir Penny*; and wat ye quhy?  
 He is a man will undertak  
 Lands for to sell, and [als to] by;  
 Thairfoir, me think, rycht fane wuld I,  
 With him in fellofchip to repair;  
 Becaus he is in cumpany  
 Ane noble gyd bayth lait and air.

## II.

*Sir Penny* for till hald in hand,  
 His cumpany thay think so fweyt,  
 Sum givis na cair to sell his land,  
 With gud *Sir Penny* for to meit;  
 Because he is a noble spreit,  
 Ane furthy man, and ane forseand;  
 Thair is no mater to end compleit,  
 Quhill he sett to his feill and hand.

## III.

*Sir Penny* is a vailyeant man,  
 Off mekle strenth and dignitie,  
 And evir sen the warld began,  
 In to this land autoreist is he;  
 With king and quene may ye nocht fé,  
 They treit him ay so tendirly,  
 That thair can na thing endit be,  
 Without him in thair cumpany.

## IV.



## IV.

*Sir Penny* is a man of law,  
 Witt ye weill, bayth wyis and war,  
 And mony reffonis can furth schaw,  
 Quhen he is standand at the bar;  
 Is nane so wyis can him defar,  
 Quhen he proponis furth ane plé,  
 Nor yit sa hardy man that dar  
*Sir Penny* tyne, or dissobey.

## V.

*Sir Penny* is baith scherp and wyis,  
 The kirks to steir he takks on hand;  
 Disponar he is of benefyis,  
 In to this realme, our all the land,  
 Is none so wicht dar him ganestand;  
 So wyisly can *Sir Penny* wirk,  
 And als *Sir Symony* his ferwand,  
 That now is gydar of the kirk.

## VI.

Gif to the courte thow maks repair,  
 And thow haif materis to proclame,  
 Thow art unable weill to fair,  
*Sir Penny* and thow leif at hame.  
 To bring him furth thynk thow na schame,  
 I do ye weill to understand;  
 Into thy bag beir thow his name,  
 Thy mater cummis the bettir till hand.

## VII.

*Sir Penny* now is maid ane owle,  
 Thay wirk him mekle tray and tene,  
 Thay hald him in quhill he hair-mowle,  
 And makis him blind of baith his ene;

Thairowt

Thairowt he is bot feyndill fene,  
 Sa fast thairain they can him steik,  
 That pure commownis can nocht obtene  
 Ane day to byd with him to speik

*Perrell*

*Perrell in Paramours.*

## I.

**A** Llace ! so fobir is the micht  
 Of wemen for to mak debait,  
 Incontrair menis subtell slicht,  
 Quhilk ar fulfillit with diffait;  
 With tressone so intoxicait  
 Are mennis mowthis at all ouris,  
 Quhome in to trest no woman wait;  
 Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

## II.

Sum fueris that he luvis so weill,  
 That he will dé without remeid,  
 Bot gife that he hir freindschip feill,  
 That garris him sic langour leid;  
 And thocht he haif no dout of speid,  
 Yet will he sich and schaw grit schouris,  
 As he wald sterfe in to that steid;  
 Sic perrell lies in paramouris.

## III.

Athis to fuere, and giftis to hecht,  
 Moir than he has thretty fold,  
 And for hir honour for to fecht,  
 Quhill that his blude becummis cold;  
 Bot fra scho to his willis yold,  
 Adew, fair weill thir somer flouris,  
 All grows in glafs that semit gold;  
 Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

## IV.

## IV.

Than turnis he his fail annone,  
 And passis to ane uthir port;  
 Thocht scho be nevir so wo-begone,  
 Hir cairisc auld ar his confort.  
 Heirfoir I pray in termys schort,  
 Chryst keip thir birdis tricht in bowris,  
 Fra fals luvaris, and thair resort;  
 Sic perrell lyes in paramouris.

MERSA.

The

*The Wowing of Jok and Jynny.*

## I.

**R** Obeyns Jok come to wow our Jynny,  
 On our feist-evin quhen we wer fow;  
 Scho brankit fast, and maid hir bony,  
 And said, Jok, come ye for to wow?  
 Scho burneist hir baith breist and brow,  
 And maid her cleir as ony klok;  
 Than spak hir deme, and said, I trow,  
 Ye come to wow our Jynny, Jok.

## II.

Jok said, Forsuth I yern full fane,  
 To luk my heid, and sit down by yow.  
 Than spak hir modir, and said agane,  
 My bairne hes tocher-gud to gé yow.  
 Té hé, quoth Jynny, keik, keik, I fé yow;  
 Muder, yone man maks you a mok;  
 I schro the lyar, full leis me yow,  
 I come to wow your Jynny, quoth Jok.

## III.

My berne, scho sayis, hes of hir awin,  
 Ane gus, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,  
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane fute-braid sawin,  
 Ane kirn, ane pin, that ye weill ken,  
 Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip thair ben,  
 Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok,  
 Dischis and dublaris nyne or ten:  
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?

## IV.

## IV.

Ane blanket, and ane wecht also,  
 Ane schule, ane schein, and ane lang flail,  
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laidills two,  
 Ane milk-fyth, with ane fwyne taill,  
 Ane rowsty quhittill to scheir the kail,  
 Ane quheill, ane mell the beir to knock,  
 Ane coig, and caird wantand ane nail;  
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?

## V.

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pott, ane pek,  
 Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband,  
 Ane turs, ane troch, and ane meil-sek,  
 Ane spurtill braid, and ane elwand.  
 Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,  
 And cryd, Ane feist; and flew ane cok;  
 And maid a brydell up alland;  
 Now haif I gottin your Jynny, quoth Jok.

## VI.

Now, deme, I haif your bairne mareit;  
 Suppois ye mak it nevir sa tuche,  
 I latt you wit schois nocht miskarrit,  
 It is weill kend I haif anuch:  
 Ane crukit gleyd fell our ane huch,  
 Ane spaidd, ane speit, ane spur, ane sok,  
 Withouthin oxin I haif a pluche  
 To gang togidder Jynny and Jok.

## VII.

I haif ane helter, and eik ane hek,  
 Ane coird, ane creill, and als an cradill,  
 Fyfe siddir of raggis to stuff ane jak,  
 Ane auld pannell of ane laid sadill,

Ane pepper-polk maid of a padell,  
 Ane spounge, ane spindill wantand ane nok,  
 Twa lusty lippis to lik ane laiddill,  
 To gang togidder Jynny and Jok.

## VIII.

Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne  
 Weill buklit with a brydill renyé,  
 Ane fark maid of the linkome twyne,  
 Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht stenyé;  
 And yit for mister I will nocht senyé,  
 Fyve hundirth fleis now in a flok.  
 Call ye nocht than ane joly menyé,  
 To gang togidder Jynny and Jok?

## IX.

Ane trene, truncheour, ane ramehorne sponne,  
 Twa buttis of barkit blasnit ledder,  
 All graith that gains to hobbill schone,  
 Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder,  
 Ane brydill, ane grith, and ane fwyne bledder,  
 Ane maskene-fatt, ane fetterit lok,  
 Ane scheip weill kepit fra ill wedder,  
 To gang togidder Jynny and Jok.

## X.

Tak thair for my parte of the feist;  
 It is weill knawin I am weill bodin;  
 Ye may nocht say my parte is leist.  
 The wyfe said, speid, the kaill ar foddin,  
 And als the laverok is fust and loddin;  
 When ye haif done tak hame the brok.  
 The rost wes tuche, sa wer thay bodin;  
 Syn gaid togidder bayth Jenny and Jok.



*Few may fend for Falsett.*

## I.

**M**Y mynd quhen I compas and cast,  
 Me think this warld chengis fast :  
 Quhen God thinkis tyme he may it mend,  
 Lawty will leif us at the last ;  
 Ar few for falsett may now fend.

## II.

Thift and tressoun now is chereist,  
 Law and lawtie is disherreist,  
 And quyt owt of this regioun fend ;  
 Thift and tressoun now is cherreist,  
 Ar few for falsett now may fend.

## III.

War all this realme in two devyddit,  
 Lat lawty syne and falsett gyddit,  
 Quhome on will moniest depend ?  
 Quha wyfest is can not dissydit :  
 Ar few for falsett now may fend.

## IV.

No man is countit worth a peir,  
 Bot he that hes gud hors and geir,  
 And gold in to his purs to spend ;  
 The peur for this is spulyeit neir ;  
 Ar few for falsett now may fend.

## V.

Haif ane peur woman ane cow or twa,  
 Gladly scho wald gif ane of tha  
 To haif the tother at the yeiris end ;  
 Scho may thank God and scho chaip fa :  
 Ar few for falsett now may fend.

## VI.

Peur husband-men leivis on thair plewch,  
 Thay think that thay ar riche annewch ;  
 Away with it the theivis dois wend,  
 And leivis thame bair as ony bewch :  
 Ar few for falsett now may fend.

## VII.

The rankest theif of this regioun  
 Dar pertly compeir in sessioun,  
 And to the tolbutth sone ascend,  
 Syne with the lordis to raik and roun ;  
 Ar few for falsett now may fend.

## VIII.

The regentis that this realme sowld gyd,  
 For schame ye may your facis hyd :  
 To quhat effect sowld ye pretend  
 So slewthfully to lat ovrirlyd  
 Sic falsett now as us offend ?

*Of Hap at Court.*

## I.

**R**olling in my remembrance,  
 Of court the daylie variance,  
 Me think he suld be callit wise  
 That first maid this allegence,  
 Bettir hap to court nor gud servyfs.

## II.

For sum man to the court pretendis,  
 And that, his freinds wan, he spendis,  
 Howping in honour to upris;  
 Syne wrechitly but guerdoun wendis:  
 Bettir hap to court nor gud servyfs.

## III.

And sum dois to the court repair  
 With empty pursis, and clethis full bair;  
 Yet he in riches multeplyfs,  
 That he levis thowfsandis to his air:  
 Bettir hap to court nor gud servyfs.

## IV.

Sum servis weill, and haldis him still,  
 Putting all in his maisteris will;  
 Bot sic unservit ar oft fyifs,  
 Quhen grokaris gettis that thay serve ill,  
 Throw hap, and for no gud servyfs.

## V.

Sum takis reward at thair awin handis,  
 Of king and quenis proper landis;  
 Bot fast for thame the gallous cryifs,  
 That our lang soliter it standis  
 But thame that dois sic servyfs,

## VI.

Sum gettis giftis and guerdoun greit,  
 That nevir did for gud service sueit;  
 Sum gettis buddis, sum benifyis;  
 And sum dois foly conterfeit,  
 And wynnīs mare nor gud feryys.

## VII.

Sum gettis at Yule, sum gettis at Pess,  
 Sum tynīs fyis, and wynnīs bot ess,  
 Sum to the divill givīs the dyis,  
 That he can nevir win na grace,  
 Nowdir throw hap nor gud feryys.

## VIII.

Rewaird in court is delt so evin,  
 Sum gettis that nicht sufficeis sevin;  
 And uthir sum in langour lyis,  
 Makand ane murmur to the hevin,  
 That thay get nocht for gud feryys.

## IX.

The nycht the court sum gydis clene,  
 Thairin the morne dar nocht be sene,  
 Mair than the devill in paradyis,  
 Nor speik ane word with king nor quene,  
 Thocht he maid nevir so gud feryys.

## X.

Chryst bring our king to perfyt ege,  
 With wit, fra yowthis fellon rege,  
 To help thame that in him affyis,  
 And pay ilk man thair conding wege,  
 According to thair gud feryys.

*General Satyre.*

## I.

**A**LL rychtous thing the quilk dois now proceed,  
 Is crownit lyk unto an empereß ;  
 Law hes defyit guerdoun and his meid,  
 Settis hir trewth on hicht as [ane] goddeß ;  
 Gud faith hes flyttin with fraud and dowbilneß,  
 And prudense feis all thingis that cummis beforen,  
 Following the trace of perfyte stabilneß,  
 Als evin be lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

## II.

Princis of custome mantenis rycht in deid,  
 And prelettis levis in clyne perfytness,  
 Knychtis luvis, God wat, bot littill falsheid,  
 And preistis hes reffusit all riches,  
 All religioun levis in holiness ;  
 Thay bene in vertew, and full fair upborne ;  
 Invy in court can no man fé increß ;  
 Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

## III.

Marchands of louker takes bot littill hede,  
 Thair usury is fetterit with discreß ;  
 And for to speik also of womanhede,  
 Baneist frome thame is all new fangilnes ;  
 Thay haif left pryd, and takin [to] meikness,  
 Quhois pacience is bot newly watt and schorne ;  
 Thair tungis hes no tuiching of scherpness ;  
 Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

## IV.

## IV.

Pure men complenis now, bot for no neid,  
 The riche gevis ay feik almoufs, as I gefs;  
 With plenty ay the hungry thay do feid,  
 Clethis the nakit in thair wrechitnes;  
 And cherité is now a cheif maistrefs;  
 Sklander fra her toung hes pullit out the thorne,  
 Discretioun dois all hir lawis exprefs,  
 Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

## V.

Out of this land, or ellis God forbede,  
 Baneift is fraud, falshheid, and fekilnefs;  
 Flattery is fled, and that for verry drede;  
 Both riche and pure hes takin thame to fadness;  
 Lauboraris wirkis with all thair beffiness;  
 Day nor nycht, nor hour, can be forborne  
 Bot fwyne and fueit, to voyd all ydilnefs;  
 Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

## VI.

Princis rememberis, and providently takis hede,  
 How vertew is of vyce a hé goddeff;  
 Our faith nocht haltis, we leif evin as our crede  
 In wird and deid, as wark berris witnefs;  
 All ipocritis hes left thair frawardnefs;  
 Thus weidit is the poppill fra the corne;  
 And every ftait is governit, as I gefs,  
 Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.

*Of Men evill to pleifs.*

## I.

**F**Oure mener of men are evill to [pleis] ;  
 Ane is, that riches hes and eifs,  
 Gold, silver, corne, cattell, and ky,  
 And wald haif part fra uthiris by.

## II.

Ane uthir is of land and rent,  
 So grit a lord, and so potent,  
 That he may not it rewill nor gy,  
 And yet wald haif fra uthiris by.

## III.

The thrid dois eik so dourly drink,  
 And aill and wyne within him sink,  
 Quhill in his wame no rowm be dry,  
 And yet wald haif fra uthiris by.

## IV.

The last that hes, of nobill blude,  
 Ane lusty lady fair and gude,  
 Boith vertewis, wyifs, and womanly,  
 Bot yet wald haif ane uthir by.

## V.

In end, no wicht I can persaif  
 Of gude so grit abundance haif,  
 Nor in this world so welthful wy,  
 Bot yet he wald haif uthir by.

## VI.

Bot yit of all this gold and gud,  
 Or uthir conyie, to conclude,  
 Quha evir it hais, it is not I ;  
 It gois fra me to uthiris by.



*Of Covetice.*

## I.

**F**Redome, honour, and nobilnes,  
 Meid, manheid, mirth, and gentilnes,  
 Ar now in court reput as vyce,  
 And all for caus of covetice.

## II.

All weilfair, welth, and wantones,  
 Ar chengit into wretchitnes,  
 And play is sett at littill price;  
 And all for caus of covetyce.

## III.

Halking, hunting, and swift horse rynning,  
 Ar chengit all in wrangus wyning;  
 Thair is no play bot cartis and dyce;  
 And all for caus of covetyce.

## IV.

Honorable house-haldis ar all laid down;  
 Ane laird hes with him but a loun,  
 That leids him eftir his devyce;  
 And all for caus of covetyce.

## V.

In burghis to landwart and to fie,  
 Quhair wes plesour and grit plentie,  
 Venefoun, wyld-fowl, wyne, and spice,  
 Ar now decayid thurch covetyce.

## VI.

Husbandis that grangis had full grete,  
 Cattell and corne to sell and ete,  
 Hes now no beift bot cattis and myce;  
 And all thurch caus of covetyce.

## VII.

Honest yemen in every toun,  
 War wont to weir baith reid and broun,  
 Ar now arrayit in raggis with lyce;  
 And all throw caus of covetyce.

## VIII.

And lairds in filk harlis to the deill,  
 For quhilk thair tenentis fald somer meill,  
 And leivis on rutis undir the ryce;  
 And all for caus of covetyce.

## IX.

Quha that dois deidis of petie,  
 And leivis in pece and cheretie,  
 Is haldin a fule, and that full nyce;  
 And all for caus of covetyce.

## X.

And quha can reive uthir menis rowmis,  
 And upoun peur men gadderis fowmis,  
 Is now ane active man and wyice;  
 And all for caus of covetyce.

## XI.

Man, pleis thy Makar, and be mirry,  
 And sett not by this warld a chirry;  
 Wirk for the place of paradyce,  
 For thairin ringis na covetyce.

*Ane Discriptioun of Pedder Coffeis.*

## I.

**I**T is my purpois to discryve  
 This holy perfyte genologie  
 Of pedder knavis superlatyve,  
 Pretendand to awtoretie,  
 That wait of nocht bot beggartie.  
 Ye burges sonis prevene thir lownis,  
 That wald distroy nobilitie,  
 And baneis it all borrow townis.

## II.

Thay ar declarit in seven pairtis,  
 Ane scroppit cofe quhen he begynnis,  
 Sornand all and findry airtis,  
 For to by hennis reid-wod he rynniss;  
 He lokis thame up in to his innis  
 Unto ane derth, and fellis thair eggis,  
 Regraitandly on thame he wynniss,  
 And secondly his meit he beggis.

## III.

Ane swyngeour coife, amangis the wyvis,  
 In land-wart dwellis with subteill menis,  
 Exponand thame auld sanctis lyvis,  
 And fanis thame with deid mennis banis;  
 Lyk Rome-rakaris, with awsterne granis,  
 Speikand curlyk ilk ane till uder;  
 Peipand peurly with peteous granis,  
 Lyk fenyeit *Symmye* and his bruder.

## IV.

## IV.

Thir cur coffeis that failis oure sone,  
 And thretty sum abowt ane pak,  
 With bair blew bonattis and hobbeld schone,  
 And beir bonnokis with thame thay tak;  
 Thay schamed schrewis, God gif thame lak,  
 At none quhen merchantis makis gud cheir,  
 Steilis doun, and lysis behind ane pak,  
 Drinkand bot dreggis and barmy beir.

## V.

Knaifatica coff misknawis himsell,  
 Quhen he gettis in a furrit gown;  
 Grit Lucifer, maister of hell,  
 Is nocht sa helie as that loun;  
 As he cummis brankand throw the toun,  
 With his keis clynkand on his arme,  
 That calf clovin-futtit fleid custroun,  
 Will mary nane bot a burges bairne.

## VI.

Ane dyvour coffe, that wirry hen,  
 Destroyis the honor of our natioun,  
 Takis gudis to frist fra fremit men,  
 And brekis his obligatioun;  
 Quhilk dois the marchands defamatioun,  
 Thay ar reprevit for that regratour;  
 Thairfoir we gif our declaratioun,  
 To hang and draw that common tratour.

## VII.

Ane curlorous coffe, that hege-skrapar,  
 He sittis at hame quhen that thay baik,  
 That pedder brybour, that scheip-keipar,  
 He tellis thame ilk ane caik by caik;

Syne lokkes thame up, and takis a faik,  
 Betwixt his dowblett and his jackett,  
 And eitis thame in the buith that smaik;  
 God that he mort into ane rakkett.

## VIII.

Ane cathedrall coffe, he is ovir riche,  
 And hes na hap his gude to spend,  
 Bot levis lyk ane wareit wreche,  
 And trestis nevir till tak ane end;  
 With falsheid evir dois him defend,  
 Proceeding still in averice,  
 And leivis his faule na gude comend,  
 Bot walkis ane wilsome wey, I wifs.

## IX.

I you exhort all that is heir,  
 That reidis this bill, ye wald it schaw  
 Unto the provest, and him requair,  
 That he will geif thir coffis the law,  
 And baneis thame the burges raw,  
 And to the scho streit ye thame ken;  
 Syne cut thair luggis, that ye may know,  
 Thir peddir knavis be burges men.

*Ane littill Interlud,**Of the Droichis part of the Play.*

## I.

**H**Iry, hary, hubbilschow,  
 Sé ye not quha is cum now,  
 Bot yit wait I nevir how,  
     With the quhirle-wind ?  
 A fargeand out of Soudoun land,  
 A gyane strang for to stand,  
 That with the strength of my hand  
     Bereis may bind.

## II.

Bot yit I trow that I vary,  
 I am bot ane blynd Hary,  
 That lang hes bene with the fary,  
     Farlyis to fynd ;  
 And yit gif this be not I,  
 I wait it is the spreit of Gy,  
 Or ellis fle be the sky,  
     And lycht as the lynd.

## III.

Quha is cum heir, bot I,  
 A bauld busteous bellomy,  
 Amang you all to cry a cry,  
     With ane mighty soun ?  
 That generit am of gyanis kynd,  
 Fra the strong Hercules be strynd,  
 Of all the occident and ynd,  
     My elderis woir the croun.

## IV.

My foir grandsyr, hecht Fyn Mackowll,  
 That dang the devill, and gart him yowll;  
 The skyis rainid quhen he wald yowll,  
     He trublit all the air.

He gatt my gud-syr Gog Magog;  
 He, quhen he danfit, the warld wald schog;  
 Ten thowfsand ellis yied in his frog,  
     Of Heland plaidis, and mair.

## V.

And yit he wes of tendir yowth;  
 But eftir he grew mekle at fowth,  
 Ellevin myle wyd mett wes his mowth,  
     His teith wes ten myle squair.  
 He wald upoun his tais upstand,  
 And tak the starnis doun with his hand,  
 And sett thame in a gold garland  
     Aboif his wyvis hair.

## VI.

He had a wyfe was mekle of clift;  
 Her heid was heichar nor the list;  
 The hevin reirdit quhen scho wald rift;  
     The las was nathing shlendir:  
 Scho spatt Loch-loumond with her lippis;  
 Thunder and fyre-flawght flew fra her hippis;  
 Quhen scho wes crabbit, the sone thold clipps;  
     Thé feynd durst nocht offend hir.

## VII.

For cawld scho tuk the fevir tartane,  
 For all the claith in France and Bartane,  
 Wald not be to hir leg a gartane,  
     Thocht scho was young and tendir:  
                                     Upoun



Upoun a nicht heir in the north,  
 Scho tuke the gravall, and staild Craig-Gorth,  
 And \* \* \* \* the grit watter of Forth;  
       Sic tyd ran eftirhend her.

## VIII.

Yit ane thing writtin of hir I find,  
 In Yrland quhen scho blew behind,  
 On Norway coist scho raist the wynd,  
       And grit schippis drownit thair.  
 Scho fischt all the Spainyie seyis,  
 With her fark-lap betwixt her theyis;  
 Thré dayis failing betwixt her kneis  
       It wes estemid, and mair.

## IX.

My fader, mekle Gow Macmorne,  
 Owt of his moderis wame was schorne;  
 For littilnes scho was forlorne,  
       Siche an a kemp to beir:  
 Or he of aige was yeiris thré,  
 He wald stop over the Occraine sie;  
 The mone sprang nevir abone his kné;  
       The hevins had of him feir.

## X.

Ane thowsand yeir is past fra mynd,  
 Sen I was generi of his kynd,  
 Far furth in the defartis of te Ynd,  
       Amang lyoun and beir.  
 Worthie King Arthour and Gawane,  
 And mony a bawld berne of Bartane,  
 Ar deid, and in the weiris ar flane,  
       Sen I cowlde weild a speir.

## XI.

Sophie and the Sowdoun strang,  
 With weiris that hes lestit lang,  
 Owt of thair boundis hes maid me gang,  
     And turne to Turkey tyte.  
 The King of Francis grit army,  
 Hes brocht in derth in Lumbardy,  
 That in the cuntré he and I  
     Can nocht dwell baith perfyte.

## XII.

Swadrik; Denmark, and Norraway,  
 Nor in the Steiddis I dar nocht ga;  
 Thair is nothing bot and slae,  
     Cut throppillis, and make quyte.  
 Yrland for evir I haif reffusit,  
 All wyis-men will hald me excusit,  
 For nevir in land quhair Eriche was usit,  
     To dwell had I dellyte.

## XIII.

I haif bene formest evir in feild,  
 And now sa lang I haif borne the scheild,  
 That I am crynit in for eild  
     This littill, as ye may sie.  
 I haif bene banneist undir the lynd  
 This lang tyme, that nane could me fynd,  
 Quhill now with this last eistin wynd,  
     I am cum heir perdie.

## XIV.

My name is *Welth*, thairfoir be blyth,  
 I am cum comfort you to kyth;  
 Suppois wrechis will waill and wryth,  
     All darth I fall gar dré;

For certanelie, the treuth to tell,  
 I cum amang you for to dwell,  
 Far fra the sound of Curphour bell,  
 To dwell thinks nevir me.

## XV.

Now sen I am suche quantetie  
 Of gyanis cum, as ye may sie,  
 Quhair will be gottin a wyfe to me  
 Of sicklyk breid and hicht?  
 In all this bowre is nocht a bryde,  
 Ane hour, I wait, dar me abyde;  
 Yit trow ye ony heir besyde,  
 Nicht suffir me all nicht.

## XVI.

Adew; fairweill; for now I go,  
 Bot I will nocht lange byd you fro;  
 Chryst yow conserve fra every wo,  
 Baith maidin, wyf, and man.  
 God blis thame, and the haly rude,  
 Givis me a drink, sa it be gude;  
 And quha trowis best that I do lude,  
 Skink first to me the kan.

Ane

*Ane Ballat of evill Wyffis.*

## I.

**B**E mirry, bretherene, ane and all,  
 And sett all sturt on syd;  
 And every ane togidder call,  
 To God to be our gyd:  
 For als lang leivis the mirry man,  
 As dois the wrech, for ocht he can;  
 Quhen deid him streks, he wait nocht quhan,  
 And chairgis him to byd.

## II.

The riche than fall nocht sparit be,  
 Thocht thay haif gold and land,  
 Nor yit the fair, for thair bewty,  
 Can nocht that charge ganestand:  
 Thocht wicht or waik wald flé away,  
 No dowl bot all mon ransone pay;  
 Quhat place, or quhair, can no man say,  
 Be sie, or yit be land.

## III.

Quhairfoir my counsaill, brethir, is,  
 That we togidder sing,  
 And all to loif that Lord of blis,  
 That is of hevynis King:  
 Quha knawis the secreit thochts and dowl,  
 Of all our haitis round about;  
 And he quha thinks him nevir so stout,  
 Mone thoill that punissing.

## IV.

## IV.

Quhat man but stryf, in all his lyfe,  
 Doith test moir of deids pane;  
 Nor dois the man quhilk on the sie  
 His leving feiks to gane:  
 For quhen distrefs dois him opprefs,  
 Than to the Lord for his redrefs,  
 Quha gaif command for all exprefs  
 To call, and nocht refrane.

## V.

The myrryest man that leivis on lyfe,  
 He sailis on the sie;  
 For he knawis nowdir sturt nor stryfe,  
 Bot blyth and mirry be:  
 Bot he that hes ane evill wyfe,  
 Hes sturt and sorrow all his lyfe;  
 And that man quilk leivis ay in strife,  
 How can he mirry be?

## VI.

Ane evill wyfe is the werst aucht,  
 That ony man can haif;  
 For he may nevir sit in faucht,  
 Onless he be hir sklaif:  
 Bot of that sort I know nane uder,  
 But owthir a kukald, or his bruder;  
 [Fondlars] and kukalds all togidder,  
 May wifs thair wyfis in graif.

## VII.

Becaus thair wyfis hes maistery,  
 That thay dar nawayis cheip,  
 Bot gif it be in privity,  
 Quhan thair wyfis ar on sleip:

Ane

Ane mirry in thair cumpany,  
 Wer to thame worth baith gold and fie;  
 Ane menstrall could nocht bocht be,  
 Thair mirth gif he could beir.

## VIII.

Bot of that fort quilk I report,  
 I knaw nane in this ring;  
 Bot we may all, baith grit and small,  
 Glaidly baith dance and sing:  
 Quha list nocht heir to mak gud cheir,  
 Perchance his guds ane uthir yeir  
 Be spent, quhen he is brocht to beir,  
 Quhen his wyfe tak the fling.

## IX.

It hes bene fene, that wyfe wemen,  
 Eftir thair husbands deid,  
 Hes gottin men, hes gart thame ken,  
 Gif thay mycht beir grit laid.  
 With ane grene fling, hes gart thame bring,  
 The geir quilk won wes be ane dring;  
 And syne gart all the bairnis sing,  
 Ramukloch in thair bed.

## X.

Than wad scho fay, Allace ! this day,  
 For him that wan this geir;  
 Quhen I him had, I skairfly said,  
 My hairt anis mak gud cheir.  
 Or I had lettin him spend a plak,  
 I lever haif wittin him brokin his bak,  
 Or ellis his craig had gottin a crak  
 Our the heicht of the stair.

## XI.

## XI.

Ye neigartis, then example tak,  
 And leir to spend your awin;  
 And with gud freynds ay mirry mak,  
 That it may be weill knawin,  
 That thow art he quha wan this geir:  
 And for thy wyfe sé thou nocht spair,  
 With gud freynds ay to mak repair,  
 Thy honesty may be [shawin.]

## XII.

Finis, quoth I, quha settis nocht by,  
 The ill wyffis of this toun,  
 Thocht for dispyt, with me wald flyt,  
 Gif thay nicht put me doun.  
 Gif ye wald knaw quha maid this sang,  
 Quhiddir ye will him heid or hang,  
*Flemyngis* his name quhair evir he gang,  
 In place, or in quhat toun.

FLEMING.



*Ballat of Gude-Fallowis.*

## I.

**I** Mak it kend, he that will spend,  
 And luvè God lait and air,  
 God will him mend, and grace him send,  
 Quhen catyvis fall haif cair :  
 Thairfoir pretend weill for to spend  
 Of geir, and nocht till spair.  
 I know the end, that all mon wend  
 Away nakit and bair,  
 With ane O and ane I ;  
 Ane wreche fall haif no mair,  
 Bot ane sehört scheit, at heid and feit,  
 For all his wrek and wair.

## II.

For all the wrak a wreche can pak,  
 And in his baggis imbrace,  
 Yet deid fall tak him be the bak,  
 And gar him cry, Allace !  
 Than fall he fwak, away with lak,  
 And wait nocht to quhat place ;  
 Than will thay mak at him a knak,  
 That maist of his gud hais,  
 With ane O and ane I :  
 Quhyle we haif tyme and space,  
 Mak we gud cheir, quhyle we ar heir,  
 And thank God of his grace.

## III.

## III.

Wer thair ane king to rax and ring  
 Amang gude-fallowis cround,  
 Wrechis wald wring, and mak murnyng,  
 For dule thay fuld be dround :  
 Quha finds ane dring, owdir auld or ying,  
 Gar hoy him out and hound.  
 Now lat us sing, with Chrystis blissing,  
 Be glaid, and mak gude found,  
 With ane O and ane I ;  
 Now or we furder found ;  
 Drink thou to me, and I to thé,  
 And lat the cop go round.

## IV.

Quha undirstude, fuld haife his gude,  
 Or he wer closd in clay ;  
 Sum in thair mude thay wald go wud,  
 And dé lang or thair day :  
 Nocht worth an hude, or ane auld snud,  
 Thou fall beir hyne away ;  
 Wreche, be the rude, for to conclude,  
 Full few will for thé pray,  
 With ane O and ane I :  
 Gud-fallowis, quhill we may,  
 Be mirry and fré, syne blyth we be,  
 And sing on twa and tway.

JOHNE BLYTH.

*Auld Kyndnes foryett.*

## I.

**T**His world is all bot fenyeit fair,  
 And als unstable as the wind,  
 Gud faith is flemit, I wat nocht quhair,  
 Treft fallowship is evil to find;  
 Gud conscience is all maid blind,  
 And cheritie is nane to gett,  
 Leill, loif, and lawté lyis behind,  
 And auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

## II.

Quhill I had ony thing to spend,  
 And stuffit weill with warldis wrak,  
 Amang my freinds I wes weill kend:  
 Quhen I wes proud, and had a pak,  
 Thay wald me be the oxtar tak,  
 And at the hé buird I wes set;  
 Bot now thay latt me stand abak,  
 Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

## III.

Now I find bot freindis few,  
 Sen I wes pryfit to be pure;  
 They hald me now bot for a schrew,  
 To me thay tak bot littill cure;  
 All that I do is bot injure:  
 Thocht I am bair I am nocht bett,  
 Thay latt me stand bot on the flure,  
 Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

## IV.

Suppois I mène, I am nocht mendit,  
 Sen I held pairt with poverté,  
 Away sen that my pak wes spendit,  
 Adew all liberalité.  
 The prowerb now is trew, I sé,  
*Quha may nocht gife, will littill gett;*  
 Thairfoir to say the varité,  
 Now auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

## V.

Thay wald me hals with hude and hatt,  
 Quhyle I wes riche and had anewch,  
 About me freindis anew I gatt,  
 Rycht blythlie on me thay lewch;  
 Bot now they mak it wondir tewch,  
 And lattis me stand befoir the yett:  
 Thairfoir this warld is verry frewch,  
 And auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

## VI.

Als lang as my cop stud evin,  
 I yeid bot feindill myne allane;  
 I squyrit wes with sex or sevin,  
 Ay quhyle I gaif thame twa for ane;  
 Bot suddanly fra that wes gane,  
 Thay passit by with handis plett,  
 With purtye fra I wes ourtane,  
 Than auld kindnes was quyt foryett.

## VII.

Into this warld fuld na man trow;  
 Thow may weill sé the resoun quhy;  
 For evir bot gif thy hand be fow,  
 Thow arte bot littill settin by:

Thou art nocht tane in cumpany,  
 Bot thair be sum fisch in thy nett;  
 Thairfoir this fals world I defy,  
 Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

## VIII.

Sen that na kyndnes kepit is  
 Into this world that is present,  
 Gif thou wald cum to hevynis blifs,  
 Thyself appleis with sobir rent;  
 Leif godly, and gife with gude intent,  
 To every man his proper dett;  
 Quhat evir God fend, hald thé content,  
 Sen auld kyndnes is quyt foryett.

*To remembir the End.*

## I.

**B**Ruthir, be wyis, I reid you now,  
 With ladeis, gif it happynis yow,  
 That welth no way your wit mak blind;  
 Obey, and for the bettir bow,  
 Remembir quhatt ma cum behind.

## II.

Thocht ye be flowand in the rege  
 Of fresche yowthheid, and grene curage,  
 And lycht as ony leif on lynd,  
 And be extold in Venus stege,  
 Remembir quhat ma cum behind.

## III.

Suppois that lufe be naturall,  
 And in yowthheid most principall,  
 Ryn nocht our far in to the winde,  
 At thy fute thocht thou haist the ball;  
 Remembir quhat ma cum behind.

## IV.

Thocht thou be sterk as Hercules,  
 Sampson, Hector, or Achilles,  
 Be fors thocht thou may lows and bynd  
 Pentagora to preif in pres,  
 Remembir quhat ma cum behind.

## V.

Ane uthir thinge I do ye say,  
 Preif nevir thy pith so far in play,  
 That thou forthink that thou come ind,  
 And murn quhen thou no mendis may;  
 Remembir quhat ma cum behind.

## VI.

Thocht thow be wyis as Salamone,  
 Or fair of feir as Abfolone,  
 Or riche as Cryses out of kynd,  
 Or princis peir Ipomedone;  
 Remembir quhat ma cum behind.

## VII.

Gif thow be wyis, so is thair mo;  
 Gif thow be stark thair is also;  
 Gif thow be gude, gud fall thow fynd;  
 Gif thow be ill, thow fynds thy fo:  
 Remembir quhat ma cum behind.

## VIII.

Thus fall thow stand in no degré  
 Sover forout perplexitie;  
 Thocht thow be nevir so noble of kynd,  
 No gré so grit of dignitie;  
 Remembir quhat ma cum behind.

## IX.

In all thy doingis haif gud skill:  
 Continew in gude, reforme the ill,  
 Do so that dolour may be dynd;  
 Thus may thow think, gif that thow will,  
 Of gud and ill quhat cumis behind.

Sir JOHNE MOFFETT.

*The*



*The Prais of Aige.*

I.

**A**T matyne houre, in midis of the nicht,  
Walkeit of sleip, I saw besyd me sone,  
Ane aigit man, seimit sextie yeiris of sicht,  
This sentence sett, and song it in gud tone :  
Omnipotent, and eterne God in trone !  
To be content and lufe thé I haif caus,  
That my licht yowtheid is opprest and done ;  
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

II.

Grene yowth, to aige thow mon obey and bow,  
Thy foly lustis lestes skant ane May ;  
That than wes witt, is naturall foly now,  
As warldy witt, honor, riches, or fresche array.  
Deffy the devill, dreid God and domisday,  
For all fall be accusit, as thow knawis ;  
Blessit be God, my yowtheid is away ;  
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

III.

O bittir yowth ! that semis delicious ;  
O haly aige ! that sumtyme semit soure ;  
O restles yowth ! hie, hait, and vicious ;  
O honest aige ! fullfillit with honoure ;  
O frawart yowth ! frutles and fedand flour,  
Contrair to conscience, baith to God and lawis,  
Of all vane gloir the lamp and the mirroure ;  
Honor with aige till every vertew drawis.

IV.

## IV.

This world is sett for to dissaive us evin ;  
 Pryde is the nett, and covetece is the trane ;  
 For na reward, except the joy of hevin,  
 Wald I be yung into this world agane.  
 The schip of faith, tempestous wind and rane,  
 Dryvis in the see of Lollerdry that blawis ;  
 My yowth is gane, and I am glaid and fane,  
 Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

## V.

Law, lue, and lawtie, gravin law thay ly ;  
 Dissimulance hes borrowit conscience clayis ;  
 Aithis, writ, walx, nor seilis, ar not set by ;  
 Flattery is fosterit baith with freinds and fayis.  
 The sone, to bruik it that his fader hais,  
 Wald fé him deid ; Sathanas sic seid sawis :  
 Yowtheid, adew, ane of my mortall fais,  
 Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

KENNEDY.

*The*

*The Blait Luvar.*

## I.

**Q**Uhen Flora had ourfret the firth,  
 In May of every moneth quene;  
 Quhen merle and mavis fingis with mirth,  
 Sweit melling in the fchawis fchene;  
 Quhen all luvaris rejosit bene,  
 And moft defyrus of thair pray;  
 I hard a lufte luvar mene,  
 I lue, bot I dar nocht affay.—

## II.

Strang ar the panis I daylie prufe,  
 Bot yet with patience I fufteine;  
 I am fo fetterit with the lufe  
 Onlie of my Lady fchene;  
 Quhilk for her bewty mycht be quene,  
 Natour fa craftely alwey,  
 Hes done depaint that sweit fcherene;  
 Quhome I luf I dar nocht affay.

## III.

Scho is fa brycht of hyd and hew,  
 I lufe but hir allone I wene;  
 Is non hir luf that may efchew,  
 That blenkis of that dulce amene,  
 Sa cumly cleir at hir twa ene,  
 That fcho ma luvaris dois effrey,  
 Than evir of Grice did fair Helene;  
 Quhom I luf I dar nocht affay.

*Luve ane Levellar.*

## I.

**L**Uve preysis, but comparefone,  
 Both gentill, sempill, generall;  
 And of fré will gevis warefone,  
 As fortoun chanfis to befall:  
 For luve makis nobill ladeis thrall,  
 To baffir men of birth and blud;  
 So luve garris sobir wemen small,  
 Get maistrice our grit men of gud.

## II.

Ferme luve, for favour, feir, or feid,  
 Of riche nor pur to speik fuld spair;  
 For luve to hienes hes no heid,  
 Nor lychtleis lawlines ane air,  
 But puttis all personis in compair:  
 This prowerb planely for to preve,  
 That men and women, less and mair,  
 Ar cumd of Adame and of Eve.

## III.

Sa thocht my liking wer a led dy,  
 And I no lord, yet nocht the less,  
 Scho fuld my service find als red dy,  
 As Duke to Duches docht him dress;  
 For as proud princely luve express  
 Is to haif soverenie tie,  
 So service cummis of sympilness,  
 And leilest luve of law degré.

## IV.

## IV,

So luvaris lair no leid fuld lak,  
 A lord to lufe a filly las,  
 A leddy als, for luf to tak,  
 Ane propir page, hir tym to pass.  
 For quhy? as bricht bene birneist brass  
 As silver wrocht at all dewyfs;  
 And als gud drinking out of glafs  
 As gold, thocht gold gif grittar pryfs.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

R

Ans

*Ane New Yere Gift**To the Quene, quhen scho come first hame, 1562.*

## I.

**W**elcum, illustrat Ladye, and oure Quene;  
 Welcum oure lyone, with the *Floure-de-lyce*;  
 Welcum oure thrissill, with the *Lorane grene*;  
 Welcum oure rubent rois upoun the ryce;  
 Welcum oure jem and joyfull genetryce;  
 Welcum oure beill of ALBION to beir;  
 Welcum oure plesand princes, maist of pryce;  
 God gife thé grace aganis this guid new-yeir.

## II.

This guid new-yeir, we hoip, with grace of God,  
 Sall be of peax, tranquillitie, and rest;  
 This yeir sall rycht and ressonc rewle the rod,  
 Quhilk sa lang seasoun has bene soir supprest;  
 This yeir, ferme fayth fall frelie be confest,  
 And all erronius questionis put areir,  
 To laaboure that this lyfe amang us lest;  
 God gife thé grace aganis this guid new-yeir.

## III.

Heirfore addres thé dewlie to decoir,  
 And rewle thy regne with hie magnificence;  
 Begin at God to gar sett furth his gloir,  
 And of his gōspell get experience;  
 Caus his trew kirk be had in reverence;  
 So sall thy name and fame spred far and neir:  
 Now, this thy dett to do with diligence,  
 God gife thé grace aganis this guid new-yeir.

## IV.

## IV.

Found on the first four vertewis cardinall,  
 On wisdome, justice, force, and temperance ;  
 Applaud to prudent men, and principall  
 Of vertewus lyfe, thy worschep till avance ;  
 Waye justice, equale without discrepance ;  
 Strenth thy estait with steidfastnes to steir ;  
 To temper tyme with trew continuance,  
 God gife the grace aganis this guid new-yeir.

## V.

Cast thy consale be counfall of the sage,  
 And cleif to Chryst, hes kept thé in cure,  
 Attingent now to twentye yeir of aige,  
 Preservand thé fro all misaventure.  
 Wald thow be servit, and thy cuntré sure,  
 Still on the commoun-weill haif é and eir ;  
 Preifs ay to be protrectrix of the pure ;  
 So God fall gyde thy Grace this guid new-yeir.

## VI.

Gar stanche all stryff, and stabill thy estaitis  
 In constance, concord, chérité, and luse ;  
 Be bissie now to banisch all debatis,  
 Betwixt kirk-men and temporall men dois muse :  
 The pulling doun of policie repruse,  
 And lat perversit prelettis leif perqueir ;  
 To do the best, besekand God abuve,  
 To give thé grace aganis this guid new-yeir.

## VII.

At croce gar cry be oppin proclamatioun,  
 Undir grit panis, that nothir he nor scho,  
 Of halye writ, haif ony disputatioun,  
 Bot letterit men, or lernit clerkis thereto ;



For lymmer lawdis, and litle lassis lo,  
 Will arguin baith with bischop, preist, and freir:  
 To dantoun this, thow hes aneuch to do,  
 God gife thé grace aganis this guid new-year.

## VIII.

Bot wyte the wickit pastouris wald nocht mend  
 Their vitious leving, all the world prescryvis,  
 Thay tuke na tent their traik sould turne till end,  
 Thay wer sa proud in thair prerogatyvis;  
 For wantonnes thay wald nocht wed na wyvis,  
 Nor yit leif chaste, bot chop and change thair cheir:  
 Now, to reforme thair fylthy litcherous lyvis,  
 God gife thé grace aganis this guid new-year.

## IX.

Thay brocht thair bastardis with the skrufe thay skraip,  
 To blande thair blude with barrownis be ambitoun;  
 Thay purchest pithis pardonis fra the Paip,  
 To caus fond fulis confyde he hes fruitioun,  
 As God, to gif for synnis full remissioun,  
 And faulis to saif frome suffering sorrowis seir;  
 To sett asyde sic fortis of superstitioun,  
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new-year.

## X.

Thay lost baith benifice and pentioun that mareit,  
 And quha eit flesch on Frydayis was fyre-fangit;  
 It maid na mis quhat madinis thay miscareit  
 On fasting dayis, thay were nocht brint nor hangit:  
 Licence for luthrie fra thair lord belangit,  
 To gif indulgence as the devill did leir;  
 To mend that menyé hes samonye mangit,  
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new-year.

## XI.

Thay lute thy lieges pray to stokkis and stanes,  
 And paintit paiparis, wattis nocht quhat thay meine;  
 Thay bad thame bekand bynge at deid mennis banes;  
 Offer on kneis to kifs, syne saif thair kin :  
 Pilgrimes and palmaris past with thame betwene,  
 Sanct Blais, Sanct Boit, blate bodeis ein to bleir :  
 Now to forbid this grit abuse hes bene,  
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new-yeir.

## XII.

Thay tyrit God with tryfillis tume trentalis,  
 And daifit him with [thair] daylie dargeis ;  
 With owklike Abitis, to augment thair rentalis,  
 Mantand mort-mumlingis, mixt with monye leis.  
 Sic sanctitude was Sathanis forcereis,  
 Christis fillie scheip, and sobir flok, to smeir :  
 To ceifs all findrye sectis of herefeis,  
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new-yeir.

## XIII.

With mess nor matynes nowayis will I mell,  
 To juge thame justlie passis my ingyne ;  
 Thay gyde nocht ill that goverins weill thame fell,  
 And lealie on lawtie layis thair lyne :  
 Downtis to discus, for doctouris ar devyne,  
 Cunning in clergie to declair thame cleir :  
 To ordour this, the office now is thyne,  
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new-yeir.

## XIV.

As béis takkis walx and honye of the floure,  
 So dois the faythfull of Goddis word tak frute ;  
 As waspis reffavis of the fame bot soure,  
 So reprobatis Christis buke dois rebute :

Wordis, without werkis, availyeis nocht a cute :  
 To seis thy subjectis so in luf and feir,  
 That rycht and reafoun in thy realme may rute,  
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new-yeir.

## XV.

The epistollis and evangelis now ar prechit,  
 But sophistrie or ceremoneis vane ;  
 Thy pepill, maist pairt, trewlie now ar techit,  
 To put away idolatrie prophaine :  
 Bot in sum hartis is gravit new agane,  
 Ane image, callit cuvatyce of geir ;  
 Now, to expell that idoll standis up plane,  
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new-yeir.

## XVI.

For sum ar sene at sermonis seme sa halye,  
 Singand Sanct *Davidis* psalter on thair bukis,  
 And ar bot biblistis fairfing full thair bellie,  
 Backbytand nyctbours, noyand thame in nuikis,  
 Rugging and raifand up kirk-rentis lyke ruikis ;  
 As werrie waspis aganis Godeis word makis weir :  
 Sic Christianis to kifs with chanteris kuiks,  
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new-yeir.

## XVII.

Dewtie and dettis ar drevin by dowbilnes,  
 Auld folkis ar flemit fra young fayth professours,  
 The grittest ay, the greddiar I gefs,  
 To plant quhair preistis and personis wer possessours ;  
 Teindis ar uptane by testament transgressours ;  
 Credence is past, off promiseis thocht thay sweir :  
 To punisch Papistis and reproche oppressouris,  
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new-yeir.

## XVIII.

## XVIII.

Pure folk ar famist with thir fassionis new,  
 They fail for falt that had befoir at fouth;  
 Leill labouraris lamentis, and tennentis trew,  
 That thay ar hurt and hareit north and south:  
 The heidismen hes *cor mundum* in thair mowth,  
 Bot nevir with mynd to gif the man his meir:  
 To quenche thir quent calamiteis so cowth,  
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new-yeir.

## XIX.

Protestandis takis the freiris auld antetewme,  
 Reddie reffavaris bot to rander nocht;  
 So lairdis upliftis mennis leifing our thy rewme,  
 And ar rycht crabit quhen thay crave thame ocht;  
 Be thay unpayit, thy pursevandis ar socht,  
 To pund pure communis corne and cattell keir:  
 To wify all thir wrangus workis ar wrocht,  
 God gif thé grace aganis this guid new-yeir.

## XX.

*Paul* biddis nocht deill with thingis idolatheit,  
 Nor quhair hypocrasie hes bene committit;  
 Bot kirk-mennis cursit substance semis sweit  
 Till land-men, with that leud burd-lyme are kyttit;  
 Giff thou persave sum senyeour it hes smittit,  
 Solist thame softlie nocht to perseveir:  
 Hurt not thair honour, thocht thy hienes wittit,  
 Bot gracioullie forgife thame this guid yeir.

## XXI.

Forgifanis grant with glaidnes and guid will,  
 Gratis till all into your parliament;  
 Syne stabill statutis, steidfast to stand still,  
 That barrone, clerk, and burges be content:

Thy

Thy nobillis, erlis, and lordis consequent,  
 Treit tendir, to obtene thair hartis inteir;  
 That thay may serve and be obedient,  
 Unto thy Grace, aganis this guid new-yeir.

## XXII.

Sen so thou fittis in faitt superlatyve,  
 Caus everye stait to thair vocation go,  
 Scolastik men the scriptouris to descryve,  
 And majestratis to use the sward also,  
 Merchandis to trafique and travell to and fro,  
 Mechaniks wirk, husbandis to saw and scheir;  
 So fall be welth and weilfaire without wo,  
 Be grace of God aganis this guid new-yeir.

## XXIII.

Latt all thy realme be now in reddines,  
 With costlie clething to decoir thy cors;  
 Yung gentilmen for danfing thame address,  
 With courtlie ladyescuplit in consors;  
 Frak ferce gallandis for feild gemis enfors;  
 Enarmit knychtis at listis with scheild and speir,  
 To fecht in barrowis bayth on fute and hors,  
 Agane thy Grace gett ane guid-man this yeir.

## XXIV.

This yeir fall be imbassatis heir belyffe,  
 For mariage, frome princes, dukis, and kingis;  
 This yeir, within thy regioun, fall aryse,  
 Rowtis of the rankest that in Europ ringis;  
 This yeir bayth blythnes and abundance bringis,  
 Naveis of schippis outthrocht the sea to sneir,  
 With riches raymentis, and all royall thingis,  
 Agane thy Grace get ane guid-man this yeir.

## XXV.

## XXV.

Giffe sawis be futh to schaw thy celsitude,  
 Quhat berne suld bruke all *Bretane* be the fé ?  
 The prophecie expressei dois conclude,  
 The *Frensch* wyfe of the *Brucis* blude suld be :  
 Thow art bé lyne fra him the nynte degree,  
 And wes King *Frances* pairty maik and peir ;  
 So be discente, the same sould spring of thé,  
 By grace of God agane this gude new-yeir.

## XXVI.

Schortlie to conclud, on Christ cast thy comfort,  
 And chereis thame that thou hes undir charge ;  
 Suppone maist sure he fall thé fend support,  
 And len thé lustie liberos at large :  
 Beleif that Lord may harbary so thy bairge,  
 To make braid *Britane* blyth as bird on breir,  
 And thé extoll with his triumphand targe,  
 Victoriusslie agane this guid new-yeir.

## L' E N V O Y.

## XXVII.

Prudent, mais gent, tak tent, and prent the wordis  
 Intill this bill, with will tham still to face,  
 Quilkis ar nocht skar, to bar on far fra bowrdis,  
 Bot leale, but feale, may haell, avaeill thy Grace ;  
 Sen lo, thow scho this to, now do hes place,  
 Receive, and swaif, and haif, ingraif it heir :  
 This now, for prow, that yow, sweit dow, may brace,  
 Lang space, with grace, solace, and peace, this yeir.



## L E C T O R I.

## XXVIII.

Fresch, fulgent, flurist, fragrant flour, formois,  
 Lantern to luse, of ladeis lamp and lot,  
 Cherie maist chaist, cheif charbucle and chois;  
 Smaill sweit smaragde, smelling but smit of smot;  
 Noblest natour, nurice to nurtour not,  
 This dull indyte, dulce, dowble, dasy deir,  
 Sent be thy sempill servand *Sanderis Scott*,  
 Greiting grit God to grant thy Grace guid yeir.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

*Lament*



*Lament of the Maister of Erskyn.*

## I.

**D**Eparte, departe, departe, allace ! I most departe  
 Frome hir that hes my hart, with hart full soir,  
 Aganis my will indeid, and can find no remeid,  
 I wait, the panis of deid can do no moir.

## II.

Now most I go, allace ! frome sight of her sweit face,  
 The grund of all my grace and soverane :  
 Quhat chans that may fall me, fall I nevir mirry be,  
 Unto the tyme I sé my sweit agane.

## III.

I go, and wait nocht quhair, I wandir heir and thair,  
 I weip and sichis rycht fair, with panis smart,  
 Now most I pass away, in wildirness and willfull way;  
 Allace ! this wofull day we suld departe.

## IV.

My spreit dois quaik for dreid, my thirlit hairt dois  
 bleid,  
 My painis dois exceid ; quhat fuld I say ?  
 I wofull wycht allone, makand ane petous mone,  
 Allace ! my hairt is gone, for evir and ay.

## V.

Throw langour of my sweit, so thirlit is my spreit,  
 My dayis ar most compleit, throw hir absence :  
 Chryst, sen scho knew my smert, ingraivit in my  
 hairt,  
 Becaus I most departe frome hir presens.

## VI.

Adew, my awin sweit thing, my joy and comforting,  
 My mirth and sollecing, of erdly gloir :  
 Fairweill, my lady bricht, and my remembrance  
 rycht ;  
 Fair weill, and haif gud nycht ; I say no moir.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

*To his Heart.*

## I.

**R**eturne thé hamewart, hairt, agane,  
 And byde quhair thou was wont to be ;  
 Thow art ane fule to suffer pane,  
 For luve of hir that luvis not thé.  
 My hairt, lat be sic fantesie,  
 Luve nane bot as thay mak thé cause,  
 And lat her seik ane hairt for thé ;  
 For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

## II.

To quhat effect sould thou be thrall ?  
 But thank sen thou hes thy fré will ;  
 My hairt be nocht sa bestiall,  
 But knaw quha dois thé guid or ill.  
 Remane with me, and tarry still,  
 And fé quha playis best their pawis,  
 And lat fillok ga fling her fill ;  
 For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

## III.

Thocht scho be fair, I will not fenyie,  
 Scho is the kind of utheris ma ;  
 For quhy ? thair is a fellone menyie,  
 That semis gud, and ar not sa.  
 My hairt tak nowdir pane nor wa,  
 For Meg, for Merjory, or yit Mawis,  
 Bot be thou glaid, and latt hir ga ;  
 For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

## IV.

## IV.

Becaus I find scho tuk in ill,  
 At her departing thow mak na cair;  
 Bot all begyld, go quhair scho will,  
 A schrew the hairt that mane makis mair.  
 My hairt be mirry lait and air,  
 This is the fynall end and clause;  
 And let her fallow ane filly fair,  
 For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

*Lament quhen his Wyfe left him.*

## I.

**T**O luvē unluvit it is ane pane ;  
 For scho that is my soverane,  
 Sum wantoun man so hé hes fet hir,  
 That I can get no lufe agane,  
 Bot breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

## II.

Quhen that I went with that sweit May,  
 To dance, to sing, to sport, and play,  
 And oft tymes in my eirmis plet hir ;  
 I do now murne both nycht and day,  
 And breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

## III.

Quhair I wes wont to fé hir go,  
 Rycht trymly passand to and fro,  
 With cumly smylis quhen that I met hir ;  
 And now I leif in pane and wo,  
 And breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir.

## IV.

Quhattane ane glaikit fule am I,  
 To slay myself with melancoly,  
 Sen weill I ken I may nocht get hir ?  
 Or quhat suld be the caus, and quhy,  
 To breke my hairt, and nocht the bettir ?

## V.

My hairt, sen thow may nocht hir pleis,  
 Adew ; as gude lufe cumis as gais,  
 Go chuse ane udir, and forget hir :  
 God gif him dolour and diseis,  
 That breks [his] hairt, and nocht the bettir.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

*Of Wemenkynd.*

## I.

**I** Muse and mervellis in my mynd,  
 Quhat way to wryt, or put in vers,  
 The quent counsailis of wemen-kynd,  
 Or half thair havingis to rehers;  
 I fynd thair haill affectioun  
 So contrair thair complexioun.

## II.

For quhy? no leid unleill thay leit,  
 Untrewth exprefly thay expell;  
 Yit thay ar planeist and repleit,  
 Of falsset and dissait thair sell:  
 So find I thair affectioun  
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

## III.

Thay favour no wayis fuliche men,  
 And verry few of thame ar wyis,  
 All gredy personis thay misken,  
 And thay ar full of covettyis;  
 So find I thair affectioun  
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

## IV.

I can thame call but kittie unsellis,  
 That takkis sic maneris at thair motheris,  
 To bid men keip thair secreit counsailis,  
 Syne schaw the same againe till uthiris;  
 So find I thair affectioun  
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

## V.

Thay lawch with thame that thay dispyt,  
 And with thair lykingis thay lament ;  
 Of thair wanhap thay lay the wyt  
 On thair leill luvaris innocent :  
 So find I thair affectioun  
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

## VI.

Thay wald be rewit, and hes no rewth,  
 Thay wald be menit, and no man menis,  
 Thay wald be trowit, and hes no trewth,  
 Thay wifs thair will that skant weill wenys :  
 So find I thair affectioun  
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

## VII.

Thay forge the friendschip of the fremmit,  
 And fleis the favour of thair freinds ;  
 Thay wald with nobill men be memmit,  
 Syne laittandly to lawar leinds :  
 So find I thair affectioun  
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

## VIII.

Thay lichtly sone, and cuvettis quickly ;  
 Thay blame ilk body, and thay blekit ;  
 Thay kindill fast, and dois ill lickly ;  
 Thay sklander saikles, and thay suspettit :  
 So find I thair affectioun  
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

## IX.

## IX.

Thay wald haif all men bund and thrall  
 To thame, and thay for to be fré;  
 Thay covet ilk man at thair call,  
 And thay to leif at libertie:  
 So find I thair affectioun  
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

## X.

Thay tak delyt in martiall deidis,  
 And ar of nature tremebund;  
 Thay wald men nureist all thair neids,  
 Syne confortles lattis thame confound:  
 So find I thair affectioun  
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

## XI.

Thay wald haif wating on alway,  
 But guerdoun, genyeild, or [regard];  
 Thay wald haif reddy serwands ay,  
 But recompans, thank, or rewaird:  
 So find I thair affectioun  
 Contrair thair awin complexioun.

## XII.

The vertew of this writ and vigour,  
 Maid in comparisone it is,  
 That famenene ar of this figour,  
 Quilk clippit is *Antiphrasis*;  
 For quhy? thair haill affectioun  
 Is contrair thair complexioun.



## XIII.

I wat, gud wemen will not wyt me,  
 Nor of this sedull be eschamit;  
 For be thay courtas, thay will quyt me;  
 And gif thay crab, heir I quytclame it;  
 Confessand thair affectioun  
 Conforme to thair complexioun.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

*Rondel*

*Rondel of Lufe.*

## I.

**L**O quhat it is to lufe,  
 Lerne ye that list to prufe,  
 Be me, I say, that no ways may,  
 The grund of greif remove,  
 Bot still decay, both nycht and day;  
 Lo quhat it is to lufe.

## II.

Lufe is ane fervent fyre,  
 Kendillit without desyre,  
 Schort plesour, lang displefour;  
 Repentance is the hyre;  
 Ane pure tressour, without messour;  
 Lufe is ane fervent fyre.

## III.

To lufe and to be wyifs,  
 To rege with gud adwyifs;  
 Now thus, now than so gois the game,  
 Incertaine is the dyifs:  
 Thair is no man, I say, that can,  
 Both lufe and to be wyifs.

## IV.

Flé alwayis frome the snair,  
 Lerne at me to beware;  
 It is ane pane and dowbill trane  
 Of endlefs wo and cair;  
 For to refrane that denger plane,  
 Flé alwayis frome the snair.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

*The Luvaris Lament.*

## I.

**P**Ausing in hairt, with spreit opprest,  
 This hindernycht bygon,  
 My corps for walking wes molest,  
 For lufe only of on.  
 Allace ! quhome to suld I mak mon,  
 Sen this come to lait :  
 Cauld cauld culis the lufe  
 That kendills our het.

## II.

Hir bewty, and hir maikles maik,  
 Dois reif my spreit me fro,  
 And caussis me no rest to tak,  
 Bot tumbling to and fro.  
 My curage than is hence ago,  
 Sen I may nocht hir gett :  
 Cauld cauld culis the lufe  
 That kendills our het.

## III.

Hir first to lufe quhen I began,  
 I troud scho luvit me ;  
 Bot I, allace ! wes nocht the man,  
 That best pleisit her é :  
 Thairfoir will I let dolour be,  
 And gang ane uthir gett :  
 Cauld cauld culis the lufe  
 That kendills our het.

## IV.

## IV.

First quhen I kest my fantesy,  
 Thair fermly did I stand,  
 And howpit weill that scho suld be  
 All haill at my command;  
 Bot suddanly scho did ganestand,  
 And contrair maid debait:  
 Cauld could culis the lufe  
 That kendills our het.

## V.

Hir proper makdome so perfyte,  
 Hir visage cleir of hew;  
 Scho raissis on me sic appetyte,  
 And caussis me hir persew.  
 Allace! scho will nocht on me rew,  
 Nor gré with myne estait:  
 Cauld could culis the lufe  
 That kendills our het.

## VI.

Sen scho hes left me in distrefs,  
 In dolour and in cair,  
 Without I get sum uthir grace,  
 My lyfe will lest no mair;  
 Scho is our proper, trym, and fair,  
 Ane trew hairt to oursett:  
 Cauld could culis the lufe  
 That kendills our het.

## VII.

Suld I ly doun in haviness,  
 I think it is bot vane,  
 I will get up with mirriness,  
 And cheiss als gud againe;

For I will maik to yow plane,  
 My hairt it is oursett :  
 Could could culis the lufe  
 That kendills our het.

## VIII.

No, no, I will nocht trow as yet,  
 That scho will leif me so,  
 Nor yit that scho will chenge or flit,  
 As thoch scho be my fo.  
 Thairfoir will I lat dolour go,  
 And gang ane uthir gait :  
 Could could culis the lufe  
 That kendills our het.

FETHY.

*The*

*The Wife of Auchtermuchty.*

## I.

**I**N Auchtermuchty thair dwelt ane man,  
 An husband, as I hard it tawld,  
 Quha weill could tippill out a can,  
 And naithir luvit hungir nor cauld :  
 Qubill anis it fell upon a day,  
 He yokkit his pleuch upon the plain ;  
 Gif it be trew, as I heard say,  
 The day was fowll for wind and rain.

## II.

He lowsit the pleuch at the landis end,  
 And draife his oxin hame at evin ;  
 Quhen he come in he lukit ben,  
 And saw the wif baith dry and clene,  
 And sittand at ane fyre, beik and bawld,  
 With ane fat fowp, as I hard say :  
 The man being verry weit and cawld,  
 Betwein thay twa it was na play.

## III.

Quoth he, Quhair is my horsis corn ?  
 My ox hes naithir hay nor stray ;  
 Dame, ye man to the pleuch to morn,  
 I fall be hussy, gif I may.  
 Husband, quoth scho, content am I  
 To tak the pleuch my day about,  
 Sa ye will rewill baith kavis and ky,  
 And all the house baith in and out.

## IV.

## IV.

But sen that ye will hussyskep ken,  
 First ye fall sist, and syne fall kned ;  
 And ay as ye gang but and ben,  
 Luk that the bairnis dr—— not the bed.  
 Yeis lay ane soft wyfp to the kill,  
 We haif ane deir ferme on our heid ;  
 And ay as ye gang furth and in,  
 Keip weill the gaislingis fra the gled.

## V.

The wyf was up richt late at evin,  
 I pray God gife her evill to fair,  
 Scho kirnd the kirn, and skumd it clene,  
 And lest the gudeman bot the bledoch bair :  
 Than in the morning up scho gat,  
 And on hir hairt laid hir disjune,  
 And pat als meikle in hir lap,  
 As micht haif ferd them baith at nune.

## VI.

Says, Jok, will be thou maister of wark,  
 And thou fall had, and I fall kall ;  
 Ise promise thé ane gude new fark,  
 Outhir of round claith or of small.  
 Scho lowsit the oxin aught or nine,  
 And hynt ane gad-staff in her hand ;  
 Up the gudeman raise astir syne,  
 And saw the wyf had done command.

## VII.

And cawd the gaislingis furth to feid,  
 Thair was bot sevensum of tham all ;  
 And by thair cumis the gredy gled,  
 And lickit up five, lest him bot twa ;

Then



Than out he ran in all his mane,  
 How fune he hard the gaislingis cry;  
 But than or he came in againe,  
 The calvis brak louse and fuckit the ky.

## VIII.

The calvis and ky met in the lone,  
 The man ran with ane rung to red;  
 Than thair cumis ane ill-willy cow,  
 And brodit his buttock quhill that it bled.  
 Than hame ran to an rok of tow,  
 And he satt down to say the spinning;  
 I trow he lowtit our neir the low,  
 Quoth he, this wark hes ill beginning.

## IX.

Than to the kirn that did he floure,  
 And jumlit at it quhill he swat:  
 Quhen he had fumblit a full lang hour,  
 The sorow scrap of butter he gatt.  
 Albeit na butter he could gett,  
 Yit he was cummerit with the kirne,  
 And syne he het the milk our het,  
 And sorrow a spark of it wald yyrne.

## X.

Than ben their cam ane greidy sow,  
 I trow he cund hir littill thank;  
 For in scho schot hir mekle mow,  
 And ay scho winkit and scho drank.  
 He cleikit up ane crukit club,  
 And thocht to hitt the sow a rout,  
 The twa gaislings the gled had left,  
 That straik dang baith their harnis out.

## XI.

Than he bear kendling to the kill,  
 But scho start all up in ane low,  
 Quhat evir he hard, quhat evir he saw,  
 That day he had na will to wow.  
 Than he gied to take up the bairnis,  
 Thocht to haif fund thame fair and clene ;  
 The first that he got in his armis  
 Was all bedirtin to the ene.

## XII.

The first that he gat in his armis,  
 It was all dirt up to the eine ;  
 The devill cut aff thair hands, quoth he,  
 That fild you all as fow yiftrein.  
 He trailit the foull sheitis down the gait,  
 Thocht to haif wascht them on an stane ;  
 The burn wes risen grit of spait,  
 Away fra him the sheitis hes tane.

## XIII.

Then up he gat on ane know heid,  
 On hir to cry, on hir to schout,  
 Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,  
 Bot stoutly steirid the stottis about.  
 Scho draif the day unto the nicht,  
 Scho lowfit the pleuch and syne come hame ;  
 Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt,  
 I trow the man thocht right grit schame.

## XIV.

Quoth he, my office I forsaik,  
 For all the dayis of my lyfe,  
 For I wald put ane house to wraik,  
 Had I bene twenty dayis gudwife.

Quoth

Quoth scho, weill met ye bruke your place,  
 For trewlie I will never exceptit ;  
 Quoth he, feind fall the lyaris face,  
 Bot yit ye may be blyth to get it.

## XV.

Than up scho gat ane mekle rung,  
 And the gudman maid to the doir ;  
 Quoth he, Deme, I fall hald my tung,  
 For and we fecht I'll gett the woir.  
 Quoth he, quhen I forseik my pleuch,  
 I trow I bot forfuk my seill,  
 And I will to my pleuch agane,  
 For I and this hous will nevir do weill.

*Darnley's Ballat.*

## I.

**G**ife langour makis men licht,  
 Or dolour thame decoir,  
 In crth thair is no wicht  
 May me compair in gloir.  
 Gif cairfull thoftis reftoir  
 My havy hairt frome sorrow,  
 I am, for evir moir,  
 In joy, both evin and morrow.

## II.

Gif plefer be to pance,  
 I playnt me nocht opprest,  
 Or absence nicht awance,  
 My hairt is haill posselt :  
 Gif want of quiet rest,  
 From cairis nicht me convoy,  
 My mynd is nocht mollest,  
 Bot evir moir in joy.

## III.

Thocht that I pance in paine,  
 In passing to and fro,  
 I laubor all in vane,  
 For so hes mony mo,  
 That hes nocht servit so,  
 In futing of thair sweit,  
 The nare the fyre I go,  
 The grittar is my heit.

## IV.

## IV.

The turtour for hir maik,  
 Mair dule may nocht indure ;  
 Nor I do for hir faik,  
 Evin hir quha hes in cure  
 My hairt, quilk fal be sure,  
 And service to the deid,  
 Unto that lady pure,  
 The woll of woman heid.

## V.

Schaw schedull to that sueit,  
 My pairt so permanent,  
 That no mirth quhill we meit,  
 Sall cause me be content :  
 Bot still my hairt lament,  
 In sorrowfull ficking soir,  
 Till tyme scho be present,  
 Fairweill, I say no moir.

King HENRY STEWART.



## NOTES on the preceding POEMS.

*The Thistle and the Rose.* p. 1.

**T**HIS is a poem of acknowledged merit : Every reader will remember Mr Langhorne's encomium :

“ Time still spares the *Thistle and the Rose*.”

It was occasioned by the nuptials of James IV. King of Scots, and Margaret Tudor, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. King of England : An event on which the fate of the two nations has turned throughout every succeeding age ; to it we owe the union of the crowns, the union of the kingdoms, and the Protestant succession.

This poem was finished, as Dunbar himself informs us, on the 9th of May, [1503], near three months before the arrival of the Queen in Scotland. She was the patroness of Poetry at its early dawn with us. Stewart, in his poem called *Lerges, lerges*, thus gratefully speaks, stanza 10.

“ Grit God releif Margaret our Quene,  
 “ For and scho war as scho hes bene,  
 “ Scho wald be lurger of lufray  
 “ Than all the laif that I of mene,  
 “ For *lerges* of this new-yeir day.”

Stanza 1. l. 1. This verse is to be pronounced thus :

“ Quhen Merche wes with *va-ri-and* windis past.”

The former publisher, not attending to the rules, or rather to the licence, of Scottish prosody, changed the expression into,

“ Quhen



“ Quhen Merche with variand winds was over-  
“ past.”

This may be a better line than what Dunbar could make ; but it is the business of a publisher to set forth other mens works, not his own.”

—— 1. 2. “ Appryle.” This word is to be pronounced as a trissyllable. The Scots still pronounce *April* thus, *Aperil* ; Lat. *Aperilis*. Possibly Dunbar wrote *Aprilis*, as in the very first line of his master, Chaucer.

—— 1. 4. “ Thair *heuris*.” Hours, *heures*, means their matins or morning-orisons. Chaucer has made a full choir of birds : p. 570. Urie’s edition,

“ On May-day when the lark began to ryse,  
“ To *Matins* went the lusty nightingal,” &c.

In the *Evergreen*, Dunbar’s verse is turned thus : “ Be-  
“ gin by *timous hours* ;” which is both profaic, and wide of the sense of the poet.

St. 2. 1. 5. “ Fro the *splene*.” From the splene, or, as we would now say, from the heart, assiduoussly, ardently. It appears to have been a fashionable phrase in the 16th century, but is now forgotten.

St. 7. 1. 7. “ Doing of dew down fleit ;” i. e. quickly dropping dew.

St. 9. 1. 1. “ And as the *blissfull sone of cherarchy*.” Instead of *cherarchy*, the *Evergreen* has, “ drave up “ the sky.” “ The blissfull sone of cherarchy,” means the thanksgiving of the angels, in allusion to Job xxxviii. the holy shout of the host angelical.

St. 10. 1. 4. “ No *schouris*.” The word “ *schouris*,” must be pronounced as a trissyllable, *Scho-u-ris*. In the *Evergreen* there is substituted,

“ That

“ That nowther blaschy shower, nor blasts mair  
cauld.”

A line adapted to modern prosody, making *schouris* from three syllables, and *blastis* from two, to become one; adding *blaschy*, a superfluous epithet, and *mair*, an unmeaning comparative.

St. 12. l. 6. “ Full craftely conjurit scho the yarrow.” The yarrow is *Achillea*, or *Millefolium*, vulgarly *sneefwort*. I know no reason for selecting this plant to go on the message to all flowers, but that its name has been supposed to be derived from *arrow*, being held a remedy for flesh wounds inflicted by that weapon. The poet, in apology for personifying *sneefwort*, has added, “ full craftily conjurit scho.” A ridiculous enough example of the *ratio ultima vatum*, the ΘΕΟΣ ΑΠΟ ΜΗΧΑΝΗΣ.

St. 13. l. 7. “ And courage leonyne.” Allan Ramsay observes, “ this perhaps may be smiled at; but “ there is as much to laugh at in the modern phrase, “ of one’s looking like himself.” I cannot admit, as a sufficient apology for an old phrase, that a newer one equally absurd is still employed. Indeed the expression *courage leonyne*, used of a lion, has nothing at which “ one may smile,” unless that *one* be of the vulgar, who judge of language without learning, and deride what they do not understand. The expression means no more, than “ with a heart such as befits a “ lion.” In old French, *courage* means *cœur*. Thus *courage feminine*, would, from analogy, mean the tender sensibility which befits the nature of woman.

St. 14. The manner of blazoning the Scottish arms is ingenious and elegant.

St. 17. l. 7. “ Quhois noble yre is proteir prostra  
“ tis.” This obscure expression was not understood by Allan Ramsay. In place of it he has, happily enough, substituted

substituted "his greitnes mitigates." There is, probably, some error in the MS. From the word *prostratis* being used, a very intelligent gentleman concludes, that the passage, however corrupted, has an allusion to the manly sentiment of Virgil, *parcere subjctis*: thus expressed in the motto of an illustrious family, "Est nobilis ira leonis."

St. 21. This is an ingenious exhortation to conjugal fidelity, drawn from the high birth, beauty, and virtues of the Princess Margaret.

St. 22. l. 3. "Aboif the *lilly*, illustrare of lynage." Of more noble lineage than the lilly. He prefers *Tudor* to *Valois*; for there can be no doubt that the *lilly* means France.

St. 25. l. 4. "Of mighty *coullors twane*." The white of York, and the red of Lancaster. The medal of James I. is well known: "*Rosās Henricus, regna Jacobus*;" Evelyn of medals, p. 102. May there never be occasion to add, "*At quis concordēs animos?*"

St. 27. The conclusion of this stanza is taken from Allan Ramsay, who caught the spirit of Dunbar, which Dunbar himself seems to have let escape, by his bald and prosaic conclusion.

"And thus I wret as ye haif hard to forrow,  
"Of lusty May upone the nynt morrow."

A conclusion worse, if worse may be, than the lines of Ben Jonson to Sir Kenelm Digby:

"Witness thy victory gained at Scanderoon,  
"Upon thy birth-day the *eleventh of June*."

*The Goldin Terge.* p. 8.

**T**His poem was much admired in the days of its author. By it Sir David Lindesay seems to estimate the poetical merit of Dunbar :

—— “ who language had at lerge,  
 “ As may be fene intil his *Goldin Terge*.”

It is rich in *description* and in *allegory* ; but it will not afford much entertainment to those who, in obsolete poems, seek for the manners of a remote age. The scene might have been laid, with as much propriety, in Italy as in Scotland, and with more propriety during Paganism, than in the 16th century.

St. 29. l. 7. “ Was thou nocht of *our Inglis* all the  
 “ licht.”

Dunbar was a native of Salton in East Lothian, and consequently looked upon himself as an Anglo-Saxon by birth. From other passages of his poems, it appears that he was too apt to despise those who were born *without the English pale*. Such confined ideas must be attributed to the ignorant and illiberal age in which it was his misfortune to live.

Every one must admit the justice of his panegyric on Chaucer, who was indeed a prodigy.

St. 30. l. 6. “ And hesourgilt our speiche, that im-  
 perfyte  
 Stude, or your goldin pennis schup to wryt.”

My readers will not be displeased to see a panegyric on the English language by a Danish poet, Henricus Harderus, Epigr. l. 3. No 93.

“ Perfectam



this extraordinary personage. The bishop could not avoid likening the abbot of Tunland to Simon Magus : there is, however, this difference between the stories, that the fanatic Italian *did* attempt to fly, whereas the adventure of Simon Magus is a stupid, inconsistent, impossible fable.

Lefley says, that the Abbot of Tunland thus accounted for his misfortune. “ My wings, said he, “ were composed of various feathers ; among them “ were the feathers of dunghill fowls, and they, by a “ certain sort of sympathy, were attracted towards “ the dunghill ; whereas had my wings been composed of the feathers of eagles alone, the same sympathy would have attracted them into the region of “ air.” A fit apology during the reign of *sympathies and antipathies* !

St. 1. l. 3. “ A *swening swyth* did me assaile ;” a vision suddenly came upon me.

—— l. 5. “ A Turk of *Tartary*.” The Turks were first known by the name of *Tartars*, from the country out of which they issued. There is a curious account of the Turks in the Chronicle of Melros, much in the form of a news-paper.

Here let me observe, in passing, that the origin of news-papers is probably to be ascribed to the circular letters from the Pope to the clergy, or from the generals of the different religious orders to their conventual brethren. Anciently those news-papers were occasional and rare ; but now things are changed. 13 Evening-Posts make a Magazine, 12 Magazines make a Register, and, it is supposed, 20 Registers may make a History.

—— l. 7. “ *Forloppin*.” A fugitive or vagabond.

—— l. 8. “ In wachman’s weid ;” in the dress of a stroller or wanderer. *Waif* pronounced *waff*, is a *stray*. The English still pronounce *ch* as *ff*, *loff* for *loch*.

St. 2. l. 1. “ Fra baptasing for to eschew ;” to avoid being baptized ; for had he been discovered, he would



have been made a slave, or, by way of alternative, forced to profess Christianity.

—— 1. 4. “For he cowth wryte and reid;” the meaning is, as he could read and write, he was able to pass for a frier under the habit which he had assumed.

—— 1. 8. “With litill of Lumbard *leid*,” either “with small knowledge of the Italian language,” or “with a little or a smattering of Italian literature,” or “with some knowledge of the Lombard business of broker.”

St. 3. 1. 4. “Or he *hyne yeid*.” Before he went from thence.

—— 1. 5. “*Vane-organis* he full clenely carvit.” This is a very obscure line. The glossary subjoined to the *Evergreen* passes it over, as indeed it does almost every phrase which is not known to the vulgar.

—— “*Vane-organis*,” seems to mean the veins of the head; and then the sense will be, He was dextrous in bleeding at the veins of the head. This is commonly performed by cupping-glasses, which no doubt would be considered in Scotland as a curious operation.

—— 1. 6. “Of his straik sae mony starvit;” when so many died by his stroke. The word *straik*, or *stroke*, seems to confirm the notion, that cupping-glasses are here meant. *Starvit* is a word still preserved in English, implying a violent death by hunger. *To starve of cold*, is still a Scottish expression, from the word *star-en*, to die.

St. 4. 1. 5. “In pottingry he wrocht grit pyne.” Acting in the character of apothecary he did much mischief. The poet distinguishes the three branches of the *healing art* all joined in this empyric, “Pottingry, medecyne, and leiche-craft.”

—— 1. 7. “This *Jow*,” not this Jew, but this juggler or magician. The words to *jowk*, to deceive, and *jowkery-pawkry*, juggling tricks, are still in use.

In



In Lord Hyndford's MS. p. 136. there is a fragment of a sort of fairy tale, where "Scho is the Quene of *Jowis*;" means, she is the queen of magicians.

St. 5. l. 2. 3. "He wald haif for a nycht to byd,  
" A hacknay and the hurtman's hyd."

His fees were so exorbitant, that one night's attendance cost a horse, the most sumptuous of presents in those days, and the skin of the patient, still alluding, as it would seem, to the manner in which the mountebank applied his cupping-glasses. *Hyd* may mean *hidden treasure*, or *hoard*; but the other interpretation seems more simple.

—— 1. 4. "So meikle he was of *myance*." Probably corrupted from *moiens*. It means expedients for gain.

—— 1. 5. "His *yrins* was rude as ony rawchtir." His surgical instruments were like those used in torture. Ungrammatical phrases, such as "*yrins* was," are very frequent in this collection.

—— 1. 8. "*Gardevyance*." Literally *garde de viande*, or cupboard; but here it implies his cabinet. The glossary subjoined to the *Evergreen*, ridiculously enough explains it to be *a case of instruments*.

In this stanza and the following, the poet describes his hero busied in the laboratory. "This dignitary of the church," says he, "never chose to go to mass, although warned by the holy bell, or skellat. [This name is still given to a sort of rattle which criers use.] His head with beating at the anvil was spotted or speckled like a blacksmith's; brinkit, [probably an error of the transcriber for bruikit.] Although a new-made canon, he disobeyed the ecclesiastical law, which requires persons of that station to say matins. He neither put on *stole* nor *fanon*, [stola and manipulus, or sudarium, parts of the vest-

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"ments

“ments of an officiating priest], lest they should have been defiled with the smoke of his laboratory.”

St. 8. l. 2. “To mak the *quintessance* and failycit.” Of alchemy and its royal bubbles, there is a good account in a tract by J. F. Buddeus. “An alchemista sint in republica tolerandi;” *Halæ Saxonum*, 1712, 12mo. This tract contains a curious anecdote, which appears to have a free circulation in Germany. § 3. “In Anglia quoque olim legem fuisse, ne cui sine  
“permisso principis, sub poena capitis, alchemiam exercere liceat, auctor est Martinus Delrio, l. i. Disq. Mag. c. 5. 9. 4. Cui tamen contrariam legem opposuit, in eodem regno Henricus IV. *quatuor edictis*  
“fanciens, ut omnes et singuli incolæ præparando lapidi philosophico operam darent, quo ære alieno  
“exire posset respublica. Et lepida est ratio, qua sacerdotes, ad prosequendum chrysopoeæ studium  
“impellit : *quod cum sint adeo felices in pane et vino in corpus, et sanguinem Christi transubstantiandis, facile*  
“*etiam ignobilius metallum in nobilius convertere possint.* Mentionem horum edictorum injicit Jo. Pettus Anglus, in *fodinis mineralibus*; sive, *the history, laws, and places of the chief mines and mineral works in England*, p. 1. c. 27. Ex quo hæc refert Georgius Pashius *de inventis nov-antiquis*, c. 6. p. 332. Qui et Morhofium d. transmut. metallorum, § 12. p. 287. hujus rei testem addit, cui hanc in rem inquirenti a custode regionum diplomatum responsum sit, ipsa autographa hodieque supersse in Archivo.” The four acts of parliament, H. 4. recommending the study of alchemy, in order to pay the national debt, would be a curious accession to the statute-book. James IV. of Scotland was a professed admirer of alchemy. In a letter from him to Mr James Inglis, *epist. reg. Scot.* v. i. p. 119. he says, “Animi tui benevolentiam gratanter accepimus, qua, datis ad nos  
“literis reconditos alchemiæ *sanioris philosophiæ* libros apud te esse significas : quos etsi viri dignissimi  
“abs

“ abs te peterent, ad nostros tamen usus difficilius  
 “ fervas, quia nos *eo artis studio teneri audieras.*”

St. 8. l. 4. “ A *fedrom* on he take.” After having in vain attempted to make the grand elixir, he put on wings ; *fedrom* or *fedderome*, is *feathering*.

—— l. 5. “ And *schupe* in Turkey for to flie.” Shaped his course, or prepared himself to fly back into the land of the Turks, which the poet has thought proper to represent as the native country of this friar.

St. 9. &c. The author has introduced the names of many different fowls. Instead of cumbering the glossary with the explication of a multitude of words which occur but once, I will explain them here as well as I am able. *Gled*, *sparhawk*, *tarsal*, *slanchel*, *biffart*, *marlyen*, *niittane*, are all different kinds of hawks. *Pyot*, magpie ; *crawis*, common crows ; *mawis*, mew ; *gormaw*, cormorant ; *kayis*, jack-daws ; *ja*, geay ; *egilt*, eagle ; *hornet-howle*, great horned owl ; *rukis*, rooks ; *St Martin's fowl*, the marten or martlet, which is supposed to leave this country about St Martin's day in the beginning of winter ; *cuschettis*, is ring-doves ; but from the company they are placed in, may be understood of *chouette*, common owl.

St. 10. l. 7. “ To the *spring* him sped.” Betook himself hastily to his *spring* or flight.

St. 11. l. 8. “ Scho held them at a *hynt*.” Literally held them by a hold, i. e. held them fast.

St. 13. l. 1. “ *Skrippit* with a skryke.” The word *skrippit* signifies to make mouths in sign of derision.

—— l. 5. “ Uncunnandy he cawkit.” Unknowingly he bewrayed himself.

—— l. 7, “ Hawkit.” Horned cattle are called *hawkit* when they have streaks on their skin, and particularly on their foreheads.

*Dream of the Abbot of Tunland.* p.23.

**S**T. 5. l. 2. "Mahoun." According to Matth. Paris, p. 289. ad an. 1236, *Maho* is the same with Mahomet. Du Cange, voc *Mahum*, has quoted various passages from the old French poets, which he thinks proves this. A more direct proof is to be found in the fragment of the Fairy tale, formerly quoted, where the following lines occur.

" The carling now for dispyte,  
 " Is mareit with *Machomyte*,  
 " Senfyne the cokkis of Crawmound crew nevir a  
 " day,  
 " For dule of that devillish deme was with *Mahoun*  
 mareit," &c.

Here *Mahoun* and *Mahomet* are evidently synonymous. It would seem that the Franks hearing the Saracens swear by their prophet, imagined him to be some evil spirit which they worshipped: Hence all over the western world *Mahoun* came to be an appellation of the devil.

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*The Daunce.* p. 27.

**T**HE drawing of this picture is bold, the figures well grouped. I do not recollect ever to have seen the *seven deadly sins* painted by a more masterly pencil than that of Dunbar. His designs certainly excel the explanatory peacocks and serpents of Callot.

St. 1. l. 1. "Of Februar the fiftene nycht." He afterwards mentions this to have been on the eve of Lent; so that the precise date of this poem may be ascertained, viz. in that year of the reign of James IV. or James V. when Lent began on the 16th February.

—— l. 6. "Mahoun." See note to "The vision concerning the Abbot of Tungland."

—— l. 7. "*Shrewis* that wer never schrevin." Accursed persons who had never made confession to the priest, nor of consequence obtained absolution.

—— l. 10. "Gallands ga *graith a gyis*." Gallants prepare a mask. The exhibitions of *gyfarts* are still known in Scotland, being the same with the Christmas monimery of the English. In Scotland, even till the beginning of this century, maskers were admitted into any fashionable family, if the person who introduced them was known, and became answerable for the behaviour of his companions. Dancing with the maskers ensued.—*This*, I suppose, was the *promiscuous dancing*, the subject of many a sad declamation, borrowed from Prynne and other writers of that sort.

—— l. 12. "*Gamountis*." *Gambade, crurum jactatio*, of the newest French fashion.

St. 2. l. 4. "And *first* of all in dance wes *Pryd*." Pride properly takes place of all the other deadly sins. *By that sin fell the angels*.—He is described in the ceremony-habit of those times, in his bonnet and gown, his hair loosely thrown back, his cap awry; his *kethat*, *casoque*, or gown, industriously made to fall down to his feet in ample folds.

—— l. 10). "Trumpour." I know no word in English that approaches so nearly to the sense of this as the vulgar one, *rattle-scall*. In the Low Dutch, *tromp* is a rattle; *trompen*, to rattle. It is more immediately derived from the French, *trompeur*, when understood as that whereby one is deceived; for the context will not admit of our understanding it in the sense of an active cheat.

St. 3. l. 1. "*Heilie Harlottis on hawtane wyis.*" This is a bold line, if it implies, as I think it does, "Holy whores in haughty guise."

——— l. 6. "*Black-belly and Bawfy-Brown.*" Popular names of certain spirits. *Bawfy-Brown* seems to be the English Robin Goodfellow, known in Scotland by the name of *Brownie*. In Lord Hyndford's MS. p. 104. among other spirits there occurs,

"Brownie als that can play kow  
"Behind the claith with mony mow."

St. 4. l. 4. "*Boftaris, braggaris, and barganeris.*" Huffers, (or threatners), boasters, and they who pick quarrels.

——— l. 6. "*All bodin in feir of weir.*" Literally all arrayed in feature of war. "*Bodin* and *feir of weir*, are both in the statute-book. Sir David Lindsay thus speaks of the state of Scotland during the minority of James V. p. 202.

"Oppression did sa loud his bugil blaw,  
"That nane durst ride but into feir of weir."

i. e. His horn so loudly did oppression blow,  
That none durst journey but in martial shew.

——— l. 7. "*In Jakkis, stryppis, and bonnetis of steill.*" With short coats of mail, and steel head-pieces. *Stryppis* may signify *stirrups*. It is oddly joined with armour.

——— l. 8. "*Thair leggis wer chenyiet to the heill.*" Probably their legs were all covered with iron net-work.

St. 5. l. 10. "*With rownaris of fals lesingis.*" Rounders or whisperers of false injurious reports. Dunbar, with a generous indignation, laments that the gates



gates of princes were not shut against the plague of such vermin.

St. 6. l. 6. "All with that *Warlo* went." "Warloch" is still used for a male witch or magician. See Lye in his additions to Junius. Voc. *Warlochhud-pyke*, was used in that age for a *miser*.

—— 1. 8. "A *fudder* or *fidder*." It is properly 128 lb. weight, but here it is used for any indefinite great quantity.

St. 7. l. 4. "Mony *fwair bumbard* belly-huddroun." *Sweir*, lazy, sluggish. In modern language, the consequence only is used; for *fwair* means unwilling. *Bumbard*: The meaning of this word is to be found in *Pierce Ploughman*, p. 24. p. 2. quoted by Skinner. "And who so *bummed* thereof, bought it thereafter, a gallon for a grote." Skinner says, "Videtur ex contextu, quicumque eam cerevisiam gustavit, vel quicumque eam appetiit seu concupivit." Hence *bummard*, *bumbard*, *bumpard*, must be a trier or a taster, "Celui qui goute." A *drammer* will be found to have a like signification; he who drinks often in small quantities. "Belly-huddroun." The word *huddroun* is still used for "a slovenly disorderly person."

—— 1. 5. "Mony *slute daw*, and *slepy duddroun*." *Slute*, *slawth*, slothful. *Daw*, idle, useless, creature. G. Douglas says, Prologue to Maphæus's supplement, p. 452. l. 23.

"I wyl not be ane *daw*, I wyl not *sleip*."

"*Duddroun*," I think it means a ghost, from A. S. *dydrunyha*. *Phantasmata*. See Benson, *Vocabularium Anglo-Saxonicum*.

—— 1. 6. "Him *fervit* ay with *founyie*." Attended on him with care.

—— 1. 12. "Quicker of *counye*." Quicker of cunning or apprehension, or, perhaps, quicker of coin,  
of



of circulation or course. The law of the measure which Dunbar uses, required that the 3d, 6th, 9th, and 12th lines of each stanza should rhyme together. This has fettered the poet, and obliged him to use several expressions, not because they were the aptest, but because they answered the measure best.

St. 8. l. 2. "*Berand lyk a bagin horfs.*" Neighing like a stone horse. The meaning of the Fr. *baguette* is well known.

—— l. 5. "*Tramort.*" Dead body, corpse; so p. 94. of this collection.

—— l. 9. "*Lyk turkas burnand reid.*" Like red-hot pincers.—The two lines which follow are highly characteristical, but at the same time are so grossly indecent, that it was necessary to suppress them. The publisher of the *Evergreen* followed the same course.

St. 9. l. 7. "*Full mony a waistless wally drag.*" *Wally-dragle* is a word still used for the weakest bird in the nest, or the weakest chicken in the flock. It seems corrupted from *wallowit dreg*, a withered outcast, and thence by an easy metonymy, signifies any thing useless or unprofitable.

—— l. 12. "*Thair lovery wes na less.*" Their desire was not diminished; their thirst was insatiable.

St. 10. l. 2. "*Glemen.*" Glee-men, or minstrels. See Piercy's *Dissertation on minstrels*, wherein many curious illustrations of British antiquities are to be found.

—— l. 6. "*And entirt be breif of richt.*" Was admitted to the possession of his inheritance in hell by the *Breve de recto*.

St. 10. This whole stanza is employed in satyrizing the highlanders. Dunbar was a Lothian man, born in a Saxon country. The antipathy which the Scottish Saxons bore at the highlanders in former times, is almost

most incredible, I might say *altogether*, did not our own days furnish us with examples of the same imbecility of mind. There are various proofs of it in Lord Hyndford's MS. which I will not transcribe. I believe the enmity of the highlanders was no less rancorous. Happily those wretched, narrow-minded, and infinitely fatal animosities, are no more, in that part of *the united kingdoms* called Scotland.

—— 1. 2. "Macfadyane." Mahoun having expressed his desire to see an highland pageant, a fiend hastened to fetch *Macfadyane*. I suppose this name was chosen by the poet as one of the harshest that occurred to him. In Lord Hyndford's MS. there is a poem by Captain Montgomery, the elegant author of *The Cherry and the Sloe*, which begins thus :

"Finlay Macconnoquhy ful Macfadyan."

The rest of the poem is equally illiberal and scurrilous, and shews how poor, how very poor, Genius appears, when its compositions are debased to the meanest prejudices of the meanest vulgar.

St. 11. 1. 4. "Be he the *Correnoth* had done schout." As soon as he had made the cry of distress, or what in old French is called *à l'aide*. So in the ballad of the battle of Harlaw. St. 1. 1. 7. "Cryand the *Corynoch* on hie." The glossary subjoined to the *Evergreen* says, that it means a *highland tune*; that is, it may be either a strain of victory or a dirge.—— I observe in passing, that the *Battle of Harlaw* appears to have been at least retouched by a more modern hand. It does not speak in the language or in the versification of the 15th century. I suspect that it will be found to be as recent as the days of Queen Mary or James VI.

—— 1. 7. "Thae tarmegantis." See an account of the word *termagant* in Lye's edition of *Junius*. That article, however, might have been more ample. I suspect that Dunbar meant another word than *termagant*,  
or,

or, "heathenish crew." There is a species of wild-fowl well known in the highlands of Scotland, which our statute-book calls *termigant*—Dunbar may have likened the highlanders to a flock of their country birds; the context favours this interpretation, and thus his illiberal raillery will be like that of Essex calves, Hampshire hogs, Middlesex mungrils, Norfolk dump-lings, Welch goats, &c. and his wit will be upon a footing with that of Cleveland.

" ——— when the Scots decease,  
 " Hell, like their nation, feeds on barnacles :  
 " A Scot, when from the gallows-tree got loose,  
 " Falls into Styx, and turns a soland goose.



*The Sweirers and the Devill.* p. 31.

THE former publisher has retouched this poem in almost every line. Instead of the simple burden in the original, he has inserted many lively repartees on the devil's part. Sometimes he has made him speak against his own interest, as stanza 12.

" Quoth Nick, thou'll get far less with me."

It is remarkable that many of the oaths which fell under the lash of Dunbar's satire, are actually recited in act 16. parliament 5. Queen Mary, anno 1551; as, " Devil stick, cummer, [i. e. *cum ovir* or *o'ur*] gore, " roist, or riefe." Penalties are inflicted by the statute on the users of such oaths: In particular, it is provided, that " ane *prelate of kirk*, earle or lord," shall for the *first* offence be fined in 12 pennies, and for the  
*fourth*

*fourth* fault, be banished or committed to prison during a complete year.

I have never been able to discover from what cause our ancestors became so monstrously addicted to profane swearing.—I remember Tom Brown somewhere uses, “fwear like a Scotsman,” as a proverbial expression. There certainly must be a tradition upon the continent, that the inhabitants of the whole island were apt to swear in common conversation; for in Holland, the children, when they see any British people, say, “*there* come the *G—dams* ;” and the Portuguese, when they acquire a smattering of English, say, “How do you do, Jack; *G—damn* you.”—Queen Elisabeth was a common swearer. Aubery le Maurier, in his *Memoires de la Hollande*, p. 213. observes, that Queen Elisabeth did not pronounce French properly; for that she said, *Maa foi*, and *paar Dieu*. This, by the way, is one proof, among many others, that, in the 16th century, the English made more use of the open *a*, than they do now. Had Queen Elisabeth lived in the present age, she would have been more apt to say, *mai* and *per*. There is another example of this kind in Walpole’s *Noble Authors*, art. *Essex*. “The Queen *dawnced*.”

Brantome, if I remember right, somewhere says, That the French were taught swearing by the Spaniards.—The modern French oaths are generally of the Gascon dialect, introduced by Henry IV.

St. 1. l. 3. “Aithis of *crewaltie* ;” that is, in the words of the statute just quoted, *grievous oaths*. In vulgar English, *bloody* is still used in a similar sense.

St. 2. l. 2. “Ane preist sweirit braid.” The scandalous oath here alluded to, as peculiar to the clergy, and to butchers, stanza 9. is much used in Germany. The French also use it, but politely minced down, as is their practice in swearing.

St. 3. l. 2. "Harmes wes," &c. i. e. sorrows, who was, &c. This is particularly mentioned in the statute.

St. 4: l. 2. "*His part of hevin and hell.*" The former publisher has taken the trouble to make sense of this oath, by printing *for*, instead of *and*.

St. 7. "Ane *soutar* said," &c. From this and many other passages in Dunbar's poems, to be found in the *Evergreen*, it appears that he had a strange antipathy at shoemakers. The oaths which he appropriates to the shoemakers may not have so much of the *bon ton* of infidelity as those of the churchmen and butchers. They are however less exceptionable, being no more than "ifackins;" and, "may I be hanged else."

St. 10. This stanza is aimed at the extortion of malt-makers, who took a profit of *six shillings* on the boll of barley. This would be incredible, were it not proved by act 29. parl. 4. James V. which limits their profit to two shillings on the boll.

St. 12. l. 4. "For with that craft I can nocht *thraip*." The sense of this line is obscure. I apprehend that it means, in demanding high or exorbitant prices for my work, I cannot *threap*, affirm, or persist, as other artificers do; for every customer knows the just price of my work, consisting solely of horse-shoes and plough-irons. It is probable that throughout the country men were astricted or *thirled* to the smith's shop of the barony, as much as to the mill; so that the complaint of the smith, concerning the small gains of his profession, is to be considered as highly affected. Possibly *thraip* may be the same as *thrive*.

St. 13. l. 2. This line is omitted on account of its blunt course style. — The former publisher printed it with such variations as rendered it unintelligible. It seemed





ance of devotion, no poet durst have addressed him in such a style. Bishop Lesley extols him for his ardent zeal against heretics : “ Rex tanto ecclesiæ dilatandæ studio efferebatur, ut in hæresi, tanquam hydra longe pestilentissima conterenda ac penitus rescandæ, summum sibi honorem ac decus positum existimaret ;” *De Rebus gestis Scot.* l. 9. p. 450. edit. Rom.

St. 4. l. 4. “ *Laith and wreth* ” Let him but give me drink, and I forgive both his disquits and his anger.

—— l. 8. “ *My Lordis bed of slait.* ” The bed in the principal bed-chamber, called “ the chawmyr of dice,” i. e. *chambre au dais*, having a canopy.

St. 5. l. 2. “ Of wardly gude I *bad* na mair.” I prayed or wished for no other worldly goods.

—— l. 5. “ *Draff midding.* ” After having consigned his soul to the wine-cellar, he orders his body to be laid on a heap of brewer’s grains.

St. 6. l. 4. “ *Conforti meo Jacobi.* ” So it is written in the MS. ; but the correspondent word, *variabile*, shews that it should be *Jacobo Lie*, or perhaps *Wyllie*. It has been suggested to me, that *jocabili* is the better reading ; “ To my playfom consort.” The rest of the stanza means, Notwithstanding my most solemn vows, I denied or disobeyed God ; but when I made a vow to empty a pot, I religiously observed it.

St. 7. l. 1. “ *The best aucht I bocht.* ” In the Law-Latin of that age, “ *Melius averium de conquestu.* ”

—— l. 2. “ *Qued est Latinum propter cape.* ” *Propter cape*, by way of *caupes*. Skene, *De verborum significatione*, says, “ *Caupes*, calpes in Galloway and *Carriſt*, quhair of mention is maid in the actis of parliament, James IV. p. 2. c. 18. 19. signifies ane gift, quilk an man in his awin lifetime, and liege poustie, gives



“ gives to his maister, or to onie uther man, that is  
 “ greatest in power and authoritie, and *specially to the*  
 “ *head and chiefe of the clann*, for his maintenance and  
 “ protection.”

—— l. 4. “ *Thàn schro my shape ;*” i. e. Then  
 “ *threw my scalp.*” Curse my head, or, may evil  
 light on my head.”

—— l. 5. “ I tald my Lord, my *heid*, bot *hiddill.*”  
 I privately informed the Earl of Cassilis, chief of the  
 name of Kennedy. His predecessor Gilbert Kennedy  
 obtained from James II. a grant of being *caput totius*  
*profapie sue*, to him and his heirs-male for ever.——  
 The Lord here mentioned was probably Gilbert second  
 Earl of Cassilis, who enjoyed that title from 1513,  
 when his father was slain at Flowden, to 1527, when  
 he himself was assassinated : See Buchanan’s hist. Scot.  
 p. 268. This Gilbert second Earl of Cassilis became  
 of age in 1516 : See Buchanan, *epigr.* l. 2. No 16.  
 It is therefore probable that this poem was composed  
 between 1516 and 1527. Gilbert third Earl of Cassilis  
 cannot be the person here meant ; for he was a minor  
 when his father died in 1527, was educated in France,  
 and did not return home from his studies till 1534 : See  
*Vita Buchanani*, and Ruddiman’s notes, p. 2.

—— l. 7. “ We wer als *sib* as *seif* and *riddill.*”  
 We were as nearly related as sieves of different bores  
 and fineness, made of wood from the same forest : See  
 Kelly, Scots proverbs, A. No 186. Kelly’s collection  
 is a miserable work. It contains many sayings which  
 are not Scottish, and many erroneous interpretations  
 of sayings which are Scottish. Kelly has thought fit  
 to vary the manner of spelling, so that his book is nei-  
 ther Scots nor English. Thus, in the proverb to which  
 this note refers, for *sib* he has put *sub*.

St. 8. l. 4. “ The maister of *Sant Anthane.*” The  
 preceptor of St Anthony’s hospital. The order of St  
 Anthony had only one monastery in Scotland, at Leith,

now called *the South kirk*; Spottiswood's *Religious houses in Scotland*, c. 3.

St. 9. l. 1. "My false winning." To *weene*, is to lament; hence the word *whine*: as if he had said, "I leave my hypocritical winning to the knavish friars, *qui conducti plorant in funere.*"

St. 10. l. 1. "To Jok the fule." In the family of every person of distinction, there was a jester maintained, generally a composition of knave and fool. Pitscottie says, *History of James V.* "The Lords discharged all his old officers, and put new in their steads; that is to say, treasurer, comptroller, secretary, Mr Maicer, Mr Household, capper, carver, Mr Stabler, Mr Hunter, Mr Falconer, Mr Porter, and a fool called *John Mackilrie.*"

In Scotland the vestiges of this sort of establishment still remain.

St. 11. This stanza is obscure, because we are not acquainted with Maister Johnie Clerk. He was, probably, an ignorant practitioner in physic, who took upon him to prescribe in Latin without understanding the language. Such a person prescribing for the teeth, might say, *R. "ad curandos entes;"* catching at an imperfect sound, as the ignorant universally do: a trifling circumstance of this kind was sufficient to point the satire of the poet at Maister Johnie Clerk.

St. 13. l. 6. "With the *flevin.*" Voice or sound; it seems to be connected with the following line, "*Potum meum cum fletu miscebam.*" As if he had said, "Singing this *stave* of the penitential psalm, with many tears."

St. 14. l. 11. "Than *hardly* sing." Then sing hardly, or with confidence.

*Tydings fra the Sessioun.* p. 40.

St. 3. l. 1. " Sum with his *fallow* rownis him to  
 " pleis." One whispers in a familiar insinuating  
 manner to his companion, or the person next him.

St. 3. l. 4. " Sum *patteris* with his mowth on beids."  
 One mutters his prayers, and tells his beads over.  
*Pitter patter* is an expression still used by the vulgar ;  
 it is in allusion to the custom of muttering *pater-*  
*nosters*.

St. 4. l. 1. " Sum *bidand the law* layis land in *wed*."  
 One mortgages his estate while his suit is depending."

——— l. 5. " How *feid* and favour *flemis* discre-  
 " tioun." How enmity and favour banish discern-  
 ment. " Vous avez perdu un procès, que vous croyez  
 " juste : mais un plaideur, s'il est de bonne foi, ne  
 " croit-il pas toujours avoir la bonne cause : Etes-  
 " vous seul plus desintereffé, plus infallible, que vos  
 " juges ? et s'ils ont manqué de lumieres, sont-ils  
 " criminels pour cela ?" *Marmontel* contes *Moraux*,  
 tom 3. p. 269.

It is curious to observe what very opposite sentiments  
 two cotemporary historians entertained of the court of  
 session.

Buchanan says, " Ab iis cum ab initio multa utili-  
 " ter essent excogitata, ut jus æquabile diceretur ; ta-  
 " men qui sperabatur eventus, non est consecutus..  
 " Nam, cum in Scotia nullæ pene sint leges, præter  
 " conventuum decreta, eoque *pleraque* non in perpe-  
 " tuum, sed *in tempus facta*, iudicesque, quod in se est,  
 " lationem legum impediunt, omnium civium bona  
 " quindecim hominum arbitrio sunt commissa, qui-  
 " bus et perpetua est potestas et imperium plane ty-  
 " rannicum, quippe quorum arbitria sola sunt pro le-  
 " gibus ;" *Rer. Scot.* l. 14. c. 41. This, it must be  
 allowed,

allowed, is peevish enough, though well expressed. Where Buchanan found that most of the Scottish statutes were temporary, I am yet to learn.

Bishop Lesley has run as far into the other extreme. “Horum virorum cœtum, Reip. senatum appellamus; in quem nunquam cooptantur, nisi quos virtutis præstans laus, ingenii vis acerrima, legum, saltem regni, cognitio intima imbuerit. Senatus hic ita ex clero, ac nobilitate seculari (ut sic loquar) aptus est, ut laicorum numerum semper æquet ecclesiasticorum altera pars. Quod summo Dei beneficio factum putamus, ut laicorum insignem prudentiam, ex intimo rerum terrenarum usu compertam, ecclesiasticorum religio simplicitasque temperent, ac ut vicissim ecclesiasticorum religionem purissimam simplicitatemque antiquam laicorum prudentia et iudicium condiant, ac quasi filo quodam dirigant;” *De reb. gest. Scot.* l. i. p. 79. edit. Rom. This is a canting hypocritical eulogium, worse than the cynical growling of Buchanan. Bishop Lesley was too well acquainted with the history of his own times, sincerely to bestow the character of *virtutis præstans laus* on such men as Balfour, Chalmers, Crawford, and, his own successor, Douglas.

St. 5. This stanza will be both intelligible and entertaining to those who are acquainted with the forms of procedure in the court of session; to those who are not, a commentary would be nearly as obscure as the text.

—— 1. 3. “Sum is *concludit*.” The former publisher either could not read this word in the MS. or did not understand it, and therefore he put *delayed* in its place, which happens to have just the opposite signification.

St. 6. l. 6. “Sum *fains the fait*, and sum thame *curfis*.” Some bless, others curse the judges. *Lords of the seat*, for judges of the court of session, is used



Bishop of Aberdeen, from 1532 to 1545, had a bastard son legitimated; *ibid.* b. 28. No 360. William Chisolme, Bishop of Dumblane, from 1527 to 1564, gave great portions to his bastard son and two bastard daughters; *Keith, Catalogue of Scottish Bishops*, p. 105. Alexander Stewart, Bishop of Moray, from 1527 to 1534, had a bastard daughter legitimated; *Rec.* b. 30. No 116.: and a bastard son legitimated; *ibid.* b. 30. No 374. But they were all excelled by Patrick Hepburn Bishop of Moray, from 1535 until the Reformation, for *he* had *five* bastard sons all legitimated in one day; *ibid.* b. 30. No 585.: and *two* bastard daughters, b. 30. No 572. Such were the goodly fruits of clerical celibacy! They among the reformed who looked back to Rome, always revered the pure politic celibacy of that church.

——— 1. 4. “So strange to thair abbay.” The practice of holding benefices *in commendam*, became prevalent under the reign of James IV. Of this there are various examples *in epistolæ Reg. Scot.* vol. 1. From that period until the Reformation, benefices were, by a short-sighted policy, heaped on the relations or the retainers of the Nobility: meantime learning, morals, and even discipline, were neglected. A clergy without knowledge and without virtue, could neither withstand the assaults of innovators, nor maintain authority over the minds of the people.

St. 3. l. 1. “Cled up in secular weid.” This affectation of wearing the dress of laymen was very ancient. See *Scottish Canons* 1242, c. 11. p. 9. and 1549, c. 7.; *Wilkins*, vol. 4. p. 46.—60.—The following lines are levelled at some particular person, whom I cannot, with certainty, discover.

St. 4. l. 1. “So many *maisteris*, so many *guckit* “clerkis.” So many masters of arts among the clergy, and yet such general ignorance. *Guck* *gowck* is properly the cuckow.

St. 4.



St. 4. l. 3. "Of dispyt fro the splene." From the spleen; and the sense of the expression seems to be, so thoroughly insolent and overbearing.

—— l. 4. "Lofin farkis." So many lost shirts; such petty larceny: See *Dunbar's Invektive*, stanza 22.

l. 7. I am not altogether satisfied with this explanation.

—— l. 4. "*Glengour markis.*" *Luis veneræ indicia.*

St. 5. l. 1. "So many Lords, so many natural fules." Sir Ralph Sadler thus writes in 1540. "Surely it appeareth that I am very welcome to him, (James V), and to the most part of the noblemen and gentlemen here, that be well given to the verity of Christ's word and doctrine, whereof be a great number: but the noblemen be young; and, to be plain with you, though they be well minded and diverse other also that be of the council, and about the King, yet I see none amongst them that hath any such agility of wit, gravity, learning, or experience, to set furth the same, or to take in hand the direction of things: so that the King, as far as I can perceive, is of force driven to use the bishops and his clergy, as his only ministers, for the direction of his realm. *They be the men of wit and policy that I see here;*" Sadler's Letters and Negotiations, p. 61.

—— l. 2. "To play thame at the *trulis*." This is obscure. *Trouil*, in the dialect of Poitou, means a spindle: so that to *play at the trulis*, may imply to hold the distaff, to amuse one self in female occupations, or at some game, like *T. totum*, which resembles a spindle. I am informed that *trule* means some childish game, of the nature of *cappy-hole*: if so, the sense will be, as if he had said, "Who are better qualified for playing at chuck-farthing, than for redressing the grievances of the poor commons."



St. 6. l. 1. "Sa mony partial *ſawes*." So many partial sentences or decrees.

—— l. 4. "Sic *ſenyet ſlawis*." Possibly pretended defects in the title-deeds of estates, uſed as an engine of oppreſſion ; or it may mean falſe tales in general.

St. 8. l. 1.—3. The Nobles loudly declared their reſolutions to remedy this grievance ; but they are like cowards, who arm while they dare not fight.

St. 9. l. 1. "Vant of *wouſters*." A woſter is uſed in *Pierce Plowman* for a *thraſo*, or *miles glorioſus*. It is the ſame as *boafter*. In modern Engliſh, *b* and *w* are reciprocal letters.

—— l. 3. "*Regratouris*." Engroſſers and foreſtallers ; of whoſe offences, moſtly imaginary, the ſtatute-book in both kingdoms is full.

St. 10. l. 1. "Sa mony jugeis and lords now maid  
" of late." Hence it appears that this poem was written ſoon after the inſtitution of the college of juſtice by James V.

—— l. 2. "Sa ſmall *refugeis* the pure man to de-  
" *bait*." As if he had ſaid, "Such little quirks to lay  
" the poor man low." *Refuge*, in Cotgrave, is ſaid to be *demurrer*.

—— l. 3. "For common weil ſa *quhene*." So few zealous for the public good. We ſtill uſe *where* in the ſenſe of *a few*.

—— l. 4. "Sa mony thevis ſa *tait*." Probably *tate*, *tyte*, ready and expedite in every highway : So many active thieves. See *gloſſary* to G. Douglas, vv. *Tate*, *tyte*.

St. 11. l. 1. "Sa mony ane ſentence *retreitit* for to  
" win," &c. So many judgements reverſed in order to obtain money, or the friendſhip and patronage of the parties.

St. 11.

St. 11. l. 4. "Haist thame to the *pin*." So many devices to forward their preferment. *Pin* is *point* or *pinnacle*.

St. 12. l. 2. "Sic *holland-scheckaris*." From *haillons*, rags, and *shakers*. A word still used to express a beggarly knave.

—— l. 2. "Quhilk at Cowkelbyis gryce." This alludes to a popular poem preserved in Lord Hyndford's MS. One *Cowkelbè* had a black sow which he sold for three pennies. He lost one of those *pennies*; it was found by a person who purchased a pig with it. A very numerous company was invited to feast upon this pig. The guests are enumerated in the tale. It would be tedious to mention them; they are in general, wicked, lewd, and disorderly persons of every degree. The list is thus closed up.

"And twa lerit men thairby,  
"Schir Gchir, and Schir Simony."

which, as I understand it, would be thus expressed in modern language: "And also two learned personages, "The Reverend Dr Ufury, and the Reverend Dr Simony."

This poem is, as to versification, below contempt. It contains, however, many curious particulars concerning the manners of the vulgar. It even mentions the names of the different fashionable dances. It was certainly composed a considerable time before the Reformation.

The reader will now understand who they were,

—— "quhilk at Cowkelbyis gryce  
"Are halden of pryce, when *lymaris* do convene."

*Limmer* is supposed to mean *mungrill*. It is here understood of every worthless person. In the modern Scottish language, it is supposed to mean a loose woman;

X

and

and indeed if Lye's derivation of the word in his additions to Junius be right, *that* was its original and proper signification.

St. 13. l. 2. "Sic *curfing* even and morn." Such constant courfing or hunting with greyhounds, as appears from the context.

—— 1. 4. "Sa mony *paitlattis* worne." *Parpailauts*, *Partelet*, *partelot*, is a woman's ruff. It is also used for an ornament on the forehead of horses. The glossary to the *Evergreen* says, that it is an under-coat. See *Rabelais*, l. 4. c. 13. *Papillettes*,

St. 14. l. 1. "Sa mony *rackettis*." Chaucer, *Testament of love*, p. 482. uses the phrase, "playing *raket*," for being inconstant. If the word is here taken in that sense, the meaning is, so much inconstancy either in private life or in political principles.

—— 1. 1. "Sa mony *ketche-pillaris*." Probably a corruption of the French *gaspilleur*, a spendthrift.

—— 1. 2. "*Nackettis*." A *nacquet*, in French, is a lad who marks at tennis. It is now used for an insignificant person.

—— 1. 2. "*Tutivillaris*." Junius in *etymol. voc. Tromperies*, has the following note. "Res nihili, *things of no worth*, olim *titivilitia* puto dicta; prout antiquis *titivilitiorum* nomen denotabat fila putrida, quæ de colo cadunt, pluresque id genus res vilissimas, quas proborum mercioniorum loco simplicioribus obtrudunt impostores." See also *Erasmi Adagia*, voc. *Titivillitium*, p. 1137.

Kennedy uses this same word differently spelt in his invective against Dunbar, stanza 34. l. 1.

"Cankerit Cayne, tryd trowane, *tutivilleus*."

This shews how loose our orthography was, while there were few books, and men spelt by the ear. Among the other guests at Cockelbé's feast, there is a *tutivillus*. In the MS. p. 104. there is a curious form

form of excommunication, intitled, *The cursing of Sir John Rowll*; among other evil spirits are mentioned

“ Fyremouth and Tutivillus.”

—— 1. 3. “ King and Quene.” Magdalene of France, the first wife of James V. scarcely survived the rejoicings at her nuptials, so that the good people of Scotland had no opportunity of censuring her. Mary of Guise, therefore, must be here meant; and this proves the poem to have been written some time after June 1538, when she was married to James V.

—— 1. 4. “ Sic pudding-fillars descending down  
“ from millaris.” Such gluttons descended of millars, seems to be personal satire, and, at this distance of time, inexplicable.

St. 15. l. 1. “ Sic farthingallis.” It will scarcely be believed in *this* age, that in *the last*, the *city-ladies* reformed their hereditary farthingales, after the *Scottish fashion*. In a comedy called *Eastward Hoe*, act 1. Dodsley’s collection of old plays, vol. 4. p. 155. 157. “ Enter Poldavy a French tailor, with a Scottish far-  
“ thingale and a French fall in his arms.” Mildred says, “ Tailor Poldavy, prythee fit, fit it. Is this a  
“ right Scot? Does it clip close? and bear up  
“ round?”

—— 1. 1. “ On flaggis.” On flanks as fat as the sides of a whale.

—— 1. 2. “ Hattis that little avail.” Of *little avail*, or *little worth*, according to the Scottish idiom, means more than a negative; not *useless*, but *highly censurable*. This line probably alludes to the dress of the women, who covered their faces in such a manner as to call for the sage interposition of the legislature; act 70. James II. That statute provides, “ That no  
“ woman cum to kirk nor mercat [into places of pu-  
“ blic resort] with her face muffled or covered, that  
“ scho may not be kend.”

This act of parliament to the contrary notwithstanding, the ladies continued *muffed* during *three* reigns. In the days of James V. Sir David Lindsay thus censures them.

“ ——— Quhen thay go to quyet places,  
 “ I thame excuse to hide thair faces,  
 “ Quhen thay wald make collatioun  
 “ With onie lustie companyeoun ;  
 “ Bot in the *kirk and market-places*,  
 “ I think thay suld not hide thair faces.”

——— 1. 3. “ And sic *foul tailis* to sweip the causy  
 “ clene.” The enormity of long trains was provided  
 against by the same statute of James II. “ That na  
 “ woman wear *tailes* unfit in length.” The legisla-  
 ture has not determined what tails were fit in length ;  
 that perhaps may be gathered from a mandate issued  
 by a Papal legate in Germany to the nations under his  
 care : “ *Velamina etiam mulierum, quæ ad verecundi-*  
 “ *am designandum eis sunt concessa sed nunc per infi-*  
 “ *pientiam earum in lasciviam et luxuriam excreve-*  
 “ *runt, et immoderata longitudo superpellieiorum, quibus*  
 “ *pulverem trahunt, ad moderatum usum, sicut decet*  
 “ *verecundiam sexûs, per excommunicationis senten-*  
 “ *tiam cohibeantur.*” Transcribed from a MS. of the  
 14th century by Ludewig, *Reliq. diplom.* tom. 2. p. 441.  
 This mandate does not precisely ascertain the ortho-  
 dox standard of petticoats ; but as it excommunicates  
 the “ *tailes to sweipe the causy clene,*” and says that  
 the moderate use of petticoats, for modesty’s sake, is  
 to be adopted, it may be concluded, that ladies who  
 covered their feet were sufficiently conformists : an  
 inch or two less might be immodesty, an inch or two  
 more might be vanity.

What effects followed from this provisional sentence  
 of excommunication, I have not learnt : certain it is,  
 that the Scottish act of parliament against *long tails*, was  
 equally fruitless with that against *muffling* ; for in the  
 reign

reign of James V. Sir David Lindefay wrote a long poem, called, "An supplication directit from Sir David Lindefay of the Mont, Knicht, to the Kingis Grace, in contemptioun of syde taillis," p. 306.—p. 311. It is not without humour, but is beyond measure indecent.

In another poem, even when treating of the most serious subject, he says, p. 168.

"Ye wantoun ladyis and burges wyfis,  
 "That now for sydest taillis stryfis,  
 "Flappand the fylth amang your feet,  
 "Raising the dust into the streit,  
 "That day for all your pompe and pryde,  
 "Your taillis fall not your hippis hyde.

—— 1. 3. "Fillok." I cannot explain this better than in the words of Horace.

"Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,  
 "Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,  
 "Nuptiarum expers, et adhuc protervo  
 "Cruda marito."

St. 16. l. 1. "Sa mony ane *Kittie* drest up with goldin chenyces." As if he had said, "So many whores with golden chains adorned." "*Lewd Kitts*," are strumpets; Chaucer, p. 598. I presume that the word is still in use; for in Swift's miscellanies I find, "old cats and young *kits*." In p. 207. of this collection, *Kittie* seems to import a giddy young woman, though not dissolute. It is not uncommon to use the *cause* for the *effect*.

—— 1. 3. "With *apill renyels* ay shawand hir goldin cheine." The literal interpretation of the word is this, "With apple reins always shewing her golden chin;" or, "Lora e pomis confecta habens, semper aureum mentum ostentans."

If we once knew the meaning of the word, "*apill*,"



all the rest will be explicable. The French phrase, “*Pomme d’ambre*,” means an amber bead in shape and colour like an apple. Hence the English word *pomander*. See *Skinner*, h. v. *Junius* says it is “*Pastillus odoratorius, facile in hoc vocabulo agnoscas*. It. *poma di odore*.” The discordant derivations make no difference; for still the word *pomme* for a *bead* is discernible. It is reasonable to suppose that, either by analogy of language, or by imitation, *apill*, apple, had the same sense with us. Upon this supposition the whole line is intelligible. *Apill senye* is a rein, string, or necklace of beads, and, as I take it, an amber necklace; for the sense seems to be, “always displaying an amber necklace, which makes her chin, or under-jaw, appear yellow.” Thus the two difficult words, *apple*, when applied to *rein*, and *golden*, when applied to *chin*, lead to the explication of this obscure verse. The fashion of wearing amber necklaces by degrees went down among the lower sort of people in Scotland; it is now almost exploded even among them. I suppose some future age will be to seek among the vulgar for the definition of *cardinale* and *capucine*, while curches [*couvre-chef*] and plaids again cover the head and shoulders of a woman of fashion.

—— 1. 4. “Of Sathanis *senye*, sure sic an unfall menyé.” In words derived from the French, ending with what is called the *e* mute, our ancestors were wont to give the *e* a stronger sound than what the French did. The Dutch are still distinguished for this pronunciation. Thus they pronounce *courte paille*, as if it was written *courteh pailleh*, and *besogne*, *carogne*, nearly as if they were written *besogna*, *carogna*. In like manner we, from *seigne*, *chaine*, *saine*, (Lat. *sanies*), composed *soinyé*, *chenyé*, *sainyé*, or *senyé*. The same word in the same sense occurs, *Dunbar’s Invektive*, stanza 12. 1. 3. Upon the same principle, *dowsy peir*, is *deuze paires*. See *Scot’s Justing*, stanza 2. 1. 2. The learned glossator on Gavin Douglas is at a loss what to make of the word *sen* in the description of harpies.





word is from the French, *jongleur*, a juggler, a sharper. It may however be from *jangle*, which formerly meant *gannire*. See *Skinner*, h. v.

St. 11. l. 1. "Sum gevis gudmen for thair gud "*kewis*." I apprehend that the meaning is, for their ready addrefs. *Cue*, corrupted from the French, is used behind the scenes, for the concluding word of a speech, which warns the next speaker to *come in*. The player who can connect his beginning with another's ending, and the courtier who can distinguish the *tempora fandi*, are said to *know their cues*.

St. 12. l. 2. "Kirkis of Sanct Barnard and Sanct "Bryd." If we knew in detail how ecclesiastical benefices were bestowed in those days, we should probably discover this line to be satirically personal.



### *Discretioun in Taking.* p. 51.

St. 1. l. 2. "Bot littill of ony gud forsaiking." The meaning seems to be, "I may speak of taking, but I "need not say much of people's quitting any thing of "value, *that* is not common."

St. 2. l. 1. "The clerkis takis benefices with *brawlis*." Ecclesiastical persons possess themselves of benefices by riot and outrage. Thus John Hepburn stormed the cathedral of St Andrew's, and yet was obliged to yield the fee to Andrew Foreman. With more prosperous fortune the celebrated Gavin Douglas besieged and took by capitulation the cathedral of Dunkeld, although the partisans of Andrew Stewart made a stand in the belfrey;

belfrey; Milne, *Lives of the bishops of Dunkeld*, MS. Advocates library. It is probable that many achievements of the like nature were performed during the unsettled reign of James V.

St. 3. l. 3. "*Gersomes* raisit ovir hé." *Gersome* and *grassum* are the same. *Grass* is called *gerso* by the vulgar in many parts of Scotland. The word *grassum* originally meant an allotment of grass or pasture. Thus in a grant by William the Lion to the monastery of Coldinghame, it is said, "Et omnia nemora et *gres-*  
"*suma* sua sint sub defensione Prioris et custodia;" *Ch. Coldingham*, p. 29. It has long signified a sum of money paid by a tenant for a renewal of his lease. In this passage, as well as in many others of this collection, the reader will remark the popular complaint of *racked rents* during the reign of James V. The same complaint was made by the English in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Honest Latimer, the son of a yeoman, inveighs against racked rents in many passages of his sermons.

St. 4. l. 1. "Sum takkis uthir mennis tacks." Not the lands which they hold under leases, but simply their possessions.

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### *Ane his awin Ennemy.* p. 53.

St. 3. This stanza contains an allegory of pleasures lawful and forbidden. It will not bear a particular explanation. "*Fleis of Spenyie*," are *cantharides*. This circumstance gives us an *high* idea of the elegance and refinement of our forefathers.

*No Treſſour without Glaidnes. p. 54.*

**T**His is a *moral* poem without *personal reflections*. It will not be admired ; but there is *one* expreſſion in it which ought to be remembered, as containing more good ſenſe than ſome ſystems of ethics.

—— “ No more thy pairt dois fall,  
“ Bot meit, drink, clais, and of *the laif a ſight*.”

In modern language Dunbar would have expreſſed himſelf thus.

“ What riches gives us, let us then explore ;  
“ Meat, drink, and cloaths ; what elſe ? *a ſight of*  
“ *more !*

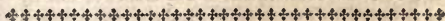
*Advice to ſpend anis awin Gudes. p. 56.*

**T**His advice to be liberal, as commonly happens in ſuch caſes, exhorts to profuſion ; *in vitium virtus*.

St. 7. l. 3. “ That his auld thrift ſettis on an ace.” This age is not to be told what “ ſettis on an ace” implies. It may be more neceſſary to explain the phraſe “ auld thrift.” It is wealth accumulated by the ſucceſſive frugality of his anceſtors.

St. 9. 10. The words in theſe two ſtanzas are plain, but the meaning obſcure. The ſenſe is probably this : Do not expect that another will do for you, that which  
you

you would never do for yourself. The child draws milk from its mother's breast, but gives nothing in return.



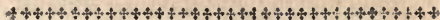
*Of Deming. p. 60.*

**T**His poem, on censoriousness, is a feeble copy of the *Balade of gode counsaile*, by Lydgat, in Chaucer's works, p. 549. having for burden, "A wickid  
" tonge wol alway deme amis."

St. 5. l. 3. "That *evill* he *gydis* yone man trewlie." An *ill guide* is still used with us for a *bad manager*.

St. 6. l. 1. "Gife I be *sene in court* ovir lang." The being *seen in court*, appears to have signified in those days, the being in expectation of an office.

St. 7. l. 1. "In court *reward* than *purches* I." This means, obtaining preferment, without any relation to bargain and sale.



*Of Deming. p. 62.*

St. 3. l. 4. "Thocht he *dow not to leid a tyk*;" i. e.  
"Although he has not the abilities, nor the spirit necessary for the meanest of all employments, that of  
"leading a dog in a string." There is no single word in

in modern English which corresponds with *dow*: that which approaches the nearest to it is *list*, from which the adjective *listless*. The force of the word *dow* is well expressed in a modern Scottish ballad, which begins, "There wes ane May." The lines to which I allude are in the description of one crossed in love by an envious sister's machination, and a peevish mother's frowardness.

"And now he gangs *dandering* about the dykes,  
"And all he *dow* do is to *hund the tykes*."

The whole is executed with equal truth and strength of colouring. I am informed that it is the composition of Lady Grissel Baillie, daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie of Jerriswood.

St. 4. l. 4. "[I am dishonorit]." The original bears a word used by Chaucer, but which gave offence a century ago; much more would it do so now, in an age distinguished for purity of language.

St. 5. l. 4. "Bot God send thame a *widdy wicht*." In modern language, a *strong halter*. A *widdy* is a pliant branch of a tree. When justice was executed upon the spot, the first tree afforded an halter. It was an ingenious idea of a learned person on the continent, to examine the analogy between language and manners. *Widdy wicht* might have furnished a chapter of the language and manners of Scotland.

St. 7. The sense of this stanza seems to be, "If I am elegant of speech, some vulgar wench says, I am affected, and do not pronounce my words as her people do; and yet she, who will not abstain from censuring, needs a surgeon to stitch up part of her own wide mouth, that she may not speak *broad*."



*To the King.* p. 64.

St. 2. l. 3. "To cum to *lure* that hes no leif." Who is not permitted to come to lure, or to his master's hand : A term of falconry.

—— l. 4. " My plumis begynis to *brek out*." This also is some term of falconry.

St. 3. l. 3. " Of quhome the gled dois *prettikis* " *preis*." That is, according to the glossary in Douglas's Virgil, " practise stratagems," or " try tricks."

St. 4. l. 3. " The corchat cleif." Divide a crochet. A term of music.

St. 5. The meaning is this, " Farrest fowls have always fairest feathers, although they scream instead of singing : *they* sit favoured in cages of silver, but in our own home-bred nest, nothing is hatched but owls." This stanza allegorically, and the next, more directly, accuse James V. of an injurious partiality to foreigners.

St. 7. l. 3. " *Rauf Colyard* and *Johne the reif*." *Ralph Collier* is a robber of no name, "*caret quia vate sacro*," while *Johne the reif*, or Johny Armstrong, is immortalized in popular ballads. Buchanan says, l. 14. c. 39. " *Johannes Armistrangius, princeps unius factionis latronum — fractâ gulâ periit ; — cum Angli fuerint ejus morte vehementer lætati, ut qui gravi hoste liberati essent.*" Wretched is the state of princes, their most laudable actions cannot escape unblamed. Buchanan obliquely censures James V. for this great act of public justice, because the English rejoiced at the death of a robber, formidable to the enemies of his country, as well as to his country.

St. 8. l. 2. " And haif few vertewis *for to rus*."



Have few good qualities, for which I may applaud myself.

—— 1. 3. 4. “ Yet am I cumin,” &c. As if he had said,

“ Yet, come of Adam and of Eve,  
“ I wish to thrive as others do.”

St. 9. l. 3. “ To be a *pyk-thank* I wald preif.” I would attempt to turn spy, informer, or tale-bearer.

St. 10. l. 4. “ Sic bairnheid biddis my brydell “ renyé.” Such childish scruples stay my reins, or check me in my course to preferment.

St. 12. Indeed you, Sir, can best cure my disease: bestow a benefice upon me, and see whether *that* will not recover me at once.

St. 13. When I was an infant, my nurse dandling me on her knees, called me bishop, and yet, stricken as I am in years, I have not attained to a curacy. — A singular argument for obtaining preferment, and a reason no less singular for repining at the want of preferment! The prognostications of nurses and gossips have been more fortunate in other cases than in that of poor Dunbar. Bishop Duppa says of Archbishop Spotiswood, “ he was no sooner brought into the world, “ but a *remarkable passage* accompanied it; for among “ the rest that were present, not ordinary gossips, “ but women of good note, there was one among “ them, who in a sober, *though in a prophetic fit*, ta- “ king the child in her arms, called aloud to the rest, “ in these or the like terms, *You may all very well re- “ joice at the birth of this child, for he will become the “ prop and pillar of this church, and the main and chief “ instrument in the defending it.* From what principle “ this prediction came, or *how she was thus inspired*, I “ will not search into;” *Life of Archbishop Spotiswood,*

p. 2. Were it not too presumptuous, I would attempt to search into what the bishop so reverently touches. — A child was born to a Presbyterian minister; one of the gossipers, of *good note* indeed, but still a gossip, cried out, “Be blyth, cummeris, we haif gottin a lad-bairn; I warrant he will be a bra minifter belyve.” Such is the very simple gossiping story, when divested of rhetorical ornaments.

St. 14. Jok, formerly a keeper of bullocks and heifers, makes a hawl of benefices, by means of secret calumny and false suggestion, of more value

“Than all my lays beneath the birchen shade.”

St. 15. l. 2. “With dispensatiouns *bund in a knitt-chell*.” Probably the same as *fatchell*. With a wallet-ful of dispensations, for incapacity, non-residence, &c.

—— l. 4. “He playis with *totum*, and I with *nichell*.” Alluding to that game of chance called *T totum*, exploded from the facility of perverting it to deceit. See Rabelais, l. 1. c. 22. and the notes to the words, “pille, nade, jocque, fore.”

St. 16. l. 4. “Bot doutles I ga rycht neir handit.” I do not presume to censure your Majesty’s conduct, but surely I go near to censure it.

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### *To the King.* p. 68.

St. 1. l. 1. “*Sanct Salvatour send silver sorrow.*” A divine hand has visited me with the pains of poverty.

This is conjectured to be the sense of the expression. Our forefathers, in their zeal for making saints, were pleased to make a *Saint Salvatour*. The phrase *silver sorrow*, may imply the anguish arising from the want of ready money.



*None may assure in this World.* p. 70.

St. 6. l. 3. "On fredome is laid *forfaultour*." The word *fredome* generally signifies, open-heartedness, generosity.

St. 15. l. 1. "*Ubi ardentēs animæ*." This mingling of sentences from the Breviary, with verses in the vulgar language, sounds very strange to modern ears; but there are so many examples of it in the MS. that I presume our forefathers did not perceive its impropriety.

In a rare and curious book, intituled, "A detection of egregious impostures," by Samuel Harsnet, afterwards Archbishop of York, a ludicrous example of the kind occurs, p. 156. "Out of these is shaped  
" as the true idea of a witch, an old weather-beaten  
" croane, having her chinne and her knees meeting  
" for age, walking like a bow, leaning on a shaft, hol-  
" low eyed, untoothed, furrowed on her face, ha-  
" ving her lips trembling with the palsy, going mum-  
" bling in the streetes, one that hath forgotten her *pa-*  
" *ter-Noster*, and yet hath a shrewd tongue in her head,  
" to call a drab, a drab. If shee have learned of an old  
" wife in a chimnies end, *Pax, max, fax*, for a spell;  
" or can say Sir John of Grantam's curse, for the  
" millers eeles that were stolne,

" All

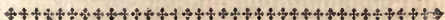
“ All you that have sto’n the miller’s eeles,

*Laudatè Dominum de cœlis,*

“ And all they that have consented thereto,

*Benedicamus Domino.*

“ Why, then, ho, beware, looke about you, my neigh-  
“ bours,” &c.



### *Lament for the Deth of the Makkaris.*

P. 74.

WE see the once gay Dunbar, now advanced in years, deprived of his joyous companions, and probably jostled out of court by other wits younger and more fashionable. This *Lament* has not the spirit of some of his earlier compositions. The solemn burden, *Timor mortis conturbat me*, serves to shew under what impressions the aged poet composed this general elegy. It may serve as a proper introduction to his religious poems.

St. 8. l. 1. “ In the *flour*.” In the dust of war. See *glossary* to Douglas’s *Virgil*, v. *Stoure*. Sir George Mackenzie observes, *Pleadings before the supreme courts of Scotland*. p. 17. “ Sometimes our fiery temper has “ made us, for haste, exprefs several words into one ; “ as *flour*, for *dust in motion*.” This observation, now become an axiom with us, affords a striking example of national prejudices : for the English *dust*, respects motion as well as rest, and the Scottish *flour*, rest as well as motion.

—— l. 2. “ The *captane* cloist in the *tour*.” By

Z 3

*captane*

*captane* is meant, governor of a fortified place, as captain of Norham, of Berwick, of Calais.

St. 14. l. 2. “Wintoun.” Andrew Winton prior of the Inch of Lochleven, towards the beginning of the reign of James I. he composed a *Chronicle Original* in Scottish metre, MS.; *Advocates Library*.

St. 15. l. 3. “*Tragedy*.” It would seem, that in the language of those times, *tragedy* meant any moral descriptive poem. Thus in the MS. p. 107. 1.

“ This *tragedy* is callit, but dreid  
 “ Rowlis cursing, quha will it reid.

The poem there called a tragedy, is an invective against those who defraud the clergy of their dues, and has no resemblance to any sort of dramatic composition. The name of *tragedy*, for a dramatic composition, was not known in England before the reign of Henry VIII. See Percey, *Origin of the English stage*, p. 10.

St. 16. l. 1. “*Holland*.” His poem of the *Howlatt* is preserved in Lord Hyndford’s MS. and in a MS. belonging to Lord Auchinleck. It is a verbose work, but must have merit with antiquaries, from the stanzas describing “the kyndis of instrumentis, the sportaris [jugglers], the Irish bard, and the fulis.”

In this poem the author has mentioned different circumstances, which ascertain with precision the time at which he lived.—He dates it from Ternoway, the seat of the Earls of Moray; and says,

“ Thus for a dow of Dunbar drew I this dyte,  
 “ Dowit with a Douglas, and baith wer thay  
 “ dowis.”

The lady here meant is Mary Dunbar, Countess of Moray, who brought that earldom to her husband  
 Archibald

Archibald Douglas, a younger son of James seventh Earl of Douglas.

The author mentions the four branches of Douglas ; by which he certainly means, 1. James eighth Earl of Douglas ; 2. Archibald Earl of Moray ; 3. Hugh Earl of Ormond ; 4. John Lord Balvenie. The poem therefore must have been composed before the battle of Ancrum muir, 1455, where the Earl of Moray was slain by his less resentful, or more loyal kinsman, the Earl of Angus.

——— 1. 1. “ *Barbour.*” John Barbour Archdeacon of Aberdeen, in the reign of David II. He drew up the acts of Robert I. in Scottish metre.

——— 1. 3. “ *Sir Mungo Lockhart of the Lee.*” I do not find this name in the family of Lee, one of the most ancient and honourable in Scotland. I suspect that the person here meant has been some priest, officiating in a chapel belonging to that family. Every one knows that *Sir* was the common appellation of secular priests, the *Pope's knights*, as they were vulgarly denominated.

St. 17. l. 2. “ That made the adventures of Sir Gawane.” Percey, in his *Essay on the ancient metrical romances*, p. 25. 26. mentions three different poems of the adventures of Sir Gawane. From the spelling of the specimens which he exhibits, I incline to think that all the three were composed by Englishmen ; so that in all probability the work of Clark is lost.

St. 18. l. 1. “ *Blind Harry.*” A popular poet, who has celebrated the actions which Wallace did not perform, as well as those which he did. Dempster, according to his careless way, places him in the 14th century. John Major brings him down a century later ; “ *Integrum librum Guillelmi Wallacei, Henricus a nativitate luminibus captus, meæ infantie tempore cudit ;*” *De Gestis Sactorum*, l. 4. c. 15. It



is evident that his work, however antiquated it may now appear, has been much altered and amended.

——— l. 3. "*Patrick Johnstoun.*" There is one poem of his composition, intitled, *The thrê deid powis*; or, *The three death-heads*, in the MS. It is to be found p. 139. of this collection.

St. 19. l. 1. "*Mesfar.*" He is mentioned by Sir David Lindefay. His poem, intitled, *Perrell in Paramours*, is to be found in this collection, p. 156.

St. 20. l. 1. "*Rowll.*" There is a poem in the MS. p. 104. 2. termed *Rowll's cursing*. Whether written by him, or only in his name, I know not. The following passage in it determines the æra at which he lived.

——— "and now of Rome that beiris the rod,  
" Undir the hevin to lowfe and bind,  
" Paip Alexander."

The Pontiff here meant must have been the virtuous Alexander VI. who was *Divine Vice-gerent*, from 1492 to 1503. — Lindefay also mentions Rowll; but there is no distinguishing between the two poets of that name.

St. 21. l. 1. "*Brown.*" In the MS. there is a poem of a judgement to come, by Walter Brown, probably the person here meant. The poem has little other merit besides that of a pious intention. — The following stanzas may serve as a specimen of the poet's manner and style.

# XI.

" Ye men of kirk that care hes tane  
" Of fawlis, for to wetche and keip,  
" Ye will be tynt, and yê tyne ane,  
" In your defalt, of goddis scheip;

" Be



- “ Be walkand ay that ye nocht sleip,  
 “ Luke that your bow be reddy bent,  
 “ The wolf about your flock will leip,  
 “ Ye mon make compt at jugement.

## XII.

- “ Be gude of lyfe, and bissie ay  
 “ [Your] gud examplis for to schaw,  
 “ Stark in the faith, and luke allway  
 “ That na man cryme unto you know.  
 “ Lat ay your deid follow your saw,  
 “ And to this taill ye tak gud tent,  
 “ Sayweill, but doweill, is nocht worth a straw,  
 “ For you to schaw in jugement.”

——— 1. 2. “ With gud Mr *Robert Henryfoun*.”  
 He is said to have been *scolmaister of Dunfermling*, in a collection of his fables 1575; *Harleian MSS.* 3865, p. 1. I suppose his office to have been that of preceptor of youth in the Benedictine convent at Dunfermline. Many of Henryfoun’s poems are to be found in this collection. They have a moral turn, and are free from that licentiousness which debases the compositions of some of his cotemporaries.

——— 1. 3. “ *Sir Johne the Ross*.” To this person Dunbar addresses his Invektive against Kennedy. The distinction of *Sir*, probably relates to his ecclesiastical character. It seems uncertain whether *Ross* was his name, or only the place of his residence.

St. 22. l. 2. “ *Quintene Schaw*.” Elsewhere called by Dunbar *Quintene*, without any addition. Kennedy speaks of him as his relation. It is probable that he was a native of Ayrshire.

Sir David Lindefay also speaks of *Quintin*, in the *Prologue to the complaint of the Papingo*.

“ As may precell Quintin and Kennedy.”

If we may believe Dempster, l. 15. p. 545. and after him Mackenzie, *Scots Writers*, vol. 1. p. 429. "In the troublesome times of the Bruce and Baliol, there flourished a famous poet, called *Quintine*, who went over to France, and lived at Paris, where he wrote and published in elegant verse, *Querela de Patriæ Miseria*. prodiit. Lutetiæ, typis Stephani Ballard. 1511." If this elegant poem was printed and published about the same time, the author might vie in longevity with the celebrated *Johannes a temporibus*.

St. 2. "Mr Walter Kennedy." There are several poems of his composition in the MS. One is to be found in this collection, p. 149. *The Flyting* between Dunbar and Kennedy is to be found in the *Evergreen*. In many places it is obscure, in many more utterly unintelligible. I incline to think that this altercation, which for scurrility is unexampled, may have been a play of illiberal fancy, without any real quarrel between the antagonists. This idea is confirmed by the affectionate manner in which Dunbar here speaks of Quintin Schaw and Kennedy.

The reader will have observed, that in Dunbar's list of Scottish poets, there are many names of which I can give no account. Their fate is like that of those writers in the Augustan age whom Ovid celebrates.

" Ponticus Heroo, Bassus quoque clarus Iambo,  
" ——— magnique Rabirius oris.

Of

Of *Luve erdly and divine.* p. 79.

I Have placed this comparison between love sensual and divine in the front of the religious poems of Dunbar. When allowance is made for the style, which may now seem uncouth, it will be found to contain more good sense, and more poetry, than are in some modern compositions of a like argument.

One thing is remarkable in the religious poems of Dunbar. Although a Roman Catholic, and actually in orders, he generally expresses himself in language which a Protestant might adopt.

St. 3. l. 1. "No man hes *courage*." No man has heart or abilities.

—— l. 4. "Thair *kyndnes* is so contrair clene." *Kindnes* implies, kind or particular nature; and the sense is, the two sorts of love, sensual and divine, have no relation to each other.

St. 4. l. 4. "And still the *quarrell* to susteine." Alluding to the style used in singular combats. The French phrase, *soutenir la gageure*, is derived from the same source.

St. 6. l. 3. "Quhair I had *maugre* to my meid." Where, instead of being rewarded, I met with *discouragement*.

St. 8. l. 3. "All *wy*." Every person. *Wy*, from A. S. *wiga*, *heros*, *semideus*, *miles*; but poetically used for *cujuscunque conditionis vir*. See Hickes *Gram. Anglo-Sax*, p. 105. 106.; G. Douglas, *Æneid*. p. 236. l. 54. says,

"Hys lyffe he led unknowin of any *wy*."

St. 12. l. 1. “*Unquyt* I do nothing nor *sane*.” I do not any thing, I say not any thing that is unacquitted ; i. e. my whole conduct is approved and rewarded by my love.

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*The twa Luves erdly and devyne.* p. 89.

**D**ialogues between animals upon moral subjects were brought into fashion by the early English poets. Dryden, in his *Hind and Panther*, unsuccessfully attempted to revive this taste. Great examples may serve to excuse, but will scarcely justify a species of composition so unnatural.

St. 13. l. 6. “*Be tone.*” As from *take, taken, ta'en* ; so from *took, toooken, token, tone*.

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*Rewl of anis self.* p. 96.

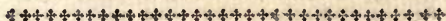
St. 1. l. 4. “*In mekle speice* is part of vanitie.” *Speice* is *pride*. Thus a *spicy man* is still used for one self-conceited and proud.

St. 3. l. 3. 4. “*Be thow content, of mair thow hes*  
“*no neid ;*  
“*And be thow nocht, desyre fall mak*  
“*debait.*”

When

When contented, thou hast no need of more ; when not contented, thy desires become turbulent and insatiable.

—— 1. 5. “Evmoir till deth say to thé than *chok-mait*.” The obvious interpretation of this phrase may be sought in the game of chess. I think the sense, however, may be, till death call himself your companion. “Thou sould nocht mak thy self chak-mate to the King,” was the expression of Adam Reid of Barskimming to Archbishop Blackader ; *Knox*, p. 4.



### *Robene and Makyne.* p. 98.

St. 1. l. 7. “*My dule in dern bot gif thow dill.*” The word *dill*, *daill*, *deill*, means *share*. The sense is, “Unless thou share my secret woe ;” i. e. unless you return love for love.

St. 2. l. 4. “*Raik on raw.*” Roam or extend themselves in a row ; as the manner of sheep is while pasturing. A *sheep-raik*, and a *sheep-walk*, are synonymous.

St. 3. l. 3. “*Fair-of feir.*” The word *feir* has various significations ; as, fear, companion, countenance. I think that it is here taken in the signification last mentioned. The word *wyse* in the next line must be pronounced as a disyllable ; and the word *hardy*, like the French *hardi*, with the accent on the last syllable.

—— 1. 6. “*Quhat dule is dern thow dré.*” Whatever sorrow or distress you may endure in secret. The word *dré* is still used with us ; as, “It is ill to dré.” “To dré penance,” &c.

St. 4. l. 4. "Quhat makis thé this *wanrusc*." The A. S. privative is *wan*, and *rew* is *order*: so that the word means *disorder*. What is it that occasions such disturbance in your mind?

—— l. 7. 8. Were we to amuse ourselves in the plain, while the sheep roam on the side of the hill, they would be neglected, and that neglect would turn to our reproach.——To suppose that the sheep themselves would censure, is an idea too refined for the limited apprehensions of Robene.

St. 5. l. 4. "[Als far as maid cowth yeid]." The simplicity of the *abandon* made by this young virgin is such in the original, that there was a necessity of softening it into, "As far as a maid can advance in her proffer of affection."

—— l. 7. "*I dern with thé, bot gif I daill*." We watch together; we are alone; unless I share of your favour, I am lost.——This seems to be the import of the expression.

St. 9. l. 5. "Robene *brayd attour the bent*." Hastily traversed the ground overgrown with rushes, or coarse grass. The expression in English which most nearly resembles this, is, "Strode along the brake."

St. 16. l. 8. "Amangis the holtis hair." It is *rasby gair* in the Evergreen; for no better reason, than that *holtis hair* was in l. 2. of the stanza, and that the publisher saw an impropriety in the repetition. If I mistake not, *holtis hair* means *the bleak uplands*. There seems no sense in *hoary woods*, which is the literal interpretation of the phrase.



*The garment of gude Ladyis.* p. 103.

**T**His poem is a sort of paraphrase of 1 Tim. ii. 9.—11.; but the comparison between female ornaments and female virtues, is extended throughout so many lines, and with so much of a tire-woman's detail, that it becomes somewhat ridiculous.

St. 4. l. 3. “The *mailyeis*.” The word *maille* signifies a link in the net-work, of which an haubergcon is composed. Hence we still say, a coat of *mail*. The word is here used for an oylet-hole, through which a long lace is passed.

*The Abbey Walk.* p. 105.

**I** Have given this poem the title of the *Abbey Walk*, from a likè title given to a popular poem mentioned by Sir James Inglis in his *Complaint*.—Let me observe in passing, that if the study of Scottish history should ever revive, a new edition of Inglis's complaint would be an acceptable present to the public.

St. 7. l. 7. “Quha heis law hairtis, and lawis hé.” Who exalts the humble in spirit, and brings down the lofty. It is copied from Chaucer, *Cuckoue and Nightingale*, p. 543.

“For he can makin of lowe hertis hie,  
“And of hie lowe.”

What Chaucer says of love, Henrysoun applies to the Divinity.



*The Dog, the Wolf, and the Scheip.*  
p. 109.

OUT of many fables by Henrysoun, I have selected two, as being more particularly characteristical of the state of Scotland during the 16th century. The fables of Henrysoun are rather tedious. Indeed prolixity seems to be the general fault of modern fabulists: from this charge I cannot except even La Fontaine himself. I have printed some of the morals without the corresponding fables. They are not so tedious, and they contain several curious particulars as to the state of Scotland.

The fable of "The Dog, the Wolf, and the Scheip," contains the *form of process* before the ecclesiastical court. It is a singular performance, will be entertaining to lawyers, and may, perhaps, suggest some observations not to be found in books.

St. 2. l. 3. "I, *per me*, Wolf, *pairties* of frawd or "gyle." The summons or writ is issued in the name of the Wolf, before whom the cause between the Dog and the Sheep was to be tried. *Pairties* is *neutral favens*.

—— l. 4. "Undir the painis," &c. Under ecclesiastical pains, in case of contumacy; first, of suspension from divine offices, and then of absolute excommunication from the church itself.

St. 3. l. 3. "On the *lettir bure*." Charges to pay or to perform, issued in the name of the Sovereign, are still termed the *King's letters*.

St. 4. l. 2. "Till his office weill *affeird*." Well instructed in what concerned the duty of his office. *As effeiris*, as becomes, is a constant expression in our law-style.

St. 4. l. 8. "Quhen Esperus to schaw his face be-  
gan." The Wolf held his court while the sun was  
down. "On every Wednesday morning next after  
Michaelmas day, at cocks crowing, there is by an-  
cient custom a court held by the Lord of the ho-  
nour of Raleigh, which is vulgarly called the *law-  
less court*,—because held at an unlawful or lawless  
hour;" Blount, *Customs of Manours*, p. 147.

St. 9. l. 2. 3. "He bad the parteis cheis with one"  
"assent"  
"Twa arbitours, as in the law is"  
"usit."

The Wolf having been declined, he appointed the parties to chuse arbiters, who might judge of the declinator. Had the Wolf judged of the declinator, an appeal might have lain to a superior court; but no appeal lay from the judgement of the arbiters. They were judges chosen by the parties themselves, and parties cannot appeal from their own deed.

St. 11. l. 2. "*De gestis new and old.*" Alluding to the ridiculous division of the Pandects, into *digestum vetus, infortiatum, et novum*, made by Bulgarus in the 12th century.

St. 12. l. 7. "On clerkis doid, gif this sentence be leill." I think the meaning is, I leave the learned to determine whether the arbiters justly repelled the declinator. It has been suggested, that "*clerkis doit*" may signify instrument-money paid to the clerk of court; and then the sense will be, as the judgement was formal and instruments taken, the sheep could not bring the award under review.

St. 13. l. 5. "Thairto a borch I fand." I put in bail to prosecute, for recovery of a pension or pittance of bread which I had purchased from the sheep.

St. 14. l. 3. "*Laurence* the actis and [the] proces  
" wrait." In stanza 5. l. 1. it was said, that the  
" Fox wes clerk and notar." The Scots still call a fox  
a *rod-laury*. I do not know the origin of this appella-  
tion.

St. 18. l. 1. " This Wolf I likin unto a schereff  
" stout." It is remarkable that the whole satire of  
the fable is aimed at the ecclesiastical judge, whereas  
the application is to the civil. Henrysoun probably  
stood more in awe of the court spiritual than of the  
temporal.

St. 19. l. 6. " To skraip out Johne, and wryt in  
" Will of Wate." To efface the name of John, and  
in its place insert that of William or Walter. *Of*, from  
the Dutch, may imply *or*. It would seem however,  
that "*of wait*" is a better reading, which implies *in-*  
*tentionally, on purpose.*

—— l. 7. " And so a *bud* at bayth the parteis *skat*."  
And thus levy a reward from each of the parties, from  
John for effacing his name, and from the adversary of  
William for inserting his.



### *Of the Mouse and the Paddock.* p. 122.

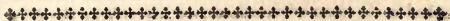
St. 1. l. 5. " Quhome with you *foll-wis* thé." It  
should probably be, *fallowis*, i. e. associates. The  
noun *fellow* is still used in the sense of *companion*.

—— l. 8. " Na be machit with a wicket marrow."  
This line is obviously defective. It is probable the  
poet wrote, as in stanza 3. l. 8. " Than to be machit,"  
&c.

*Of the Borrowistoun Mous, and the  
Up-on-land Mous. p. 127.*

St. 3. l. 4. "To the mous *hewis é.*" The word *hewis* is probably the same with *heaves*. Raises or lifts up his eye. It may however imply no more than *haves*, or *has*. So arbitrary was spelling with us.

St. 4. l. 1. "Thocht it be bot a *glid*." A temporary blaze, such as is made with brush-wood, opposed to a constant regular fire.



*Of the Lyon and the Mous. p. 129.*

St. 4. l. 4. "And metigat mercy with crewelty." This expression is not very grammatical. It means just the contrary of what it expresses.

St. 6. l. 7. "Figour heirof aftymis has bene sene." He probably alludes to the revenge taken on Robert III. by Dunbar, and on James I. by Graham.



*The reffoning betwixt Aige and Yowth.  
p. 131.*

St. 1. l. 6. "That all of mirth cowth *none*." Wholly intent upon jollity.

St. 2.

St. 2. l. 3. "With cheikis *clone*, and lyart lokis  
"hoir." It is hard to say why *clean cheeks* should be  
a characteristic of age. I imagine the word to have  
been mistaken for *lene*. *Lyart*, from the A. S. *lae*, *capillus*, and *har*, *canus*. There is somewhat of tauto-  
logy in the passage.

St. 4. l. 4. "Ane *freik* on *feld*." This appears to  
have been a fashionable expression. G. Douglas says,  
p. 239. l. 27.

"Ha, wald thou fecht, quod the *freik*."

The word has nearly the same signification as *brave*  
had in the days of Brantome, or *tall man*, in the days  
of Shakspeare. The only remains of the word in mo-  
dern English are, *freak*, a whim, and *freakish*, capri-  
cious.

—— l. 7. "And so with *birds* blythly my *bailis*  
"beit." *Bride* is used in Chaucer for *bird*, and *birde*  
for a mistress. In an old Scottish song, "Burd Iso-  
"bel," means a young lady called Isabella. *Burd* is  
still used as an appellation of complacency by superiors  
to women of lower degree. Merfar, p. 157. of this  
collection, speaks of "*birdis* bricht in bowris;" by  
which he means young women in their chambers. *Bailis*  
*beit*, abate my fires. In poetical language, "to  
"quench my amorous flames," which may be other-  
wise expressed in blunt English.

St. 8. l. 2. "This breif thou fall obey sone, be  
"thow bald." Young man thou shalt one day ac-  
knowledge the justice of my saying, however vigorous  
thou mayest seem at present.

—— l. 6. "Thy helth fall *hynk*, and tak a hurt  
"but *hone*." Thy health shall incontinently haste a-  
way, nor will there be any relief or intermission from  
disease. *Hynk* is from the A. S. *higan*, *festinare*; hence  
to *hie*: *but hone* means "without *ho*." Mr Ruddi-  
man

man observes, *Glossary to G. Douglas*, that “*but hone*,” is, *metri gratiâ*, for *ho*; p. 222. l. 9.

“ Drif thir chiftanis of this land, but *hone*.”

The word *ho* is well known; it is an interjection, commanding to desist. It was used by the judge of the lists, in the days of chivalry, when he ordered the champions to cease from combat. In French *hola*, or *ho la*. Bassompierre relates, that when Charles I. and he were talking warmly, Buckinghame stepped in and cried, “*Je mets l’hola entre vous deux.*” Herein this petulant minister assumed the character of judge of the lists between his master and an ambassador.



*The Reasoning betwixt Deth and Man.*  
p. 134.

St. 7. l. 3. “To lurk under thy *caip*.” Under thy cope; a coffin is here meant. Knox in his history repeatedly uses *a copa of leid*, for a lead-coffin.

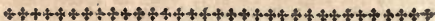


*The thré Deid Powis.* p. 139.

THE fancy of introducing *three* death’s-heads is odd; and the more so, because they all speak at once. The sentiments are such as the contemplation



plation of mortality naturally prodnces. If likeness inferred imitation, Shakespeare, in the scene of the grave-diggers, might be supposed to have copied from Patrick Johnstoun, an obscure versifier, of whom he never heard.



*Sons exylit throw Pryd. p. 142.*

**T**His is a curious poem. There is no circumstance in it which precisely ascertains its date. The language, however, shows that it must have been composed about the age of James V. It is plain that about that time the nobility began to frequent the court: the consequence was, expence flowed in a different channel; there was less hospitality, and more luxury. The vulgar think, that it is a fine thing to wear fine cloaths; and therefore, with their idea of Scottish nobles in every age, they connect silk, and lace, and embroidery. If there is faith in poets, silk, lace, and embroidery were phenomena in the reign of James V.

St. 3. l. 4. “ And quhen strangeris dois in this  
“ realme repair;” i.e. keep your rich cloaths till foreign-  
“ ers visit you, and they may last you for twenty years  
“ and more.” The entailing “ riche array is unsulyeit,  
“ clene, and fair, to thair succeßioun,” is a sumptuary  
law, singular in its nature.

St. 4. l. 3. “ With welwet bordour about his threid-  
bair coit.” This portrait of *ambitiosa paupertas* has  
been drawn from the life. The whole stanza is highly  
finished. The picture of a serving-man with a thread-  
bare coat and new velvet lace, not distinguishing his  
own master, is happily imagined.

*Johns*



*John Up-on-lands Complaint.* p. 144.

SEE Chaucer's works, p. 590. where *Jacke Upland* is introduced complaining of the ignorance of churchmen. This character is a sort of

“ *Rusticus, abnormis sapiens crassaque Minerva,*”

much in the style of Bishop Latimer.

St. 1. l. 1. “ Now is our King in tendir age.” Buchanan has well described the state of Scotland at this period. “ Absente prorege, cum omnes omnia non  
“ modo impune dicerent, sed facerent, agerent, fer-  
“ rent, raperent ;” l. 14. c. 24.

St. 3. l. 6. “ And preistis mycht pattir and pray  
“ thair fill.” John Up-on-land, ever since the days of Chaucer, had a licence to revile the clergy. This line shews how despicable the established clergy had become before the dawn of reformation: even when engaged in their proper office, they were not treated with decency.

—— l. 9. “ And *flakis* still mycht stand.” Dead fences; for when leases were of short endurance, there could be no other. There is a statute to the contrary, act 83. parliament 14. James II. But statutes when they move more rapidly in improvement than the nation does, always prove ineffectual.

—— l. 10. “ For sen thay red amang our duris.” The grievance here complained became so intolerable, that a law was enacted, c. 86. parliament 6. James V. for unhorning or dismounting the Scottish army, on account of “ the great hurte, skaith, and dammage,  
“ done in cumming of multitude of horsemen, throw  
“ destruction of cornes, meadowes, and herrying of  
“ pure folkes.”

St. 4.



*Lerges, lerges, lerges lay.* p. 151.

**T**His humorous poem was composed by one Stewart. There were two poets of this name, mentioned by Sir David Lindeſay. Concerning one of them he ſays,

“ Stewart of Lorne can carp right curiouſly.”

This poem diſplays a ſingular talent for *carping* or ſatire, and therefore we may attribute it to Stewart of Lorne.

St. 1. l. 1. “ The king my *cheif*.” The very fiſt ſtanza is highly ſatirical when the full import of the expreſſions is known. The king, head of our clan [Stewart], put his liberality to the teſt, and ſecretly conveyed into my hand — a couple of ſhillings.

St. 2. l. 1. “ Syne lerges of my Lord Chaucellar.” In order to diſcover *what* great men diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their liberality to Stewart of Lorne, it will be neceſſary to aſcertain the æra of this bitter New-year’s-day gift. This may be eaſily done, ſo that here there is no *ſtultus labor ineptiarum*.

In St. 3. l. 1. we find “ the *new* Biſhop of Galloway.” This poem, therefore, was composed when ſome biſhop was newly promoted to the ſee of Galloway. The ſucceſſion of biſhops to that ſee ſtands thus in Keith’s Catalogue, p. 164.

1508. James Bethune elect Biſhop of Galloway.

1509. David Arnot Biſhop of Galloway till 1526.

1526. Henry Wemyſs Biſhop of Galloway till about 1541.

This poem could not have been composed at New-year’s day 1508; for James Biſhop of Galloway was

also treasurer at that time : now the poem distinguishes the Bishop of Galloway from the Treasurer.

Besides it mentions Queen Margaret as being absent from court, or in some sort of disfavour. This was not the case during the reign of James IV.

For the same reason it could not have been composed at New-year's-day 1509.

Neither could it have been composed at New-year's day 1541 ; for the widow of James IV. removed from court, and eclipsed by Mary of Guise, her daughter-in-law, would not have been termed, " Margaret our Quene."

It follows, that it must have been composed at New-year's day 1527.

I ask pardon of the Manes of honest Keith for having used his industry to settle the chronology of a ballad against James V. and his ministers. The catalogue of Scottish bishops was not, *hoc quæsitum munus in usus*.

At New-year day 1527, the *Chancellor* was Archibald Earl of Angus, husband of the Queen-dowager ; the *Secretary*, Sir Thomas Ereskine of Brechin ; the *Treasurer*, Sir Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie ; the *Comptroller*, Sir James Colvill of Ochiltree.

St. 4. l. 1. " Of *Halie-rud* the abbot ying." The MS. has, " Of *Croce* the abbot ying." This is a lame verse, plainly from the inadvertency of the transcriber, who has given the sense of the poet without observing his metre. The young abbot of *Halie-rud*, or *Croce*, is William Douglas, brother of Archibald Earl of Angus.

St. 9. l. 1. " My Lord Bothwell." The person here meant, is Patrick Hepburn third Earl of Bothwell. His mother was a Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Buchan. This may account for his favour to a Stewart, and the consequent eulogy.

St. 10.

St. 10. l. 1. "Margaret our Quene." The Queen-Dowager, wife of Archibald Earl of Angus. Her aversion at the husband of her precipitate choice, was the chief cause of the numerous disorders during the minority of James V. As her husband was in power at New-year day 1527, she, of course, was absent from court.



*Sir Penny.* p. 154.

St. 5. l. 7. "And als Sir Symony his serwand." Upon the death of William Douglas Abbot of Holyrood, Buchanan says, "Sacerdotium ejus Robertus Carnicrucius, homo humili loco natus, sed pecuniosus, a Rege, tum a pecuniis inopi, redemit; novo genere fraudis elusa lege ambitus, quæ sacerdotia venire vetat: sponcione scilicet victus, qua, magnâ pecuniâ depositâ, contenderat, Regem non cum proximo sacerdotio vacuo donaturum;" l. 14. c. 35. He wagered with the king, That he should not be provided to the first vacant benefice; and he lost.—This childish popular tale has been occasionally revived. It is to be found in a recent publication of secret and scandalous history.

*The Wowing of Jok and Jynny.* p. 158.

**T**His well known poem, by frequent publication, has been much corrupted. Every publisher took the liberty of adding or altering just as his fancy led him. It is now given faithfully from the MS. and exhibits a ludicrous picture of the *curta supellex* of the Scottish Commons in the 16th century. Instead of encumbering the glossary with a minute detail of the wretched goods and chattels of the bride and bridegroom, I subjoin a list of whatever might be dubious or unintelligible to an English reader.

*Almry*, cupboard. *Ark*, large chest for keeping corn or meal. *Blasnit-ledder*, probably *basnit*, tanned-leather. *Brechame*, the collar of a work-horse. *Brochis*, clasps. *Brydill-renyé*, the rein of a bridle. *Coig*, a pail or trough. *Creill*, basket. *Dublaris*, probably dishes with covers. *Ell-wand*, an ell-measure, or rod. *Fetterit lok*, fetter-lock. *Fidder*, 128 C. weight. *Flaik*, hurdle. *Furme*, form or bench. *Furlet*, a measure containing one fourth of a boll. *Fute-braid sawing*, corn sufficient to sow a foot-breadth. *Groith*, girth. *Gryco*, pig. *Gufs*, goose. *Heck*, rack. *Hobbil schone*, clouted shoes. *Hog*, a sheep of two years old. *Jak*, that piece of warlike dress called a *doublet of fors*, or defence. *Kaill*, coleworts. *Kirn*, churne. *Laid-saddill*, load-saddle. *Maskene fatt*, vessel to boil malt in for brewing. *Milk-syth*, milk-strainer. *Nok*, button of a spindle. *Pek*, a measure containing one sixteenth of a boll. *Polk*, poke, bag. *Quhittill*, knife. *Raip*, rope. *Rck*, distaff. *Sark*, shirt. *Schule*, shovel. *Spounge*, probably *spung*, purse. *Spurtill*, *spattula*, flat iron for turning cakes. *Thraw-cruk*, a crooked stick for twisting hay or straw ropes. *Trene*, spout. *Truncheour*, trencher, platter. I do not know the signification of *padell*.



St. 1. l. 1. "*Robeyns* Jok;" i. e. Jok the son of Robin, or Robin's son. Proper surnames came late into Scotland.

—— 1. 3. "*Scho brankit* fast; and maid hir *bony*." She tript away hastily, and dressed herself out to the best advantage.

—— 1. 6. "*Cleir as ony clog*." Clear as a *clog*, or beetle; a proverbial expression, alluding to the bright polish on the body of that insect.

St. 2. l. 1. 2. — "I yern full fane,  
" To luk my heid, and sit down by  
" you."

This is obscure: I understand it to mean, "I earnestly long to sit down at your side, after having first searched my head, that there be no animals about me." A refinement in rustic courtship!

—— 1. 7. "I schro the lyar, full leis me yow." The young lady having told her mother, that she suspected the sincerity of her wooer, he tenderly answers, "Curse you for liar, I love you heartily."

St. 3. l. 3. "*Ane fute-braid sawing*." Corn sufficient to sow a foot-breadth, or a foot-breadth of ground on which one may sow. Here the author, straining to make a ludicrous description of braggart poverty, has transgressed the bounds of probability. The idea, however, has pleased; for in a more modern Scottish ballad the following lines occur.

"I ha a wie lairdschip down in the Merse,  
" *The nyнетenth pairt of a gusse's gerse*,  
" And I wo' na cum every day to wow."

St. 7. l. 3. "*Fyfe fiddier of raggis to stuff an 'ak*." A quantity of rags, wherewith to quilt my coat of mail. By 87th statute, parliament 6. James V. it was provided, "That all *yeamen* have *jacks of plate*."



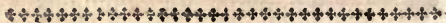
St. 7. l. 6. "Ane spounge." This probably means a *spung*, or purse, which closes with a spring. A. S. *bung* or *pung*. In Scotland the word *spung* is still used for a *fob*. Skinner gives an example of what he calls *lingua mystica erronum*, or Gypsy cant. "To nip a bung:" This is from A. S. *niipen*. *digitis vellicare*, and *bung* or *pung*, *marsupium*. It would be curious to inquire, whether the cant of Gypsies be any thing more than corrupted Anglo-Saxon, or corrupted French, just as those outcasts from civil society are of Anglo-Saxon or French original.

St. 8. l. 3. "Ane fark maid of the *linkome* twyne." A shirt made of the *Lincoln* twine; a sort of cloath so called. Thus, in *Chrystis kirk of the grene*, St. 2. l. 5. "Thair kirtillis wer of *Lincome* light."

St. 10. l. 1. "Tak thair for my parte of the feist." Such are my effects, sufficient to set off against yours; or, in the vulgar phrase, to pay my share of the reckoning.

—— l. 5. "And als the laverok is *fust* and *loddin*;" i. e. The lark is roasted and swollen. It seems to be a cant-proverbial expression, For dinner is ready.

—— l. 6. "When ye have done, tak hame the *brok*." After you have dined, you may carry the remnants home.



*Few may fend for Falsett. p 161.*

THIS poem is much in the style of Dunbar; but as it is anonymous in the MS. I would not venture to ascribe it to him.

St. 7. l. 4. " Syne with the lordis to *raik* and *roun*." *Rake with the judges*, may seem an uncouth phrase to modern ears; but the meaning is, *Walk at large*, *spatiari*; so p. 98. l. 12. " Lo quhair thay *raik on raw*," is used of the manner in which sheep pasture. *Roun, round*, is to whisper with; to talk like familiar acquaintance.



*Of Hap at Court.* p. 163.

**T**His anonymous poem, like the preceding one, is in the style of Dunbar.

St. 4. l. 4. *Grokaris*." A corruption of the French *escroqueurs*, sharpers.

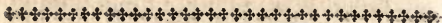
St. 7. l. 2. " Sum tynis *syifs*, and winnis bot *efs*." Thus Chaucer, *Monk's Tale*, l. 687. " *Sice* fortune is "toured to an *ace*." The lowest cast comes up instead of the highest: the most prosperous fortune is changed to the most adverse.

St. 9. This stanza touches on the incessant change of ministers during the minority of James V.

St. 10. l. 1. 2. " Chryst bring our king to perfyte ege,"  
" With wit, fra *yowthis fellon rege*."

From the expression, " *Yowthis fellon rege*," we may conclude that this poem was composed after the young king had discovered his propensity towards the fair sex. Sir David Lindefay, though a courtier, had the courage to reprove his master for his inordinate and mean pleasures.

pleasures. Buchanan throws an indulgent shade over them. “ Ad mulieres autem proniorem eum reddiderant adolescentiæ educatores, qui hac ratione diutissime eum sibi obnoxium fore arbitrabantur ;” l. 14. in fin.



*General Satyre.* p. 166.

St. 1. l. 3. “ Law hes defyit guerdoun and his meid.” The best commentary that I can make upon this line is to transcribe, act 104. parliament 7. James V. 1540. “ It is statute and ordained, That forsa meikle as it “ has bene heavilie murmured to our Soveraine Lorde, “ that his lieges has bene greatlie hurte in times bygane be judges, baith spiritual and temporal, quha “ hes not been allanerlie judges, bot plaine sollistares, “ partial counselloures, assisters and partakers with “ sum of the parties, and hes tane great geare and profite ;

“ Therefore it is statute and ordained, in times “ cumming, That all justice, schireffes, Lordes of “ Session, baillies of regalities, provost and baillies of “ burrowes, and uther deputes, and all uther judges, “ spiritual and temporal, alsweill within regalities as “ royaltie, sall do trew and equal justice to all our “ Soveraine Lordis lieges, without ony partial counsell, rewardes, or buddes taking, further then is “ permitted of the law, [meaning sentence-money], “ under the paine of tinsell of their honour, fame, and “ dignitie, gif they be tainted and convicted of the same : And gif ony maner of person murmuris ony “ judge, temporal or spiritual, alsweill Lordes of Session, as uthers, and proves not the same sufficientlie, he sall be punished in semblable maner and sorte, “ as

“ as the faide judge or person whom he murmuris, and  
 “ fall pay ane paine arbitral, at the will of the King’s  
 “ Grace, or his councel, for the infaming of sik per-  
 “ fones; providing alwaies, gif ony spiritual man fail-  
 “ zies, that he be called before his judge ordinar.”

—— 1. 5. “ Hes *flyttin* with fraud,” &c. Has  
 removed from fraud. *Flytt* is *vertere solum*, particularly  
 used of tenants who quit their possession. The word  
*flit*, in modern English, implies not so much the remo-  
 ving from any one place, as the fluctuating from one  
 place to another.

St. 2. l. 2. “ And prelettis levis in clyne perfytness.”  
 In a provincial council held 1549, one great cause of  
 heresy was declared to be “ in personis ecclesiasticis,  
 “ omnium feré graduum, morum corruptela ac vitæ  
 “ *profana obscœnitas;*” Wilkins’s Concil. tom. 4. p. 46.  
 to p. 60. See a commentary upon this text, Note to  
 St. 2. l. 2. p. 42.

—— 1. 5. “ All *religioun* levis in holiness.” The  
 word *religioun* is here used for monastic orders.

St. 3. l. 6. “ Quhois pacience is bot newly watt and  
 “ schorne.” In allusion to the manner of dressing  
 cloath: as if he had said, Womens patience is just cut  
 out of the loom, and nothing the worse of the wear-  
 ing.



### Of Covetice. p. 168.

St. 1. l. 1. “ *Fredome*, honour, and nobilnes.” By  
*fredome* is here meant generosity and hospitality.

St. 2.

St. 2. l. 3. " And *play* is sett at littill price." Mirth; all joyous amusements, are despised; men are become avaritious and gamesters.

St. 3. l. 1. 2. " Halking, hunting, and swift horse  
" rynning,  
" Ar chengit all in wrangus wyn-  
" ning."

Hence it appears, that our forefathers did not consider horse-racing as a species of gaming. — This poem, and that of " sons exylit throw Pryd," p. 142. treat of the same subject; but *that* appears to be much superior to *this*.

St. 9. l. 3. " Is haldin a fule, and that full nyce." *Nice* is from the French *niais*, simple. Thus Chaucer says, Cuckowe and Nightingale, p. 543. l. 13.

" For he can makin of wise folke *full nice*."

Thus also Dunbar, p. 24. of this collection.

" Quhen I awoik my dreame it was *so nice*."



### *Ane Discriptioun of Pedder Coffeis.* p. 170.

What the author meant by *coffeis*, he explains St. 1. l. 3. where he speaks of " pedder *knavis*." *Coffe*, in the modern Scottish language, means *rustic*. The sense here is peddling merchants. The seven forts  
are,

are, 1. An higgler and forestaller; 2. A lewd parish priest; 3. A merchant who traffics in company upon too small a stock; 4. Though obscurely expressed, is a low-born fellow, who intrudes himself into the magistracy of a royal borough; 5. A fraudulent bankrupt; 6. A miser; 7. A dignified churchman: the character of each is drawn from the living manners of that age.

St. 2. l. 3. "*Sornand* all and findry *airts*." This *scorppit* or *contemptible* dealer is represented as going about in every quarter *sornand*; a contraction from *sojournand*. Hence *sorners*, or *sojourners*, which so often occurs in our more ancient statutes. He is here described as solicitous in purchasing fowls, profiting by the sale of their eggs, forestalling the market, and drawing advantage from a dearth. These are topics of popular discontent, which the legislature has sometimes sanctified by inextricable statutes.

My reason for imagining that *scorppit* means contemptible, is founded on the following passage in Knox, p. 93. "Thair was presentit to the Quein Regent a calfe having two heidis; whairat she *scorppit*, and said, it was bot a common thing."

St. 3. A rascally wench among the married women, resides in the country, versant in the arts of subtilty; he interprets to them the legends of the saints, and sanctifies them with dead-men's bones or relics. Such persons seem to have raked the streets of Rome for every superstitious foolery. Sometimes they growl like dogs, in the offices of religion; sometimes they pitifully whine like the hypocritical Symmye and his brother.

The first part of this description alludes to the lewd and inordinate lives of the secular clergy. — The description of their employment in the country resembles that which the younger Vossius profanely gave of a friend of his: "*Eft sacrificulus in pago quodam, et decipit rusticos.*" — In Lord Hyndford's MS. there is a poem



poem relative to *Symniye and his bruder*; it is obscure; but seems to import, that they were what is termed *quæstionarii* in the antient Scottish canons, c. 48. that is, persons sent out by the church upon a begging mission.

St. 4. l. 1. 2. “Thir cur coffeis that failis oure sone,  
“ And thretty-sum about ane pak.”

These lines are unintelligible without the aid of the Statute-book. By act 24. parl. 4. James V. it is provided, “That na merchand fail, *without he have ane* “ *halfe last of gudes of his awin*, or else in governance, “ as factour, to uthir merchandes.” And by act 25. “That na schip be frauchted out of the realme, with “ ony staple gudes, fra the feast of Simon’s day and “ Judes, unto the feast of the purification of our lady, “ called Candlemas.” The reader will now perceive what it was to fail too early, and wherein they offended, who, to the number of thirty, were joint adventurers in one pack of goods.

St. 5. l. 1. “*Knaifatica* coff misknawis himself.” The word *knaifatica* has been invented to describe a pedlar of mean servile original. Every one knows, that *knave* formerly meant a servant. It is probable that this stanza was aimed at some living character, remarkable for the insolence of office.

—— 1. 6. “With his keis clynkand on his arme.” The keys of a city are considered as the symbols of trust and power, and therefore they may have been borne by magistrates. It is an ancient custom for the chief magistrate of a city to deliver the keys to the Sovereign, upon his first entry.

St. 6. l. 1. “Ane dyvour coffe.” This stanza describes, in very emphatical terms, the offence of one who, while unable or unwilling to pay, deals upon credit with foreign merchants.



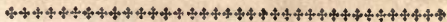
St. 7. l. 7. “ And eitis thame in the buith that  
 “ *smaik*.” The word *smaik* means a pitiful ignomini-  
 ous fellow. It occurs in a curious poem by the Earl of  
 Glencairn, preserved in Knox, p. 25.

“ They *smaikis* dois set their haill intent,  
 “ To reid the Inglische New Testament.”

The churl here described, after having carefully num-  
 bered his cakes, conveys one of them under his cloaths,  
 and eats it in his booth or shop.

St. 9. l. 6. 7. “ And to the *scho-streit* ye thame ken,  
 “ Syne cut thair luggis,” &c.

Shoes are still sold at Edinburgh in the upper part of  
 the *Grass-market*, which is also the place of execution.  
 It is probable that lesser punishments, such as that of  
 cutting off the ears of delinquents, were anciently in-  
 flicted in the same place. It has been suggested to the  
 editor, that by *Scho-streit*, a street in Perth, still term-  
 ed the *Shoe-gate*, is understood: But there seems no  
 reason for supposing that this poem was composed at  
 Perth, or that the *Shoe-gate* in Perth was a place of pu-  
 nishment.



*Ane littill interlud, of the Droichis part  
 of the Play. p. 173.*

IN this singular piece the genius of wealth is intro-  
 duced under the character of a blind pigmy. Du-  
 ring the 16th century some traces of theatrical compo-  
 sitions

fitions may be discovered in Scotland. Sir David Lindefay was the author of various interludes. Some of them are to be found in Lord Hyndford's MS. I believe no one will ever venture to publish them: they are loose and indecent beyond credibility. How would this age, libertine as it may be, endure the fitting on of a Spanish padlock in a theatrical representation?

St. 1. l. 1. "*Hiry, hary, hubbilschow.*" These are words expressing hurry and confusion. *Hiry, hary*, seems to be a corruption of the French *haro*, or the cry *à l'aide*; like *huesum* in our old laws, and *hue* in English. *Hubbilschow* is still used with us for *uproar*.

St. 4. l. 1. "*Fyn Mackowll.*" Better known in this age under the modernised name of Fingal.—Concerning this personage, whether real or imaginary, there are innumerable legends in the highlands of Scotland. He is more celebrated as a giant than as the hero of Ossian.

— 1. 2. "*That dung the devill.*" This may allude to the contest with the spirit Loda. Here let me observe, that to doubt of Fingal and Temora being ancient compositions, is indeed a refinement in scepticism. They contain various allusions to the manners of other times, which have escaped the observation of Mr Macpherson himself.

St. 7. l. 6. "*Craig-Gorth.*" It has been conjectured that *Car-Gorth* in Aberdeenshire is here meant. I should rather suppose it to be *Craig-Forth*, in the neighbourhood of Stirling.—One stanza in the MS. is omitted on account of its indecency. This seemed a better course, than to disguise it by an interpretation affectedly erroneous, as has been done by the publisher of the *Evergreen*.

St. 12. l. 2.—4. “ Nor in the steiddis I dar noch ga;  
 “ Thair is nothing bot and flae,  
 “ Cut thropillis, and make  
 “ quyte.”

*Steides.* The states or government of the Netherlands.  
*Bot and flae.* The words *bot and*, corrupted from the Low Dutch *buitand*, i. e. without or besides, often occur in our popular ballads. These lines allude to that scene of cruelty begun by Charles V. and perfected by Philip II. in the Netherlands. *Make quyte* is an obscure expression: It probably means, “to get rid of” “obnoxious persons.”

——— l. 5. “Yrland for evir I haif reffusit.” Here is another example of the illiberal raillery which I have elsewhere censured.

St. 14. l. 7. “*Curphour* bell.” The *couvre feu*, and, by corruption, *curfeu*. This bell was rung in boroughs at nine in the evening, act 144. parliament 13. James I. The hour was changed to ten, at the solicitation of the wife of James Stewart, the favourite of James VI.

St. 16. In this stanza there is a strange mixture of grave and ludicrous. With us, before the Reformation, religious offices were farcical, and farces religious. On the continent, where-ever the Roman Catholic worship has not been refined, the same assemblage of discordant ideas prevails.

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### *Ane Ballat of evill Wyffis.* p. 178.

St. 1. l. 8. “And chairgis him to byd.” This is a law-phrafe, and is nearly synonymous with the Eng-

lish phrase, "arrests him." A charge is an order issued in the name of the Sovereign, and intimated to the party by some one legally authorised to that effect.

Every reader will perceive a want of connection in this poem: The first and second stanzas contain moral reflections on the certainty of death; the third is a religious inference; the fourth mentions the dangers attending the profession of a sailor; the fifth insensibly slides into an invective on froward wives; and this subject is carried on through the rest of the poem, with some wit and much acrimony of expression.

St. 7. l. 5. "Ane mirry in thair cumpany," &c. The meaning is, to such hen-pecked husbands a cheerful companion would be a most valuable acquisition. A musician that could keep them in tune, would be worth any money.

St. 9. l. 5. "With ane grene sling." Probably *sling*, a slender hazzle stick new cut, for the purpose of giving moderate correction to a wife. This was a power which our rude legislature in former times committed to husbands.



### *Ballat of Gude-Fallowis.* p. 182.

St. 1. l. 12. "For all his *wrek* and wair." The word *wrek*, spelt in the following line *wrak*, is frequently used by the Scottish writers; Knox, p. 35. says, "The merchantis *maik frack* to saill and to their traf-  
"sique." This is plainly the same word. To *maik frack*, is to load a cargo. Hence the modern word *freight*.

St. 2. l. 5. "Than fall he *fwak*." Alluding to the oscillatory motion, remarkable when great loads are carried on mens shoulders.



*Auld Kyndnes foryett.* p. 184.

**K***Yndnes* in this poem seems to imply acquaintance, and its consequence, familiarity.

St. 6. l. 1. "Als lang as *my cop stud evin*." An expression implying, as long as I was prosperous. Kelly, in his Scottish proverbs, reports a story of a minister, who preaching against the Pope, thus concluded, "For all that I have said, *even stands his cap* drinking gude "Romany wine this day."



*The Prais of Aige.* p. 189.

**T**His poem gives a favourable idea of Kennedy as a versifier. His lines are more polished and smooth than those of his cotemporaries. If he is the person against whom Dunbar directed his Invective, he has met with hard measure. Dunbar says,

"I lat ye knaw I haif twa Lothian hippis,  
 "That bettir Inglis can, and mair perfyte,  
 "Than thow can blubbir with thy Carrik lippis."

This sarcasm, if serious, is misapplied.

St. 4. l. 6. "Dryvis in the see of *Lollerdry* that "blawis." Kennedy appears to have been a zealous partisan of what was termed *the old faith*; whereas the poets his cotemporaries were either lukewarm in their religious tenets, or inclined to the *new* opinions.

The name of *Lollard* is well known both on the continent and in Britain. — The Monkish writers derived it from *lolium*, and to make the etymology more complete, were guilty of a false quantity, using *lollium* instead of *lolium*. It would have been well for the poor Lollards, if this etymology had led their adversaries to apply the parable to their case, and not to set fire to the tares before the harvest of the last day.

The publisher of the former edition of Knox gravely says, that they took their name from a pious man called Lollard.

Mosheim, *Eccles. hist.* vol. i. p. 744. Note [u] says, That those innovators were termed *Lollards*, from the German *lollen*, whence the English *lull*. This alluded to the drawling unison which they appear to have affected in their prayers and religious hymns. In modern language they would have been termed the sect of the *Hum-drums*.

When the Lollards were first discovered in England, the bishops were at a loss how to describe their tenets. In 1387, Henry Bishop of Worcester informed his clergy, that they were "followers of Mahomet;" Wilkin's *Concil.* vol. 3. p. 202. They who are acquainted with the ecclesiastical history of those times, will recollect many an example of judgements equally precipitate.

The conclusions of the Lollards, as presented by themselves to parliament in the reign of Richard II. are to be found in Wilkins, vol. 3. p. 221. They are conclusions which Protestants in this age might hold, with the exception of some fanatical conceits, such as the absolute unlawfulness of war.

They







*Ane New Yere Gift.* p. 194.

**T**His poem furnishes us with a *present state of Scotland* in 1561, [or, perhaps, 1562], and on that account is curious and instructive. The author affects impartiality, and therefore it may be presumed that the portraits which he draws are not much out of nature.

St. 1. l. 2. "Welcum oure lyone, with the floure--  
"de-lyce." This alludes to the arms of Scotland, a lion with a border or tressure adorned with flower-de-luces. While the science of coats armorial was in high esteem, such allusions had beauty and dignity.

—— l. 3. "The *Lorane grene*." In right of her mother Marie de Lorraine. Guillim, in his *Display of heraldry*, p. 18. has a profound note on the colour green. "This colour is green, which consisteth of  
"more black and of less red, as appeareth by the definition. *Viridis est color nigredine copiosiore, et rubedine minore contemperatus*. This colour is blazoned *vert*,  
"and is called in Latin *viridis*, a *vigore*, in regard of the  
"strength, freshnes, and liveliness thereof; and therefore best resembleth youth, in that most vegetables,  
"so long as they flourish, are beautified with this verdure, and is a colour most wholesome and pleasant to  
"the eye, except it be in a young gentlewoman's face."

—— l. 7. "Our *plefand* princes." So much has been said of the beauty of Mary Queen of Scots, that the subject may seem exhausted. I can add one testimony which has been overlooked by her admirers. It is from *Adriani Turnebi poemata*, p. 31.

"Omnes hæc formas præstanti corpore et ore  
"Exuperat, Paride et pomum vel iudice ferret :—  
"Hæc tereti filo et procero corpore surgit  
"Primævo sub flore"——

From the same poem, it appears that Mary Queen of Scots had the small pox before her marriage with Francis II.

“ Huic decus et tantum speciosæ frontis honorem  
 “ Invidit Cytherea Venus ; populataque sævâ  
 “ Diva lue, obsevit varis deformibus ora.”

Her face, however, was not spoilt ; for the author adds,

“ Non tulit invidiam Cyprizæ tamen æmula Juno,  
 “ Non Pallas,” &c.

St. 6. l. 5. “ The pulling down of *policie* reprove.” Alluding to the destruction of monasteries at the Reformation.

St. 9. l. 2. “ To blande thair blude with barrownis  
 “ be ambitiou.” The clergy were ambitious of giving their spurious daughters in marriage to men of family.—It would be invidious to enter into particulars. They who are acquainted with the history of Scotland need not be told, that the best blood of the nation was contaminated by such base mixtures.

St. 10. l. 1. “ Thay lost baith benefice and pentioun  
 “ that mareit.” Pitfcottie, p. 277. [edit. 1749], says, “ They would thole no preist to marry, but they  
 “ would punish and burn him to the dead ; but if he  
 “ had used ten thousand whores, he had not been  
 “ burnt.”

——— 1. 2. “ And quha eit flesch on Frydayis was  
 “ *fyre-fangit*.” Fanged or seized by the fire ; i. e. punished as heretics. Pitfcottie says, p. 343. “ In the end  
 “ of February, the Queen, Governor, Cardinal, and  
 “ Lords, held a convention at St Johnston ; *there* they  
 “ caused hang four honest men for eating of a goose  
 “ on Friday.” Mr Goodall, *Examination*, vol. I. p. 132,  
 is.

is pleased to say, "This story let any man believe who lifts." There seems to be no reason for disbelief. The passage in Scot's poem, shews that the fact was understood to be true by those who had better opportunity of information than Mr Goodall.

St. 11. l. 2. "And *paintit paiparis*, wattis nocht "quhat thay meine." They permitted thy subjects to perform their devotions to coloured prints, of which they understood not the signification, as Virgil speaks of Æneas,

"Miratu, rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet."

—— l. 6. "Sanct Blais, Sanct Boit, blate bodeis "ein to bleir." "To blear one's eyes," is used, p. 37.

"And yit he bleiris my Lordis ee."

The sense is, imposed on the credulity of the simple, with tales of the powerful intercession of saints. *Sanct Boit* is probably an obscure saint called *Boythan*, here chosen on account of the alliteration.

St. 12. l. 1. "Tume *trentalis*." A service of thirty masses performed for the dead.

St. 13. l. 1. "With mefs nor matynes nowayis will "I mell." The poet cautiously avoids that topic, as the Queen had declared her sentiments concerning it. There is a remarkable passage in Aymon, *Synodes nationaux des Eglises reformées de France*, tom. 1. p. 17. which has escaped the observation of our historians. The Cardinal *Sanctæ Crucis* writes thus to Cardinal Borromeo, 24th November 1561. "Giunse in questa citta "il Gran Priore di Francia, et Monsignore Danvilla "figliolo del Signore Conestabile, que venivano di "Scotia, donde portano nuova que la Regina si con-  
"servava.

“ servava nella religione Cattolica costantemente, et  
 “ va rimediando al piu che ella puo per il regno. —  
 “ In particolare racontano che andando un giorno alla  
 “ messa, furono due o tre volte smorzate le candele,  
 “ da certi heretici ; et che la Regina comparse nella  
 “ sua capella, et havendo havuto notitia di questo  
 “ fatto, chiamo un di quei *Baroni* il piu Luterano, et  
 “ piu grande che vi fosse, et gli comando che lui me-  
 “ desimo andasse ad illuminar quelle candele, et por-  
 “ tarle all’ altare, et fu subito obbedita.” I transcribe  
 the Italian as I find it, although it may require cor-  
 rection. Aymon translates *Baroni* by the French *Be-  
 litres*, and hence makes the sense to be, that the Queen  
 ordered the greatest scoundrel of the company to light  
 the tapers which the heretics had extinguished. *Baroni*  
 in this place means *Barons* or *Noblemen*, and nothing  
 else.

The same letter reports more news from those young  
 gentlemen, particularly, That the Queen had threaten-  
 ed to hang three *burgomasters* of a certain territory for  
 having banished the Popish priests.

St. 15.—20. These stanzas contain much curious  
 matter concerning the state of Scotland in 1561. When  
 the Reformation took place, many of the Commons  
 expected to be eased of the payment of tithes ; but  
 though the exactors were changed, payment was still  
 exacted with all the ancient rigour. The reformed cler-  
 gy expected that the tithes would be applied to chari-  
 table uses, to the advancement of learning, and the  
 maintenance of the ministry. But the Nobility, when  
 they themselves had become the exactors, saw nothing  
 rigorous in the payment of tithes, and derided those  
*devout imaginations*. See *Knox*, p. 256.

St. 25. This prophecy is to be found among other  
 things of the same sort, in a collection printed by An-  
 drew Hart, 1615: It passes under the name of *Tho-  
 mas*

mas Lermouth, or *Thomas the Rhymer*, who lived towards the latter end of the 13th century, and runs thus.

“ Or who shall rule the ille of Britain  
 “ From the north to the south sea ?  
 “ A French Queen shall bear the son  
 “ Shall rule all Britain to the sea,  
 “ Which of the Bruces blood shall come  
 “ As near as the ninth degree.”

Archbishop Spottiswood, speaking of this prophecy, observes, that it “ may be justly admired, having foretold, *so many ages before*, the union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland, in the ninth degree of the Bruce’s blood ; *History Church of Scotland*, p. 47. It is amazing that Archbishop Spottiswood, a man of sense and a scholar, should imagine that this prophecy was ancient, or that it did so much as bear the name of *Thomas the Rhymer*. The language throughout is scarcely more ancient than the times of the Archbishop himself ; and it is remarkable that, in one place, the author forgetting his ambiguous figurative style, speaks of the battle of Pinkie [1547] in express terms.

“ At *Pinkin-cluch* there shall be spilt  
 “ Much gentle [i. e. Noble] blood that day.”

The author, whoever he was, does not assume the character of *Thomas the Rhymer*, but, on the contrary, repeats what *Thomas the Rhymer* is supposed to have shewn him.

“ When all these ferlies were away,  
 “ Then saw I none but I and he ;  
 “ Then to the bairn could I say,  
 “ Where dwells thou, or in what country ?”

The answer runs thus,

“ At





“ Diffamit, ſchamit, blamit *primus Paganorum* ;  
 “ Out, out, I ſhout, upon that ſnout that ſnevikis,  
 “ Tail-teller, rebellar, indwellar with the divellis,  
 “ Spink, ſink, with ſtink *ad Tartara Termagorum.*”

This railery might have exploded all ſuch unmufical jingle: But how feeble is wit when it raifes its voice againſt Faſhion ?

The ſame bad taſte in poetry reigned long among the Engliſh. Shakeſpeare ridicules it more than once. Thus, Sir John Falſtaffe addreſſes the wives of Windſor, act 2. ſcene 1. “ I will not ſay, Pity me, ’tis not  
 “ a ſoldier’s phraſe, but I ſay love me : by me

“ Thine own true knight, by day or night,  
 “ Or any kind of light, with all his might  
 “ For thee to fight”——

See alſo the interlude of Pyramus and Thisbé, in *Mid-ſummer-night’s Dream*.



### *Lament of the Maiſter of Erſkyn.* p.203.

**I**T is probable that the perſon here meant was the Maſter of Erſkine, killed at the battle of Pinkie-Cleugh. Knox ſays, p. 79. “ In that ſame battel was  
 “ ſlayne the Maiſter of Erſkin, deirlye belovit of the  
 “ Quein, [Mary of Lorraine Queen-Dowager] ; for  
 “ quhome ſcho maid grit lamentatioun, and bure his  
 “ deythe mony dayis in mynd.” This paſſage in Knox may lead us to conjecture what lady is here meant.



*To his Heart.* p. 204.

**T**His poem is strangely interpolated in the *Evergreen*. The burden, “For feind a crum of “thé scho fawis,” is literally, D— a bit of thee befalls her; i. e. she has no share in thee.

St. 4. l. 7. “And let her fallow ane filly fair.” Let her match herself with a fair filly, here used for a handsome young man.

There are very many of Scot’s poems in Lord Hyndford’s MS. several of them are published in the *Evergreen*, particularly, “The justing and debait up at “the Drum, betwixt William Adamson and Johnie “Sym.” The publisher imagined that *the Doan* was in the MS. whereas it is *the Drum*, above Dalkeith, now Somerville house. This circumstance seems to point out that Scot was an inhabitant of Dalkeith. The humour of the *justing*, being both temporary and local, is now in a great measure lost.

*Of Wemenkynd.* p. 207.

St. 2. l. 1. “No leid unleill thay leit.” They will not endure the company of any false or disloyal man.

*The Wife of Auchtermuchty.* p. 215.

**T**His is a favourite poem among the Scots, and has been frequently published. The former publisher has altered six lines, and added no fewer than twenty. It must be admitted that his alterations and additions are in the style of the original. They prove him to have been a better poet than a publisher of other mens works. I incline to think that it has been transcribed at some later period than 1568, when most of the MS. was written. The name *Moffat* subjoined to it in the MS. is in a very modern hand.

Any one acquainted with the modern Scottish language, will find little difficulty in understanding this poem.

*Darnley's Ballat.* p. 220.

**T**His song goes to the noted tune of, "When Fanny blooming fair." I observe in passing, that it appears from Lord Hyndford's MS. that the celebrated poem called *The Cherry and the Slae*, goes to an ancient tune, called "The Banks of Helicon."

The MS. bears in an ancient hand, *quoth King Henry Stewart*. I have therefore ventured to give it the title of *Darnley's Ballat*. The publisher of the *Evergreen* has ascribed to Darnley another poem in that collection, without any authority whatever.

# A G L O S S A R Y.

N. B. The number, sometimes annexed to the word to be explained, directs to the page in which the word is to be found.]

## A

*A*, one.  
*Abitis*, 197. obits, service for the dead.  
*Above*, above.  
*Aby*, 135. buy.  
*Affair*, 28. *affaired*, business, busied.  
*Affyis*, confides.  
*Air*, 192. hair, used for a thing of no value.  
*Air*, 163. heir.  
*Airtis*, cardinal points of the compass.  
*Alkyn*, every fort.  
*Almous*, almsgiving, charitable.  
*Als*, as.  
*And*, if.  
*Anis*, asses.  
*Ante-tewme*, anti-tune, antiphone, or response.  
*Appleis*, satisfy, content.  
*Argone*, argue.  
*Artellyé*, artillery, weapons of offence.  
*As*, ashes.  
*Askis*, from *ask*, a newt, *stellio*.  
*Attanis*, at once.  
*Attour*, beside.  
*Austie*, austere, harsh.  
*Awpis*, pronounced *whaw-pis*, curlews.

## B

*Baggit-horse*, stallion.  
*Baid*, residence, abiding.  
*Bailis*, 54. 132. evils, fires.  
*Ban*, curse.  
*Barganeris*, quarrellers.  
*Barrowis*, barriers, lifts.  
*Bartane*, Bretagne.  
*Baxstar*, baker.  
*Beckis*, bows, cringes.  
*Bedene*, immediately.  
*Best*, struck, give blows.  
*Beill*, 194. probably bell, to bear the bell.  
*Beir*, 22. noise made by the flight of birds.  
*Beir-bonnokis*, thick unleavened cakes of barley-meal.  
*Beit*, 132. 180. supply, increase; *bait* the fire, is to add fuel to it.  
*Bellomy*, probably boon companion.  
*Belyffe*, presently.  
*Ben*, within, opposed to *but*, without.  
*Bene*, well equipped, comfortably circumstanced.  
*Bene*, bean; used for a thing of no value.  
*Bent*, rushes or coarse grass, field over-run with them.  
*Berand*, roaring, used for snorting.

- Besecht*, 107. *befet*, surrounded.  
*Besene*, busy, occupied, active.  
*Bett*, 184. the better, benefited, part. of *beit*.  
*Bicker*, drinking cup.  
*Bid*, pray for, desire.  
*Biddis*, 65. with-holds, stays.  
*Bikkar*, bickering, attack, skirmish.  
*Birkis*, birch-trees.  
*Bland*, blend, mingle.  
*Blandit*, 67. flattered, soothed, part. of *bland*.  
*Bledoch*, butter-milk.  
*Blekit*, blacken.  
*Blenkis*, cast a glance, or transient look.  
*Bodin*, arrayed, dressed.  
*Bone*, bane.  
*Borch*, surety.  
*Borrow*, 68. pawn, borrow.  
*Bostis*, threats.  
*Bown*, dressed, prepared.  
*Bow*, herd of cattle.  
*Bow*, 187. a fold; hence security.  
*Bowgil*, horn, properly of the buffalo.  
*Bowgle*, Buffalo, horned beast.  
*Bowrd*, jest, light matter.  
*Braid*, assault.  
*Brais*, embrace.  
*Brand*, sword.  
*Brankand*, prancing, tripping.  
*Brankit*, capered, pranced.  
*Brattis*, coarse hempen garments.  
*Brawlis*, 51. violence, tumult.  
*Brayd*, started or sprung away.  
*Breid*, breadth.  
*Breif*, compose, indite.  
*Brinkit*, 20. probably an error of MS. for *bruikit*, spotted.  
*Brint*, burnt.  
*Brodit*, pricked.  
*Brok*, fragments.  
*Browstar*, brewer.  
*Bruke*, possess, enjoy.  
*Bud*, proffer, gift, bribe.  
*Bumbard*, drunken.  
*Burchgus*, boroughs.  
*Burry*, 109. probably rough, boorish.  
*Busteous*, boisterous, overbearing.  
*But*, without.  
*Bute*, advantage.  
*Ey*, 105. 167. beside, without.  
*Bydand*, waiting, attending.  
*Byde*, wait, attend.  
*Bynge*, do obeysance.

## C

- Caip*, 135. cope, cover, shelter.  
*Cairlis*, persons of mean birth.  
*Caiss*, 105. accident, *casus*.  
*Calsay*, pavement.  
*Can*, 126. knows, is master of.  
*Caproassy*, 142. caparison, upper garment.  
*Carlich*, vulgar.  
*Chaip*, escape.  
*Char*, set together, as on hinges.

*Chaisf*

*Cheif*, 151. head of a clan or family.

*Chrip*, squeak, chirp.

*Chene*, chin.

*Cheynie*, chain.

*Cloik*, crooked iron, hawl.

*Clek*, hatch.

*Clippit*, ycleped, termed.

*Clipps*, eclipse.

*Clok*, beetle.

*Clows*, claws.

*Cluik*, a claw.

*Clute*, *cute*, 192. hoof of a cow, bone of the leg; used for a thing of no value.

*Clynkand*, jingling.

*Cofe*, *cofeis*, probably cheat, from *covin*.

*Coft*, bought.

*Corchat*, crotchet, in music.

*Corf*, a shade, temporary building.

*Cors*, cross, in the market-place.

*Corfes*, crosses, money.

*Counyie*, 29. coin; and hence, circulation.

*Cowth*, common, usual.

*Crab*, be crabbed or peevish.

*Craig*, neck.

*Crakkis*, boasting words.

*Cramp*, *cramping*, 132. to climb or ramp, *grimper*.

*Crampland*, curled, like tendrils.

*Creische*, grease.

*Crufe*, any poor habitation, a shade, an hogs sty.

See *Corf*.

*Cruk*, 159. lame.

*Crynit*, contracted, drawn together, withered.

*Culroun*, scoundrel.

*Cumis*, becomes, suits.

*Cure*, n. care.

*Cure*, v. care for.

*Curlurous*, churlish.

*Curfing*, 109. excommunication.

*Curfing*, 44. courfing, hunting with greyhounds.

## D

*Daisit*, 197. *devit*, deafned.

*Daill*, *dill*, 98. share.

*Dang*, knocked at, struck.

*Dargeis*, dirges.

*Debait*, overthrow, cast.

*Defar*, 154. put off, delay, defer.

*Deid*, death.

*Deir*, 98. dismay.

*Deirance*, injury.

*Delyverly*, nimbly.

*Deme*, dame, mother.

*Deming*, damning, censure.

*Derenyeit*, arraigned.

*Dern*, secret.

*Ding*, condign, worthy.

*Discrefs*, discretion, moderation.

*Discre*, discover.

*Disreis*, uneasiness.

*Disjoine*, breakfast.

*Docht*, *dow*, take the trouble, endure, or simply, can.

*Doid*, 111. deed.

*Dourly*, obstinately.

*Drass*, brewers grains.

*Drawkit*, drenched, dragged.

*Dré*, suffer.

*Drene*, drain, spout, conduit.

*Dress*, address.

*Dring*, covetous person.

*Droichis*,

*Dreichtis*, dwarfs.  
*Druggit*, drew, pulled.  
*Dub*, gutter, shallow accidental water.  
*Duddroun*, spectre.  
*Dule*, grief, mourning.  
*Dungin*, beat, overcome.  
*Dynd*, 188. q. to overcome, dompter, Fr. *Cotgrave*, daunted.  
*Dytis*, indicts, accuses.

## E

*Effeiris*, befits, is consonant.  
*Effrey*, engage.  
*Elrick*, hideous.  
*Erd*, earth.  
*Efs*, ace at dice.

## F

*Faik*, 172. a fold, a slice, a cake.  
*Faikles*, weak.  
*Fairsing*, stuffing.  
*Fais*, foes.  
*Falsly*, 145. wickedly.  
*Falt*, default, indigence.  
*Famenene*, the female sex.  
*Fane*, desirous, eager, fond.  
*Fannoun*, 20. a scarf worn on the left arm by an officiating priest.  
*Fare*, 16. behaviour.  
*Fary*, tumult.  
*Fary*, 173. faery.  
*Fassoun*, address, politeness; *façon*.  
*Fauld*, 3. fence, inclosure.  
*Fawis*, 204. falls to, belongs; she falls to get.  
*Feid*, fade.

*Feid*, enmity.  
*Feir*, feature.  
*Feir*, fear.  
*Feir*, company.  
*Feiris*, companions.  
*Feltone*, strange, strangely, very.  
*Felyé*, fail.  
*Fend*, defend, provide for.  
*Fenyeit*, feigned.  
*Ferd*, fourth.  
*Feriat*, out of term, holy-day.  
*Ferleit*, wondered.  
*Ferly*, wonderfully, wonder.  
*Fers*, force.  
*Feure*, furrow in corn-fields.  
*Fewty*, fealty.  
*Fie*, cattle; hence hire, income.  
*Fillok*, filly, frisky, loose woman.  
*Firthis*, woods.  
*Flaggis*, flanks.  
*Flane*, shaft, arrow.  
*Fleichit*, prevailed upon by intreaty.  
*Fleit*, 1. 8. fleet, quick.  
*Fleit*, frightened.  
*Fleme*, *flemit*, banish, banished.  
*Flesbour*, butcher.  
*Fling*, kick back, as horses do.  
*Flocht*, flight, on the wing.  
*Flyt*, scold, inveigh.  
*Flyttin with*, removed from.  
*Foly*, foolish.  
*For*, 54. notwithstanding.  
*Forfairn*, 53. forlorn, decayed, wasted.  
*Forge*, 208. go towards, meet, pretend to.  
*Forloppin*, vagabond.  
*Formois*, beautiful.

*Ferrow*,



*Forrow*, time past.  
*Fortys*, stout, *fortis*.  
*Forwayit*, wander, err.  
*Foryett*, forgotten.  
*Found*, 183. fondre, Fr.  
     founder.  
*Fow*, full, drunk.  
*Fowth*, abundance, at large.  
*Frak*, v. 73. pass over.  
*Frak*, n. 199. nimble, ac-  
     tive.  
*Frawfull*, froward, unto-  
     ward.  
*Freik*, gallant, petulant.  
*Frenit*, foreign, strange.  
*Frewch*, 185. brittle.  
*Frist*, 171. trust, credit.  
*Fro*, from.  
*Frog*, upper coat, frock.  
*Fruslir*, v. render useless,  
     destroy.  
*Fruslir*, adj. vain, unavail-  
     ing.  
*Fudder*, 128 lb. used for any  
     great quantity.  
*Full-fair*, 100. very fine ;  
     we say yet *fou good*, i. e.  
     full or very.  
*Furthy*, forward, ready of  
     speech.  
*Fust*, 160. fuzzed, i. e.  
     roasted.  
*Fyle*, defile.  
*Fyre-fangit*, seized by fire,  
     burnt.  
*Fyre-flaucht*, lightning, wild-  
     fire.

## G

*Gait*, *gett*, way, public road.  
*Gamountis*, limbs ; and  
     hence, capers.  
*Gang*, go.  
*Gar*, order, cause.

*Gardevoyance*, buttery, cabi-  
     net.  
*Garth*, inclosure, garden.  
*Geir*, goods, effects.  
*Gekks*, signs of derision.  
*Gentrice*, gentility, honour-  
     able birth.  
*Genyeild*, yield gain ; profit.  
*Genyeis*, engines.  
*Gersomes*, fines paid by te-  
     nants.  
*Gestis*, tales, f. deeds, *gesta*.  
*Gif*, if.  
*Gled*, kite.  
*Gleid*, a transient blaze.  
*Gleyd*, 159. an old horse.  
*Gleit*, glitter.  
*Gle-men*, minstrels.  
*Glengour*, the foul disease.  
*Gowand*, 133.  
*Gowltis*, wild marygolds.  
*Glaiking*, wantonness, folly,  
     caprice.  
*Glaikit*, wanton, foolish, ca-  
     pricious.  
*Graith*, v. dress up, prepare,  
     n. all kinds of instruments.  
*Grathit*, dressed up, prepa-  
     red.  
*Gravin*, buried.  
*Gré*, ascend, for degree ;  
     he bore the gré, i. e. de-  
     gree.  
*Greif*, overseer, monitor.  
*Grene*, long, wish for.  
*Grip*, griffin.  
*Grokaris*, sharpeners.  
*Grunyie*, snout.  
*Gryce*, pig.  
*Guckit*, foolish like a cuc-  
     kow.  
*Gut*, gout, any infirmity in  
     the feet.  
*Gy*, guide.  
*Gyis*, a mask, or masque-  
     rade.



## H

*Hait*, hot.  
*Halflinges*, half.  
*Hals*, neck, throat.  
*Hals*, *halſit*, hail, hailed,  
 clasp about the neck.  
*Hap*, cover up.  
*Harbary*, harbour, give re-  
 caption to.  
*Hardly*, boldly.  
*Harlis*, trails.  
*Harmes*, sufferings.  
*Harnis*, brains.  
*Having*, behaviour.  
*Hawkit*, streaked.  
*Hecht*, 174. hicht, named.  
*Hechtis*, offers, proposes,  
 promises.  
*Heft*, handle, hilt of a wea-  
 pon.  
*Hélie*, 171. haughty, high-  
 ly.  
*Heid*, *heidit*, behead, be-  
 headed.  
*Heilit*, covered over, con-  
 cealed.  
*Heill*, health.  
*Heird*, hear it.  
*Heis*, exalt, gently raise up.  
*Holland-scheckaris*, ragga-  
 muffins.  
*Herreit*, *hareit*, plundered.  
*Hewis*, 127. lifts up.  
*Heynd*, handy, expert.  
*Hiddil*, secretly.  
*Hint*, *hynt*, took, hold up.  
*Hobbeld*, 171. *hobble*, 160.  
 clouted, clout.  
*Holene-tree*, holly.  
*Holkit*, hollowed, dug out.  
*Holtis*, 102. woods.  
*Hone*, delay, stop.  
*Honesty*, generosity, frank-  
 ness, show.

*Hestand*, coughing.  
*Houris*, 1. morning orisons.  
*Hubbilschow*, confusion, up-  
 roar.  
*Huche*, cliff.  
*Huddroun*, 29. slovenly, dis-  
 orderly.  
*Hude*, hood or cap.  
*Hud-pykis*, misers.  
*Hu bands*, husbandmen.  
*Hyd*, 20. skin.  
*Hyne*, from hence.  
*Hynk*, 133. hast away.

## I

*Iagit*, pricked.  
*Jak*, coat of mail.  
*Jangeallaris*, 49. probably  
 sharpers; perhaps talka-  
 tive, disputatious.  
*Javellours*, jailors.  
*Ind*, in it, into it.  
*Indoce*, indorse.  
*Ing yne*, genius, abilities.  
*Intermellit*, intermingled.  
*Intruss*, intrude.  
*Jow*, juggler.  
*Irk*, trouble.  
*Jympis*, quirks.

## K

*Kaill*, broth.  
*Kall*, caw, drive, chace.  
*Keik*, peep, look out.  
*Kell*, cawl for the head.  
*Keppis*, catches, intercepts.  
*Ketche-pillaris*, sharpers.  
*Kethat*, cassock, robe.  
*Kewis*, fit season of address.  
*Kittie*, lewd woman, strum-  
 pet.

*Knak*,

*Knak*, mock or jest.  
*Knapscha*, steel-bonnet,  
 head-picce.  
*Knaw*, to make known.  
*Knitchell*, a bundle.  
*Ky*, kine.  
*Kynd*, kindred, birth.  
*Kyndness*, kind, particular  
 nature.  
*Kyth*, *kythit*, shew, shewn,  
 appeared.  
*Kyttit*, 199. probably er-  
 ror in MS. for *knyttit*,  
 bound.

## L

*Laif*, the rest.  
*Laikly*, likely, comely.  
*Laith*, disgust.  
*Loithly*, loathsomely.  
*Laittandly*, latently, in se-  
 cret.  
*Lak*, lamentation, disgrace.  
*Lane*, loan.  
*Langsyne*, long ago.  
*Lare*, learning.  
*Lai by*, let alone.  
*Laverok*, lark.  
*Law*, low.  
*Lawis*, brings low.  
*Lawt*, loyalty.  
*Lé*, 122. quiet, peace.  
*Leid*, 193. learning, know-  
 ledge.  
*Leid*, 146. leader.  
*Leid*, 207. person.  
*Leid*, 116. lyed.  
*Leill*, loyal, lawful.  
*Leinds*, leans, inclines.  
*Leir*, *liris*, learn, learns.  
*Leis*, loves.  
*Leit*, 207. permit, suffer.

*Leit*, 132. probably, *lect*,  
 give one's suffrage or  
 vote.  
*Leitand*, 119. probably vo-  
 ting.  
*Lemis*, sun-beams, shining  
 gleams.  
*Lentron*, season of Lent.  
*Lerd*, taught.  
*Lergnes*, liberality.  
*Let*, hinderance.  
*Liberos*, issue, children.  
*Lift*, firmament.  
*Linkom*, Lincoln.  
*Loif*, praise.  
*Lollerdy*, heresy.  
*Losin*, 42. probably lost.  
*Lot*, 202. q. for *Laud*, praise.  
*Loun*, quiet, sheltered.  
*Loun*, 168. pitiful fellow,  
 serving man.  
*Lovery*, 30. inordinate de-  
 sire.  
*Loving*, praising.  
*Low*, flame.  
*Lowfit*, let loose, discharge.  
*Lowtit*, stooped.  
*Luche*, *luthe*, 133. laughed.  
*Lude*, beloved.  
*Luf-ray*, 152. bounty, F.  
*l'offre*.  
*Lug*, ear.  
*Lunye*, loins.  
*Lurdoun*, blockhead, sot,  
 lazy, and worthless.  
*Luthe*, 133. remained.  
*Luthrie*, lechery.  
*Lyart*, grey-haired.  
*Lykand*, grateful, accept-  
 able.  
*Lymaris*, worthless persons,  
 particularly strumpets.  
*Lynd*, linden, lime-tree.  
*Lynd*, 176. line, equator.

## M

*Nanis*, nonce, upon the occasion.

*Maikles*, matchless.  
*Mailis*, duties, rents.  
*Mailyeis*, net-work.  
*Makaris*, makers, poets.  
*Male-men*, *mailleris*, persons who pay rent.  
*Malefone*, malediction.  
*Maling*, farm, possession.  
*Man*, mon, must.  
*Mangit*, marred.  
*Mantand*, stammering.  
*Marrow*, mate, partner.  
*Maugré*, discountenance.  
*Mavis*, a thrush.  
*May*, young woman.  
*May no mendis*, cannot repair it.

O  
*Of*, or.  
*Okir*, usury.  
*Opprest*, 189. overcome, subdued.  
*Or*, before that.  
*Owklie*, weekly.  
*Owreskalit*, diffused, over-spread.  
*Oxtar*, arm-pit, arm.

## P

*Mell*, meddle, mingle.  
*Mellie*, contest, struggle.  
*Memmit*, probably matched.  
*Mene*, moan, complain.  
*Mene*, 131. mean, treat of.  
*Mensworne*, perjured.  
*Menyie*, company, household.  
*Menyie*, maim.  
*Midding*, dunghill.  
*Mifs*, failure in duty.  
*Mister*, necessity, occasion.  
*Misters*, needs, requires.  
*Mort-mumblings*, prayers muttered for the dead.  
*Most*, almost.  
*Must*, 125. mouldiness.  
*Myance*, 20. moien, artifice.  
*Mynd*, intention.  
*Myngis*, mingles.

## N

*Na*, than, generally used for *no* or *none*.  
*Nackettis*, markers at tennis.

*Paddok*, frog.  
*Padyane*, pageant.  
*Pairilest*, impartial.  
*Pais*, Easter.  
*Pais*, 117. strokes, chastisement, weight.  
*Paitlattis*, 44. *patelet*, 104. a woman's ruff.  
*Pallat*, head.  
*Pawis*, 204. tricks, q. parts in music.  
*Peax*, peace.  
*Pechis*, thick breathing.  
*Peild*, stript, pillaged.  
*Peipand*, squeaking.  
*Peir*, 161. pear; used for a thing of no value.  
*Pelour*, thief.  
*Pens*, reflect.  
*Perfay*, by my faith.  
*Perqueir*, accurately, regularly.  
*Pin*, point, pinnacle.  
*Pithless*, sapless, ineffectual, without strength; *pith*, strength.  
*Plak*, small copper-coin.

De

*De plane*, upon the spot,  
incontinently.

*Planeist*, replenished, furnished.

*Pleid*, plea, contest.

*Plais*, please.

*Plenyie*, complain.

*Porteous*, roll of persons accused.

*Pottingry*, business of an apothecary.

*Powis*, polls, heads.

*Prattik*, *prettikis*, practices, tricks.

*Prene*, pin, used for a thing of no value.

*Prow*, 201. honour.

*Purfillit*, furbelowed.

*Purspyk*, pick-pocket.

*Purtye*, poverty.

*Put down*, put to death.

*Pyk-thank*, flatterer, parasite.

*Pyne*, pains, punishment.

## Q

*Quair*, quire, paper-book.

*Quhailis bone*, ivory of whale's tusks.

*Quhat*, 182. whatever.

*Quhene*, few, small number.

*Quhill*, until.

*Quytclame*, renounce, disown.

*Qyute*, rid, free.

## R

*Rad*, judged, condemned.

*Ragment*, account.

*Raik*, range.

*Rak*, reckoning, account.

*Rakket*, blow, box on the ear.

*Raw*, row.

*Rawchtir*, instrument of torture.

*Raxit*, stretched, reached.

*Recure*, recover.

*Red*, 217. separate.

*Redomit*, bound, incircled; and hence bedeckt.

*Refute*, 14. refuge, help.

*Reid*, advise.

*Reid-wod*, mad, furious.

*Reif*, robber.

*Reik*, *reikit*, smoke, smoked.

*Reird*, din.

*Reirdit*, refounded.

*Religion*, 165. religious orders.

*Renyeis*, reins, strings.

*Retreitit*, rescinded, reversed.

*Revis*, tears, pulls to pieces.

*Rewth*, pity.

*Rew*, have pity.

*Rewthfull*, full of pity.

*Richt swa*, just so, in like manner.

*Ring*, *ringis*, reign, reigns.

*Rippit*, beat incessantly.

*Rispiis*, rushes.

*Rome-rakaris*, they who search for relics in the streets of Rome.

*Roseir*, rose-bush.

*Roun*, round, whisper.

*Rowand*, rolling.

*Rownd*, rooms, farms.

*Rownaris*, rounders, whisperers.

*Rowp*, speak hoarsely.

*Rowy*, King.

*Rude*, the cross.

*Rug*, *rugging*, pull, pulling.

E e *Rumpillis*,

*Rumpillis*, disorderly folds of a garment.

*Rung*, 217. stick, pole, cudgel.

*Rus*, applaud, boast of.

*Ryce*, dead hedge, 194. stalk or sprig.

*Ryf*, tear in pieces.

## S

*Saiklace*, *saiklefs*, causeless, unbefriended, blameless.

*Sain*, *fane*, *fains*, blefs, bleffes.

*Sait*, feat of judges.

*Sane*, say one, say it.

*Sark*, a shirt or shift.

*Saucht*, quiet.

*Saw*, a say or word.

*Sauris*, favours, smells.

*Schaws*, groves.

*Scheir*, cut down corn.

*Scherene*, fyren.

*Scheure*, divest, shuffle off.

*Schog*, jog, shake.

*Schupe*, prepared.

*Scheir*, 117. scorn.

*Schrew*, n. cursed person, outcast.

*Schrew*, v. curse.

*Scroppit*, scrubbed, scrubby, contemptible.

*Senyé*, seed, progeny.

*Seill*, felicity.

*Seir*, several, many.

*Seifs*, 198. settle, establish.

*Sell*, self.

*Sen*, since.

*Set*, suit, become.

*Settis by*, values, esteems.

*Seyndill*, seldom.

*Sib*, of kin, related.

*Sicker*, secure, steadfast.

*Sickerness*, steadfastness.

*Skailed*, spilt, dissolved.

*Skaith*, damage.

*Skant*, scarcely.

*Skape*, scalp, head.

*Skat*, shot, levies, taxes.

*Skellat*, rattle used by common criers.

*Skrippit*, mocked, derided.

*Skrufe*, wealth.

*Smaik*, pitiful, contemptible.

*Smaill*, clear complexioned, beautiful, Fr. *esmail*.

*Smeir*, to smear, rub with tar.

*Smot*, smut, corruption occasioned by mildew.

*Smyt*, 142. stain.

*Sneir*, 200. probably an error in MS. for *fleir*, steer.

*Snud*, fillet, or frontlet.

*Sobir*, 156. weak.

*Sons*, hospitality.

*Sonyeit*, made excuses.

*Sornand*, living at another's cost.

*Soudoun-land*, land of the Sultan.

*Sounyé*, care, solicitude.

*Souttar*, shoemaker.

*Sover*, secure.

*Sowmand*, swimming.

*Spald*, shoulder.

*Speice*, pride, self-conceit.

*Speir*, sphere.

*Speiris*, splinters.

*Speiris*, 124. inquires.

*Spenyé*, Spain.

*Splent*, armour for the legs and arms.

*Spring*, flight of birds.

*Stang*, sting.

*Stang*, 38. a beam carried on mens shoulders.

*Starvit*, made to die, dead.

*Steid*,

*Steid, Aids*, place, farms, possessions.

*Steiris*, steerage.

*Stenyé*, stain.

*Sterk*, stark, strong.

*Sterne, starne*, star.

*Stevin*, stove, found.

*Stour*, dust.

*Streich*, strict, affected.

*Strynd*, race, offspring.

*Stryppis*, 28. probably stirrups.

*Sture*, austere.

*Sturt*, disturbance, vexation.

*Sueir*, lazy, unwilling.

*Sueirnefs*, sloth.

*Swening*, swooning, trance, vision.

*Swyth*, quickly, suddenly.

*Syis*, repeated times.

*Syifs*, fixes at dice.

*Syle*, surround, encompass.

*Syne*, then.

*Syre*, a great man; and simply, a man.

*Swaif*, 201. probably kiss, receive cordially.

*Sway*, so.

*Swingeour*, stout wencher.

*Swirk*, swink, labour.

## T

*Tait*, 43. *tyte*, probably ready.

*Tortane*, tertian ague.

*Test*, 179. taste.

*Tene*, anger, sorrow.

*Tent*, heed.

*Terrane*, tyrannical, oppressing.

*Tewche*, tough, difficult.

*Thairout*, out of doors.

*Thay, the*, 133. these.

*Thig*, beg.

*Thir*, these.

*Thirlit*, bound, engaged.

*Tholis*, endures, suffers.

*Thy*, this.

*Thraip*, contend, strive.

*Thiawart*, cross-grained, ill-humoured.

*Thretty sum*, some thirty.

*Till*, unto.

*Tad*, fox.

*Tone*, taken.

*Traik*, tract, course.

*Tramort*, corps, dead body.

*Tray*, treachery, mischief.

*Treit*, intreat, obtain by intreaty.

*Trentalis*, a service for the dead.

*Trest*, trusty.

*Trowit*, trusted.

*Tumit*, emptied.

*Turfsis*, trusses, bundles up.

*Tyk*, dog.

*Tynes*, loses.

*Tynfall*, loss.

*Tynt*, lost.

*Tyte*, speedily, v. *Tait*.

## U

*Ug som*, ugly.

*Uncunnandy*, unknowing.

*Undemit*, uncensured.

*Unkynd*, without favour.

*Unquyt*, unacquitted, unpaid.

*Unsauf, unsellis*, unlucky, unhappy, unhallowed.

*Unficker*, unsecure.

*Upalland, upolandis*, highland, rustic.

*Vane-organis*, the temple arteries.



## W

*Waddin*, 131. strong; like two pieces of iron beat into one.

*Wair*, bestow.

*Waistless*, spendthrift.

*Wait*, wot, know.

*Walkryse*, wakeful.

*Wallowit*, withered, shrivelled.

*Wally-drag*, refuse, outcast.

*Wame*, womb, belly.

*Wamills*, 126. stomach turns.

*Wauruse*, uneasy.

*Wanhap*, unluckiness.

*Wappit*, suddenly struck down.

*War*, aware.

*War*, 117. worse.

*Wareit*, accursed.

*Warefone*, remedy, recovery.

*Warlo*, forcerer.

*Wate*, wotts, knows.

*Wed*, wadset, mortgage.

*Wend*, 182. go.

*Weild*, have in one's power.

*Weir*, 86. war.

*Weir*, doubt, uncertainty.

*Weirly*, warily.

*Welth*, abundance.

*Wene*, conjecture, think; but *wene*, 133. doubtless.

*Widdis*, 131. woods.

*Widdy*, withe.

*Widness*, woodness, madness, fury.

*Wie*, little.

*Wrethly*, 133. possibly *eithly*, easily.

*Will*, 116. possibly vile, or wild.

*Wilsome*, willful, solitary, dreary, wildsome.

*Winning*, whining.

*Wirry*, worry, suffocate.

*Wist*, wish.

*Wisy*, consider.

*Woustours*, wasters.

*Wrak*, wreck, cargo.

*Wreche*, wreckis, wretch, niggard, niggards.

*Wrechitnes*, penuriousness.

*Wrink*, intricacy, difficulty.

*Wrokin*, wreak, revenged.

*Wude*, wode, revenged.

*Wy*, men, persons.

*Wypit*, 10. tied, hooped, or fastened.

*Wyis*, 187. wise, ways.

*Wysure*, wisdom.

*Wyte*, blame.

*Wyvis*, women.

## Y

*Yaip*, eager, sharp-set.

*Yawmeris*, a cry of fowls, as ca, ca.

*Yeid*, went.

*Yett*, yettis, gate, gates.

*Yistrein*, evening of yesterday.

*Ympit*, imp, ingrafted.

*Youlis*, howlings, screams.

*Ythand*, pronounced *ydant*, incessant, diligent.

*Yule*, Christmas.



## *Passages not understood.*

P. 9. St. 4. l. 1. Doun the *thruch* ryfs.

P. 25. St. 5. l. 1. 2. In haly legendis have I hard *al-*  
*levin,*

Ma sanctis of bischoppis nor freiris,  
be *sic* *sevin*.

P. 35. St. 2. l. 4. Nor blynd allane wait of the mone.

P. 38. St. 11. l. 8. *Scribendo dentes sine D.*

P. 42. St. 3. l. 2. With *blasing breists* casting thair  
claiths on breid.

P. 42. St. 5. l. 2. That bettir accordis to play thame  
at the *trulis*.

P. 44. St. 14. l. 2. Sic ballis, sic nackettis, and sic *tu-*  
*tivillaris*.

P. 44. St. 14. l. 4. Sic pudding fillaris, *descending*  
*doun from millaris*.

P. 48. St. 2. l. 3. Sum gevis *in prattik for supplé*.

P. 64. St. 1. l. 4. Quhair my plumyis begynis to  
*brek out*.

P. 81. St. 10. l. 2. So did her denger me *derene*.

P. 125. St. 3. l. 6. Quhilk moht nor must may nocht  
*rust nor ket*.

P. 133. St. 9. l. 1. 2. This *gowand grathit* with sic  
grit greif,

He on his wayis *wrethly* went  
*but wene*.

P. 144. St. 2. l. 3. On twenty shillings now he *tar-*  
*rowis*.

P. 144. St. 2. l. 6. In Norroway thay *suld heir of newis*.

P. 149. St. 4. l. 5. Bot thou thame oppin *payntit as a*  
*port*.

P. 156. St. 3. l. 7. *All grows in glass* that semit gold.

P. 160. St. 10. l. 5. And als *the laverok is fust and loddin*.

P. 172. St. 7. l. 8. That he mort into ane *rakket*.

P. 173. St. 2. l. 7. Or ellis *Fle be the sky*.



*Words not understood.*

Bar.	P. 201. St. 27. l. 3.
Braids.	P. 46. St. 3. l. 3.
Brybour.	P. 171. St. 7. l. 3.
Custroun.	P. 171. St. 5. l. 7.
Derene.	P. 81. St. 10. l. 2.
Found.	P. 183. St. 3. l. 10.
Fair.	P. 102. St. 16. l. 2.
Ket.	P. 125. St. 3. l. 6.
Laitis.	
Lodin.	P. 160. St. 10. l. 5.
Padell.	P. 160. St. 7. l. 5.
Plycht.	P. 117. St. 8. l. 5.
Port.	P. 149. St. 4. l. 5.
Rakket.	P. 172. St. 7. l. 8.
Ramukloch.	P. 180. St. 9. l. 8.
Roifs.	P. 99. St. 7. l. 1.
Slewth.	P. 53. St. 4. l. 2.
Tarrow.	P. 144. St. 2. l. 3.
Trene.	P. 160. St. 9. l. 1.
Trulis.	P. 42. St. 5. l. 2.
Tutivillaris.	P. 44. St. 14. l. 2.

There may possibly be some other unintelligible passages, or words, which have escaped the attention of the editor.

ERRATA.

E R R A T A.

- P. 3. l. 8. *for* sonene, *r.* sonne.  
P. 10. l. 3. *dele* comma after quhair.  
P. 11. l. 2. *for* his, *r.* hir.  
P. 15. l. 4. *for* chevelty, *r.* chevelry.  
P. 21. l. 9. *for* Myttaine, *r.* Myttaine.  
P. 45. l. 4. *for* ; *r.* ;.  
P. 55. l. 5. *for* thoct, *r.* thocht.  
P. 105. l. 24. *for* obey, *r.* obeyid.  
P. 119. l. 2. *for* Walf, *r.* Wolf.  
P. 123. l. 17. *for* twin, *r.* win.  
P. 123. l. 24. *for* quilk, *r.* quhilk.  
P. 131. l. 5. *for* wet, *r.* met.  
P. 132. l. 13. *for* argirly, *r.* angirly.  
P. 152. l. 19. *for* wich, *r.* with.  
P. 157. l. 6. *for* tricht, *r.* bricht.  
P. 160. l. 11. *for* than, *r.* tham.  
P. 174. l. 20. *for* shlendir, *r.* sklendir.  
P. 175. l. 22. *for* generi, *r.* generit.  
P. 175. l. 23. *for* te, *r.* the.  
P. 196. l. 27. *for* samonye, *r.* sa monie.  
P. 237. l. 5. *for* Warlochhude-pyke, *r.* War-  
loch. Hude-pyke.  
P. 299. l. 31. *for* lewd, *r.* lascivious.  
P. 310. l. 11. *for* miratu, *r.* miratur.

F I N I S.



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